WEEK ENDING SEPT. 24, 1927

5c

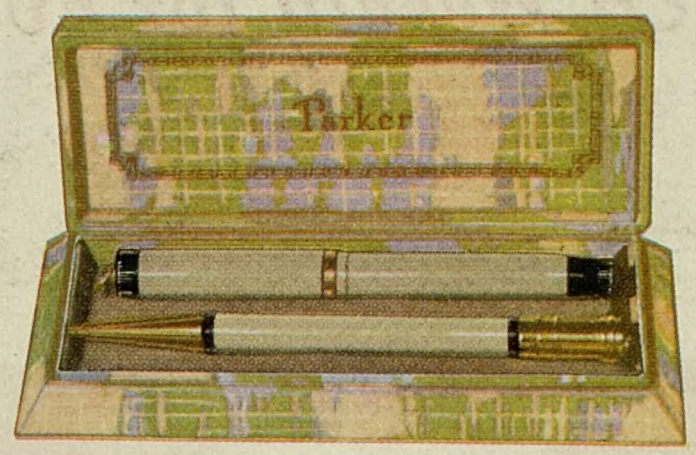
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

I Promised My Wife –

Beginning "I FOUGHT THEM ALL" *the Story of* TOM SHARKEY

also Stories by P. G. WODEHOUSE *and* ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS



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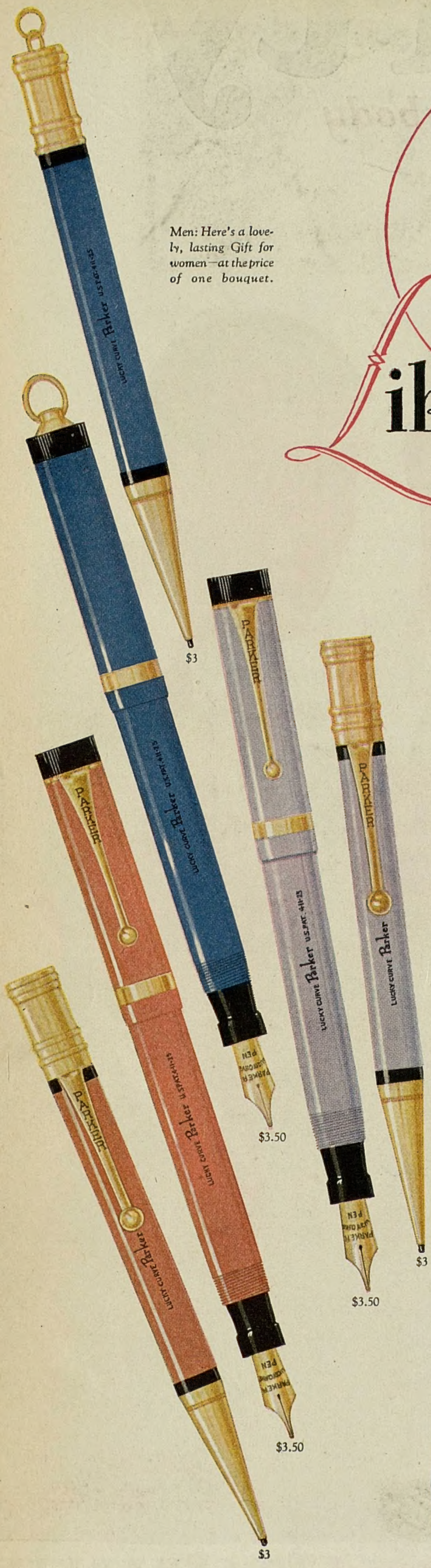
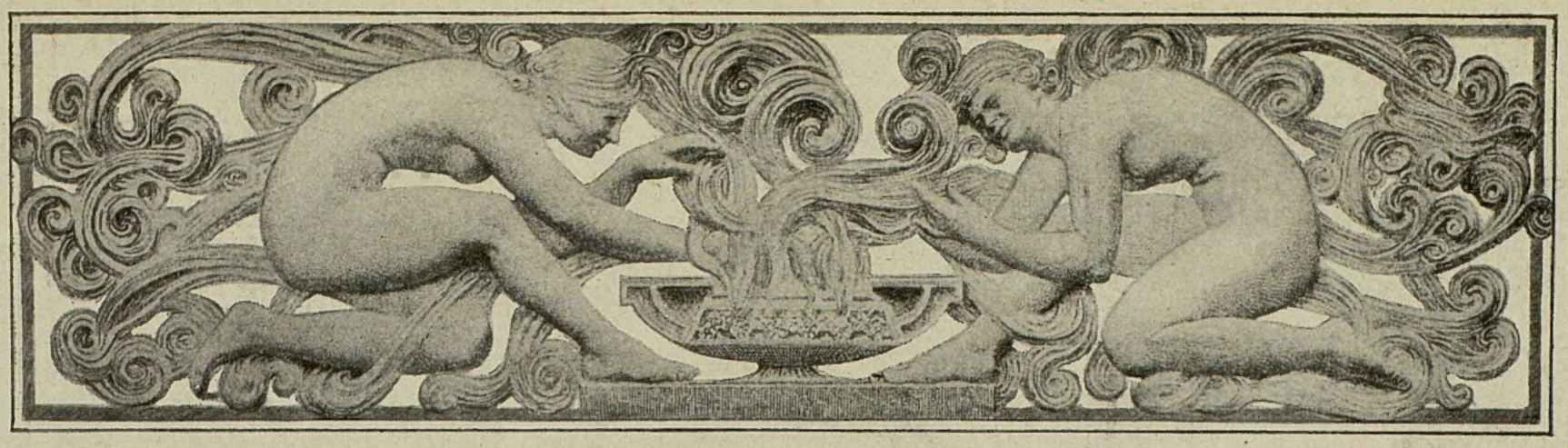


Parker

Pastel Pens and Pencils

$6.50 the Set



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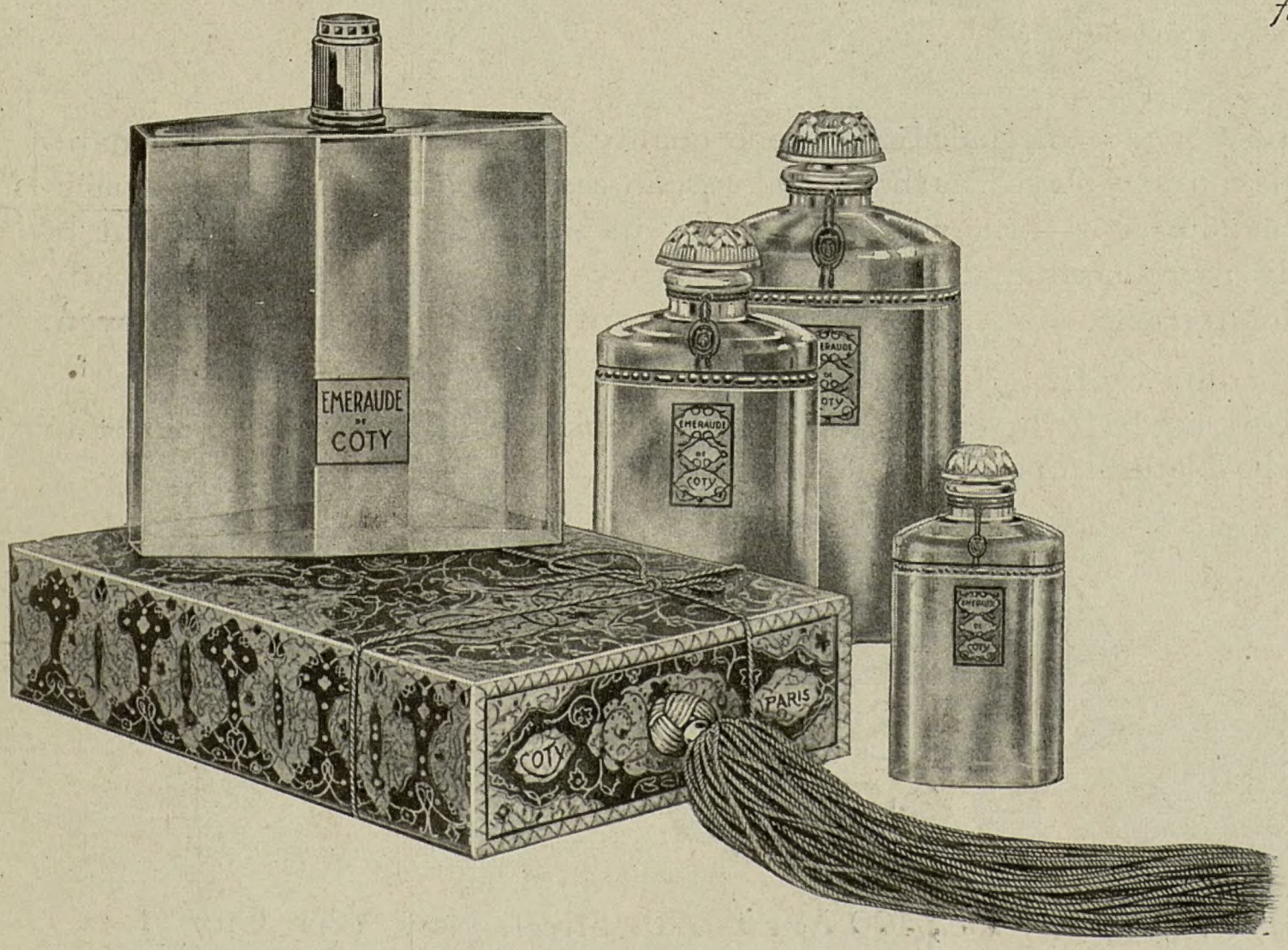

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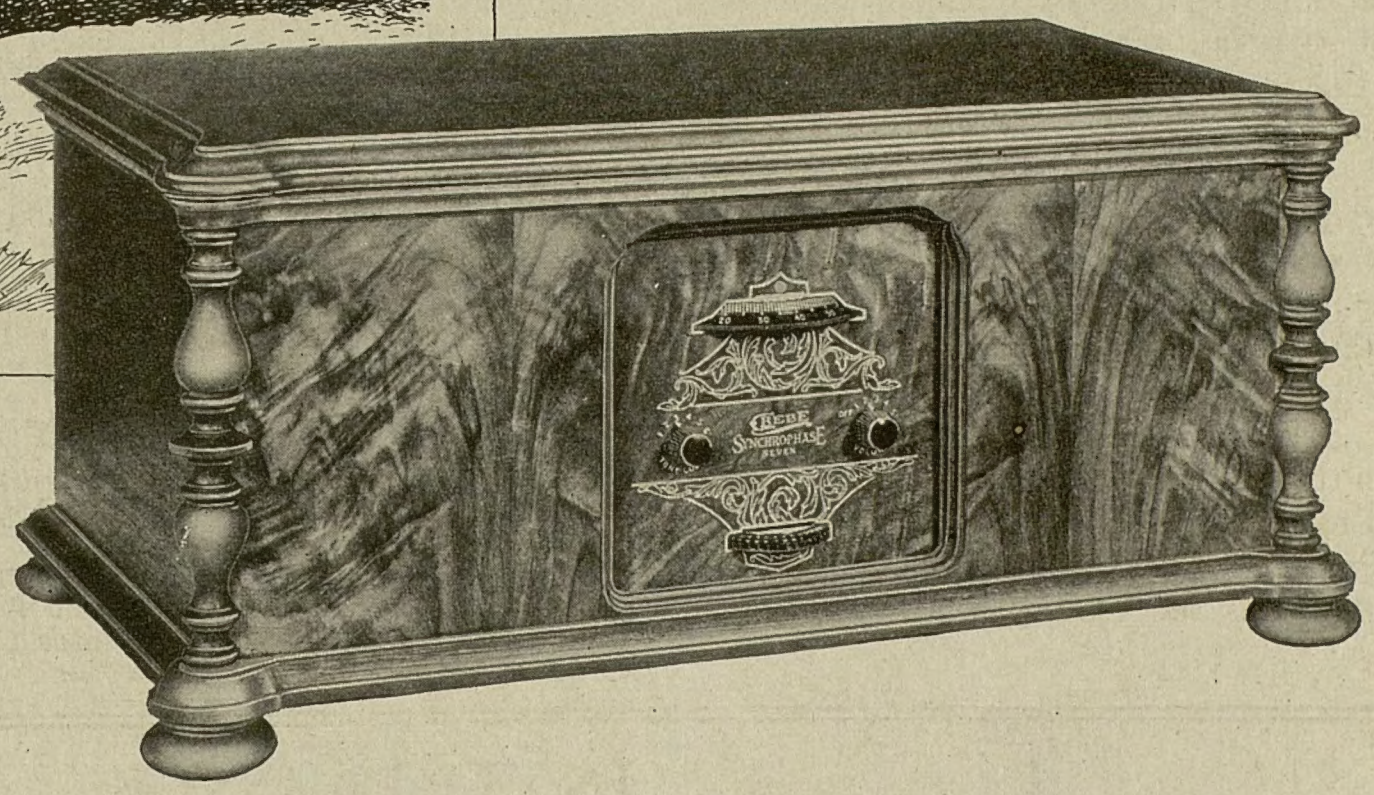

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SEPT. 24, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4
No. 21

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

KING FOOTBALL

The baseball season is drawing to an end and the football season is under way. Baseball used to be our national game. Football, which we consider a better game, has now taken its place.

Football requires agility, co-ordination of muscles, mind, and nerves, courage, strength. But most of all it requires team play to a greater degree than any game, except perhaps basketball.

The game has made such strides in popularity that almost all universities, colleges, and high schools, and a large proportion of the grammar-schools have teams in the field.

Not so many years ago parents opposed football on the ground that it was dangerous. It was. So much so that Theodore Roosevelt, then President, used his persuasive powers to make it safer.

The modern game is a great improvement over the old. It has been made more spectacular for onlookers and more scientific for players by the new rules—chiefly those on passing. Teams take bigger chances than they used to.

Football has its disadvantages. For example, it is not suitable for girls. It is played for only about three months of the year—in the fall. It is not a hot-weather pastime. It is largely confined to school and college students. It isn't such a popular sand-lot game as baseball, but it should be.

This last is the reason why LIBERTY favors professional football.

We believe that all of our husky young men ought to have a chance to play the game.

We ought to hold the opportunity to make a good living out of professional football open to boys in the lumber camps, the steel mills, the docks and farms, to the hardy young mountaineers, railroaders—all whose work builds hard muscles and alert nerves.

We can't think of anything better for the physique and morale of our citizens than the growth in popularity of professional football.

It would be a grand thing if we could convert our corner loafers, dancing men, drug-store sheiks, of whom we have far too many, to gridiron enthusiasts.

It would be good for the whole country. Jailers and police chiefs probably would lead the chorus of rejoicing if such a condition came to pass, because it would greatly lessen their troubles.

At the close of the season now beginning, excitement will be fever-high from one end of this country to the other.

There will be thousands on thousands clamoring and struggling for admission to the " big games " each Saturday. Everybody will be talking football.

To the students of some colleges the whole universe will be tinted a deep, mournful indigo, and life will seem not worth living. To others, the victors, a halo of glory will settle resplendently upon Alma Mater and those stalwart sons of hers who plunged and dodged and kicked their way to triumph.

After it's all over the college professors will get together and decide that it's all wrong—and they'll try again to abolish football as a rough and brutal sport.

We are glad to be able to say in advance that they will fail, as usual. Football as we play it is one distinctive American institution that gets better and better as it goes along.

BEG PARDON

LIBERTY recently published an article entitled JOBS, by Miss Eleanor N. Knowles, in which the author said that it rains nearly all the time in Seattle. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce informs us that the average annual precipitation there is 33 inches, citing the following list of American cities which have a heavier rainfall: Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Boston, New York City, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Miami.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

ARNOLD BENNETT has developed an interesting and unusual crime story in MURDER, which sets forth the strange predicament of a man who attempted to lighten the burden of the unhappy wife of another.

ALLAN DWAN has directed 565 motion-pictures. In SHOOTING STARS —AND WHY, the only magazine article he has written, he tells what a swelled head has done to so many movie profiles.

" SHE HAS A LITTLE GIRL," a realistic story by Viña Delmar, bares the soul of a child of divorce who grew up to marry her father's choice while she loved another. And then—she had a little girl.

VIVISECTION ON TRIAL, by E. E. Free, gives you both sides of this great question in interviews with leaders pro and con.

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Over 42,000 miles of continuous driving at high speed. To do that required utmost confidence in every part of the cars. Through blinding fogs; through down pours of rain, every night but one; under the hottest sun in years; 28 thousand times around the 1½ mile track on slippery boards; never have men and machines endured such abnormal strains!

Never Before Such Speed

Nine drivers, working relays days and night, could not over tax the endurance and speed of the Auburn cars. The cars defied the men to fathom their limits. Old records completely smashed from 5 to 5,000 miles for fully equipped stock cars. New records at every revolution of the wheels from 5,000 to 15,000 miles. Never before had anyone dared to attempt such sustained speed and prolonged performance. The speed was phenomenal...34 new stock car records...

But What Of It?

We knew all along that Auburn cars are that fast. But, it is not Auburn's proven speed superiority that is most significant... frankly, that was easy and incidental. What IS important is the fine character of car necessary for all three cars to survive such speed.

How's Tnis For Proof?

After one of the roadsters had run 10,000 miles, in less than 9,479 minutes at an average speed of over 63 miles per hour, it was taken off the track, thoroughly checked—necessary replacements made—tuned and greased.

Then, for 1,000 miles more, this same car spurted forward at over 72 miles per hour; That proves reserve power, speed and endurance unknown in motor cars until now.

Another Thriller

After 2,637 miles, the Sedan running at about 70 miles an hour speed, turned over on the wet track, slid on its top with all four wheels in the air, for about 50 feet and then crashed into the railing. Two doors and three fenders were torn off, radiator and windshield smashed. It was dragged off the track. Seven hours were spent for photographs, radiator and other body repairs and the car went back on the track with the same driver, who had not been even scratched, in the accident. It caught up with the other cars, and finished in 15,000 miles at over 62 miles per hour speed. That proves the strong construction, and endurance of Auburn cars, although because in the accident, it lost three fenders and two doors, its entire distance cannot be counted as an official A. A. A. record, but was officially timed by the A. A. A.

Triple Proof

It would have been perfectly startling if one car had broken all these records, but three Auburn cars were in this test—and all three of them did honor to the name of Auburn.

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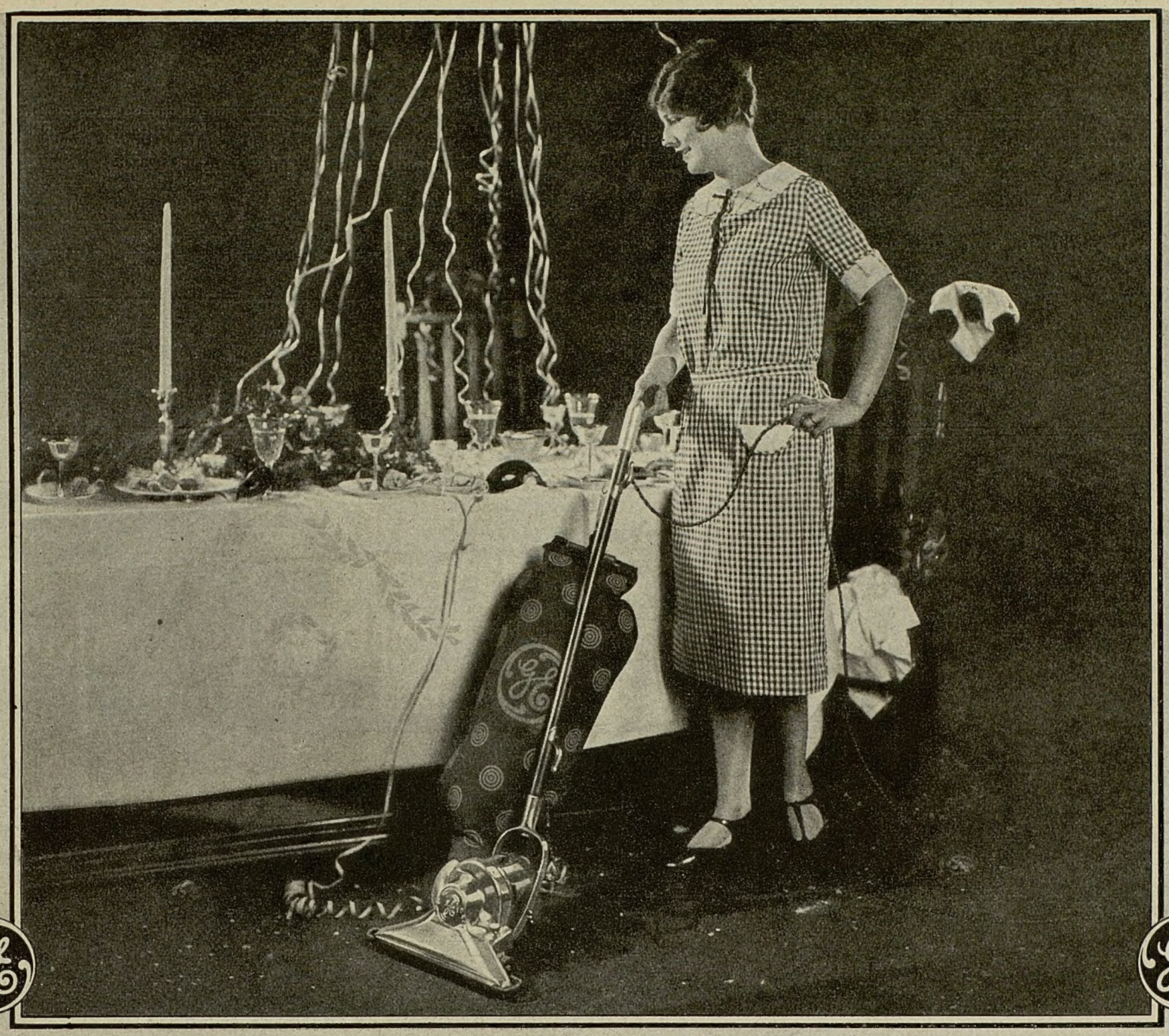
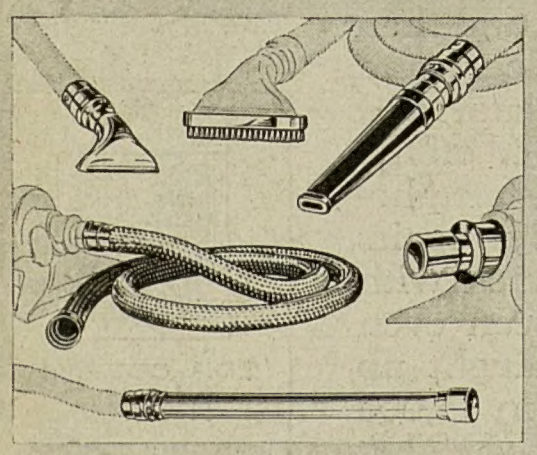


Your First Aid—after the Party!



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Whisk away the debris of last night's party. Don't let it be a difficult task in the morning. The G-E Cleaner cleans so quickly, so thoroughly..so lightly. Away go the crumbs and the confetti. Out shines the clean rug—clean right through. Assuredly, the General Electric is the housewife's "first aid."

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I Fought Them ALL

The Life Story of a Famous Battling Irishman

As Told by

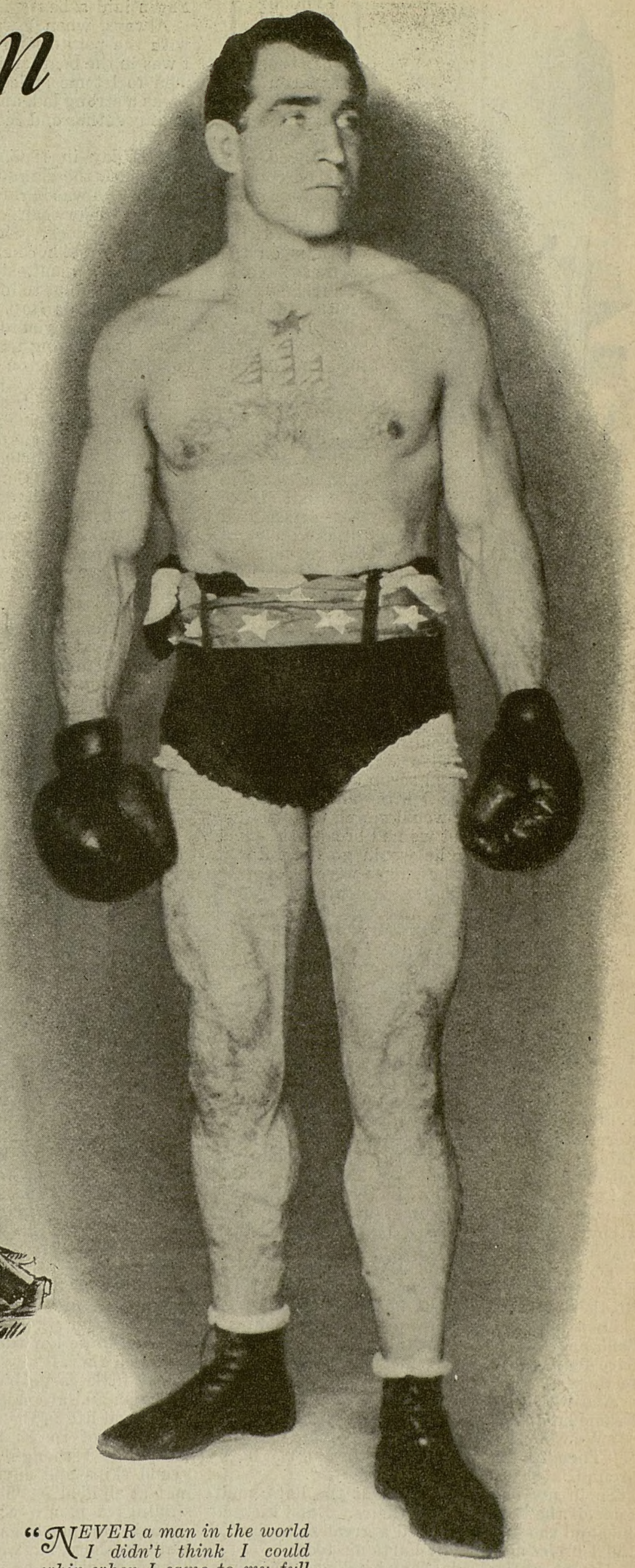
TOM SHARKEY

To HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 15 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Tom Sharkey was one of the greatest and gamest fighters that ever lived. He fought fifty-two battles in the ring with the best men of his day—Corbett, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, McCoy, Choynski, Ruhlin, and Peter Maher—and scored thirty-five knockouts. He estimates that, in the ring and out, as man and boy, he has whipped 3,000 men. He believed that he was the best man with his fists in the world, and he wanted to prove it.]

Pictures by C. B. FALLS

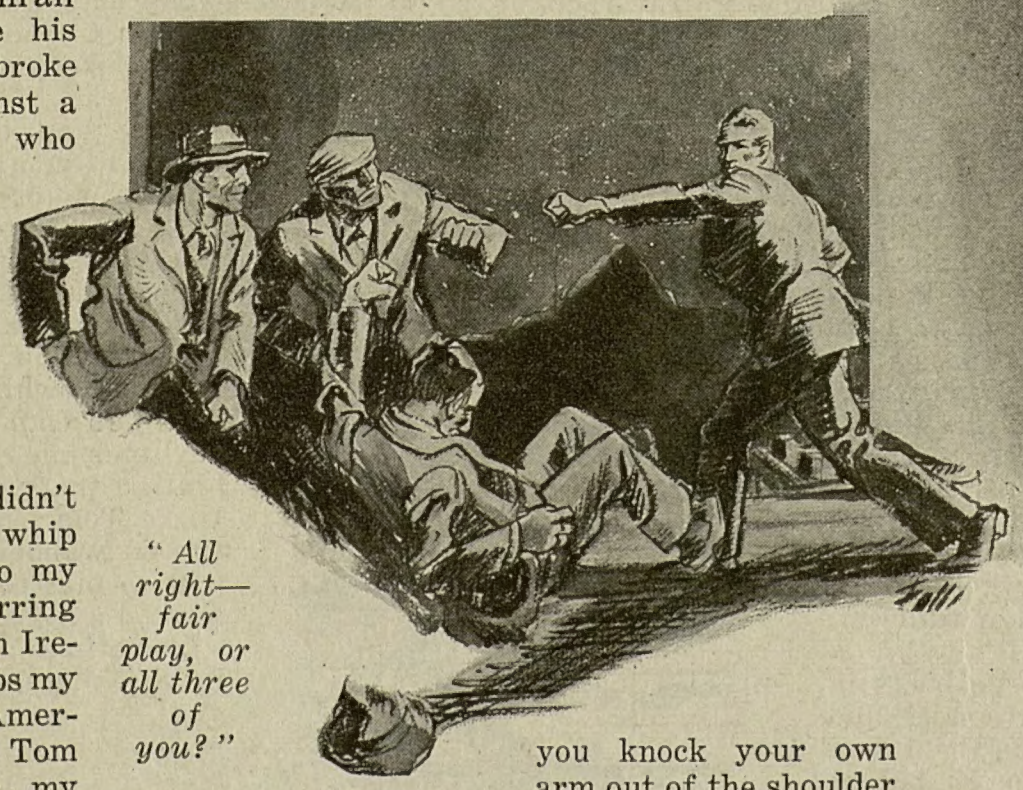


Albert Davis Collection

"NEVER a man in the world I didn't think I could whip when I came to my full growth."

PART ONE

THIS is the tale of a wild Irish lad who went out to fight the world, and who licked them all until he broke his arm and nigh broke his heart against a bear of a man who wouldn't drop when he was hit. It is my own story and it has never before been told.



"All right—fair play, or all three of you?"

There was never a man in the world I didn't think I could whip when I came to my full growth, barring my old father in Ireland, and perhaps my Uncle Tom in America; and Uncle Tom only because my father always admitted that Tom was a better man than he was.

I went out and fought them all.

I licked every one in Ireland when I was a boy, except my old man and Father Fagin at the school. I whipped every one in the merchant ships and in the United States navy. For the glory of that navy, I licked most of the fighters in the British navy and their champion.

Then I met Jeffries, and I hit him as I never hit any one before or since. But what's the use, when you hit a man on the jaw so hard you knock your own arm out of the shoulder socket and he only shakes his head and crushes your ribs?

It fair broke my heart to admit that he was a better man than I was, although as I get older I know he was the greatest fighter the world ever has seen. Maybe my old father, in his youth, might have beaten him, or perhaps Uncle Tom, but now I doubt even that.

Since November 26, 1873, the day that the story went out that Mrs. Sharkey had another bye who would probably terrorize the town, my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Can you cook?" he asked.

[I FOUGHT THEM ALL Continued from Page Nine]

life has been one fight after another, and most of them for the love of fighting.

We lived in a thatched cottage nearly four miles outside the town of Dundalk, which is on the northeast coast of Ireland, in Louth, on Dundalk Bay, just below Carlingford Lough.

My father, James, was the agent of the Great Northern Railway at Dundalk, a position of trust. Five feet seven and three - quarters inches he stood, and weighed 165, yet no man from Leinster down to Dublin could beat him at the wrestling. He boasted of his father as having been greater than he was, and so back to the days when they had real men.

It was proud he was of his skill. He worked mostly at night, and in the morning, when he came home from the work at the railway, he would say: "Dick, Mary, Lizzie, Luke, Tom, Rose, John—get you bathed!" And he and my mother, rest her soul, would put us one by one into the wooden wash-tub in the corner of the house and scrub and scour us until the marks of the fighting and the play were gone. Then he would march us to the church, and after that we had breakfast.

In the afternoons he would go out into Collins' field, where the games were played, and meet all comers at the wrestling, which was collar and elbow, and rough. Many evenings he came in to supper with his legs bloody and raw from knee to ankle, but never a man threw him, although the champions came up from Dublin and down from Belfast to match with him.

IT was fine country for fighting. Dundalk is just below the border between Ulster and Leinster, half-way between Dublin and Belfast; and the Catholics and the Protestants had grand fights, especially the boys, as the older men were friends and too wise to fight over their differences in religion, unless, maybe, some one got drunk.

I whipped all the boys in the district, save maybe a lad named Kinlan, a grand fighter, and a boy named McSorley, a black Presbyterian and a bloody fighter.

Those were the grand days. I went to the Fiery school and afterwards to the Christian Brothers in Dundalk and had fine times, especially after school when we went out to Collins' field, and took off our clothes and fought with bare fists, fair fighting and hard, with no ill feelings.

And we played football. I mind a day when I came late, and some of the lads said:

"We won't let Tom kick the football."

"Then," I said, "I'll be kicking all the hats around."

So in my bare feet I ran at the hats, and some of the boys grabbed theirs. But I kicked one, and the lad had placed a great stone in it, and I broke my toe. It hurts me today.

Always, at the back of my head, was the plan to go out and see the big world; and sometimes, when a wee lad, I would climb to the top of the bluff toward Ballagan Point, and gaze out over the sea and think of running away to far countries, and maybe to see my Uncle Tom, for whom I was named, in America. The itch to wander was on me, especially when Father Fagin laid a heavy hand on me in the school.

Always, when I wasn't fighting, or helping with the potatoes, or cutting peat in the bog, I was in the boats in the bay teasing the sailormen to let me splice rope or help lift a sail. I was a strong lad, and afraid of no one excepting my father and the priests.

ONE day in 1885, a fine summer day and warm, the errands I had to do took me to the town. I was barefoot and had no cap or coat and no underwear. A little Welsh schooner was at the dock. She was a dirty little ship, coal laden, and her name was Parkside. Captain McCourt, a gruff, strong fellow, was on the dock, and I went to him and said:

"Captain, darling, do you need a boy?"

"What can you do?" he asked, and, not knowing anything that I could do, I told him I could do anything on a ship.

"Can you cook?" he asked.

"I can," I said, for many's the time my mother had made me peel the potatoes, so 'twas no lie I told, although he may have thought so later when he ate what I cooked.

So Captain McCourt signed me on at ten shillings a month as cook. I gave him the name Tom Kelly, not daring to let my father know I was running away, taking the name of my mother, who was a Kelly. The crew consisted of two sailors, the captain, and the mate. We sailed away the next day to Whitehaven, in England.

In Whitehaven the captain bought me a pair of shoes and a pair of pants, for I had been barefooted until then, and the pants and the shoes made me proud, so that I fought one of the sailors for criticizing my cooking. Most of one watch we fought, and I whipped him, for, although he was a man grown, he was a poor specimen, and he tried to bash my head with a marlinespike, and the captain knocked him down for taking a weapon to a boy.

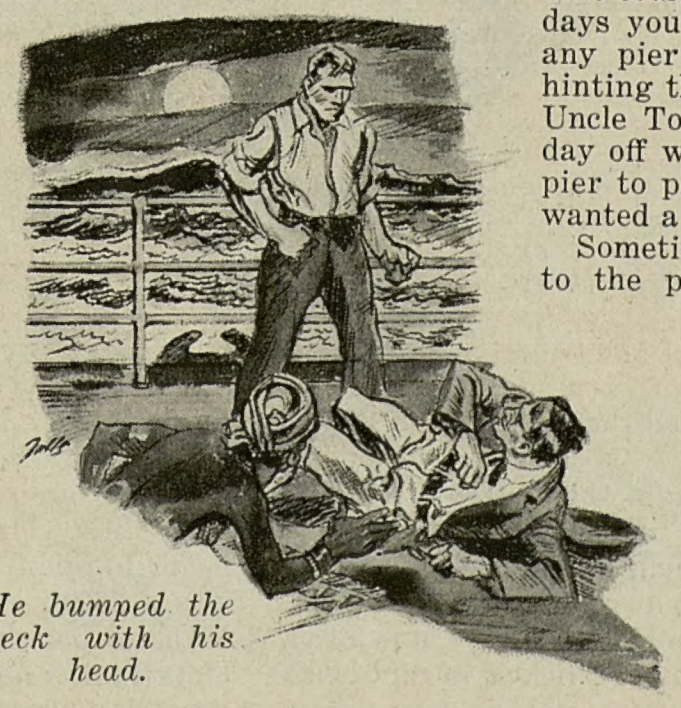
Dundalk, Ireland—Sharkey's birthplace.

We went to Belfast, and from there we sailed for Liverpool, where I left the Parkside.

I met a young fellow on the docks. He was bigger than I was and he looked lonesome, so I walked up to him and asked politely, "Will you fight?"

He seemed overjoyed, and we had a fine fight and became fast friends. He was on a ship called the Queen of the Ersk, so he thought he could get me a berth there, and I went with him. He took me to Captain Willie Juherst and I sailed with him for Drogheda. I didn't know until we sailed where we were bound, and then I was uneasy, because Drogheda is only half a dozen miles from Dundalk, and I was afraid some one would tell my father where I was, so I had to lie low while we unloaded there.

The little cargo boats in the Irish Sea are small and dirty, and life in them isn't all a bed of roses; but at that time I thought them grand ships and envied no man at all his life. The ten shillings a month was not enough for much gay life while on shore, but we could always go ashore and fight.



He bumped the deck with his head.

I was growing strong and loved the life on the sea, and after a couple of years' knocking around from port to port I went as a sailor on the Old England, of the National Line. She was a steerage boat, carrying steerage passengers from Liverpool to New York, and bringing back a cargo of cattle. Sometimes we did not entirely get the lower decks cleaned after the cattle before the passengers came aboard.

Terrible trips they would seem now. Sixteen or seventeen days from Liverpool to New York, with the lower deck crowded, and every one happy at the thought of the New World. Sometimes, nowadays, I meet fine men and women who came over in the Old England and prospered.

I was with that ship for a long time—how many voyages, I don't remember—and during all that time I never wrote home through fear of my father finding me. I never went back home until 1897, when I went as a champion.

I still sailed under the name of Tom Kelly, and I learned seamanship—seamanship and fighting. They were the same in those days—fighting aboard for love of fighting, or to pass the time, and fighting ashore because it was the custom to fight the men of other ships.

I knew nothing of fighting, excepting to hit hard and hit first, if possible. I was naturally left-handed, and few suspected it until my left hand hit their jaws—and never but one man failed to drop when I hit him that way.

I was just a boy, growing, tough, and eager. I never drank, except maybe a glass of beer, and had little money for drink, although I used to go ashore with men who drank to help with the fights. There was plenty of that. I remember a grand fight I had when on the Old England. We had a mate named John Maloney, a rough fellow, and he ordered me to do something not in my line of duty, so I refused.

"If you don't do it I'll kick hell out of you," he told me.

"Come off the ship and out on the dock, and we'll see who gets hell knocked out of him," I told him.

He came. He was a great bulk of a man, with arms like a gorilla's. Every time I see people paying a million or more dollars to see a fight nowadays, I think what a good bargain they would have had if they could have seen that one on the Liverpool docks. It was free, and the crews of half a dozen ships watched it. We fought for more than ten minutes without a stop. Then I straightened him up with my right and hit him with my left close to the point of the jaw, and he almost went off the end of the dock into the water.

Our old bo's'n, Dan Cole, said to me:

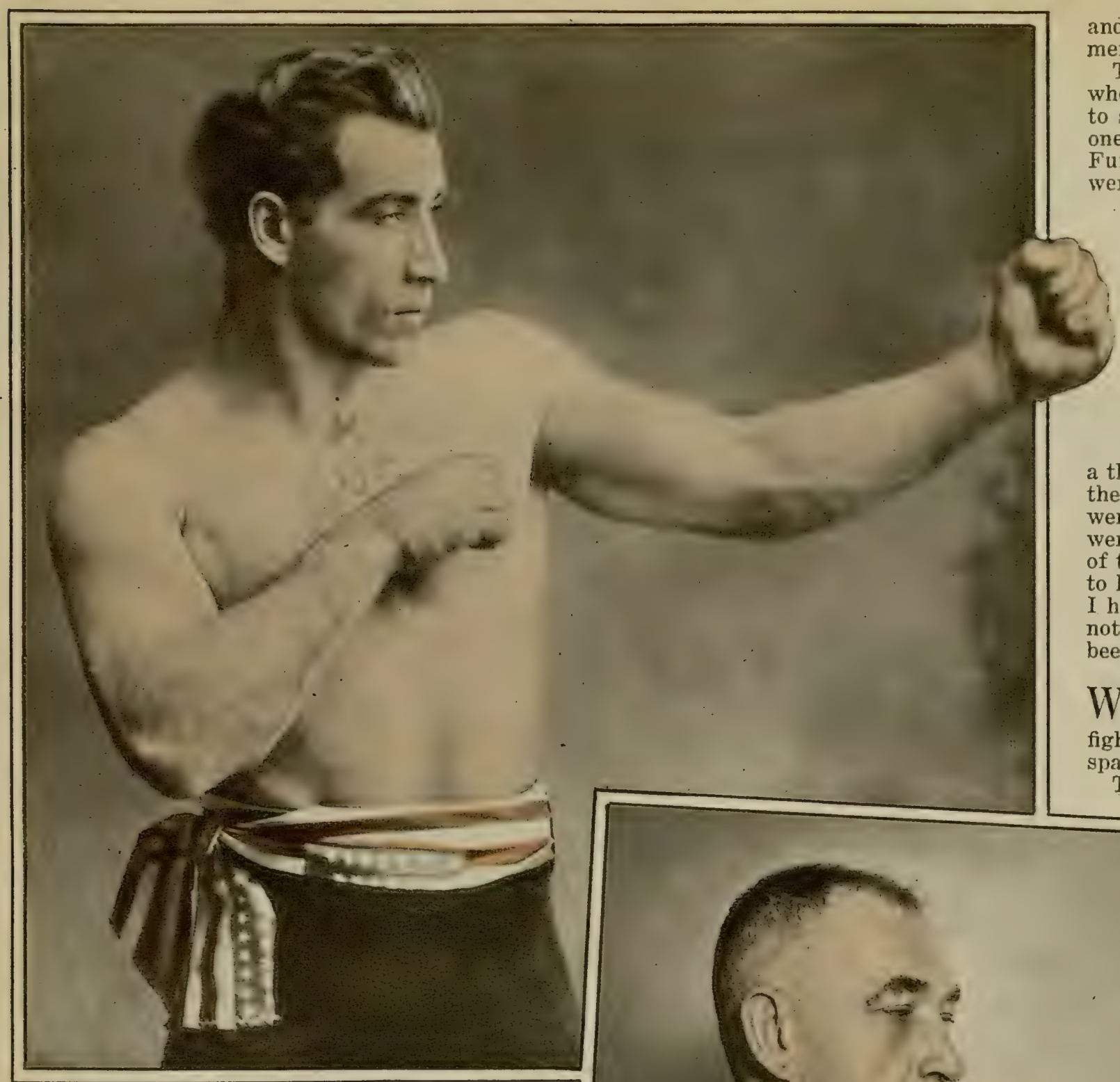
"Lad, I'd advise you to leave this ship. If you don't, you'll be thrown overboard some dark night."

I thanked him, and jumped the ship that night. I found a berth on a ship called the Helvetia, out of Liverpool for New York.

IN New York I hunted up my Uncle Tom, the same for whom I was named. He was a fireman, a giant of a man, broad almost as he was tall, and there was no one in all West Street that could whip him. In those days you could get a fight at any pier along the river by hinting that you were willing. Uncle Tom used to spend his day off wandering along from pier to pier to see if any one wanted a fight.

Sometimes a new bully came to the piers, and spoke big about his fighting ability, and then Uncle Tom would hear of it and go down and take off his uniform and give the lad a beating. It was the way of that time.

I saw something of how people lived in the United States, and how different it was from the way we lived in Ireland after the great famine, and, hating the English, I decided then to be an American.



Albert Davis Collection

Young Tom Sharkey in his fighting prime, and—

It was a long time before I made another visit to New York, for after I returned to Liverpool I went on the Persian Monarch, of the Monarch Line, as sailor and quartermaster. I was still a boy, but that strong I didn't know how strong I was, and I was learning everything I could about the sea, for never, until today, have I ever lost my love of the sea—and the one great regret of all my life is that I did not stay in the United States navy—but of that I'll tell you more later.

ON the sailing-ships I always loved to be at the wheel, and, seeing my interest, the officers always were glad to let me steer. I knew the stars and could hold a course true and straight through the blackest night. On fine nights I would rather be at the wheel, watching the heavens, than sleeping. I learned to steer by the compass, and when I got into the steamships I always wanted to steer.

I mind the first time I tried it. It was on the Old England. One of the mates asked me could I steer, and I told him I could take any ship anywhere without aid. I had been used to climbing the wheel and spinning it three or four or more spokes in the sailing-ships; but when I started to do it with the steamer, she yawed and swung back and forth like a man drunk and reeling.

The mate watched me and laughed. He showed me how to move the wheel a quarter of a spoke, or maybe an inch or two, to meet the swing of the waves, and after that I could hold the course with no trouble, although sometimes the ship ran so smooth I got afraid something was wrong.

One day I made every one laugh. The compass hadn't moved for half an hour, so I called the mate and said, "Sir, this damned compass has stopped." I was that much of a greenhorn.

I think one of the biggest thrills I had, greater even than facing a great crowd and fighting for the championship of the world, was holding the wheel on dark, stormy nights and knowing that the safety of hundreds of men and women was in my hands.

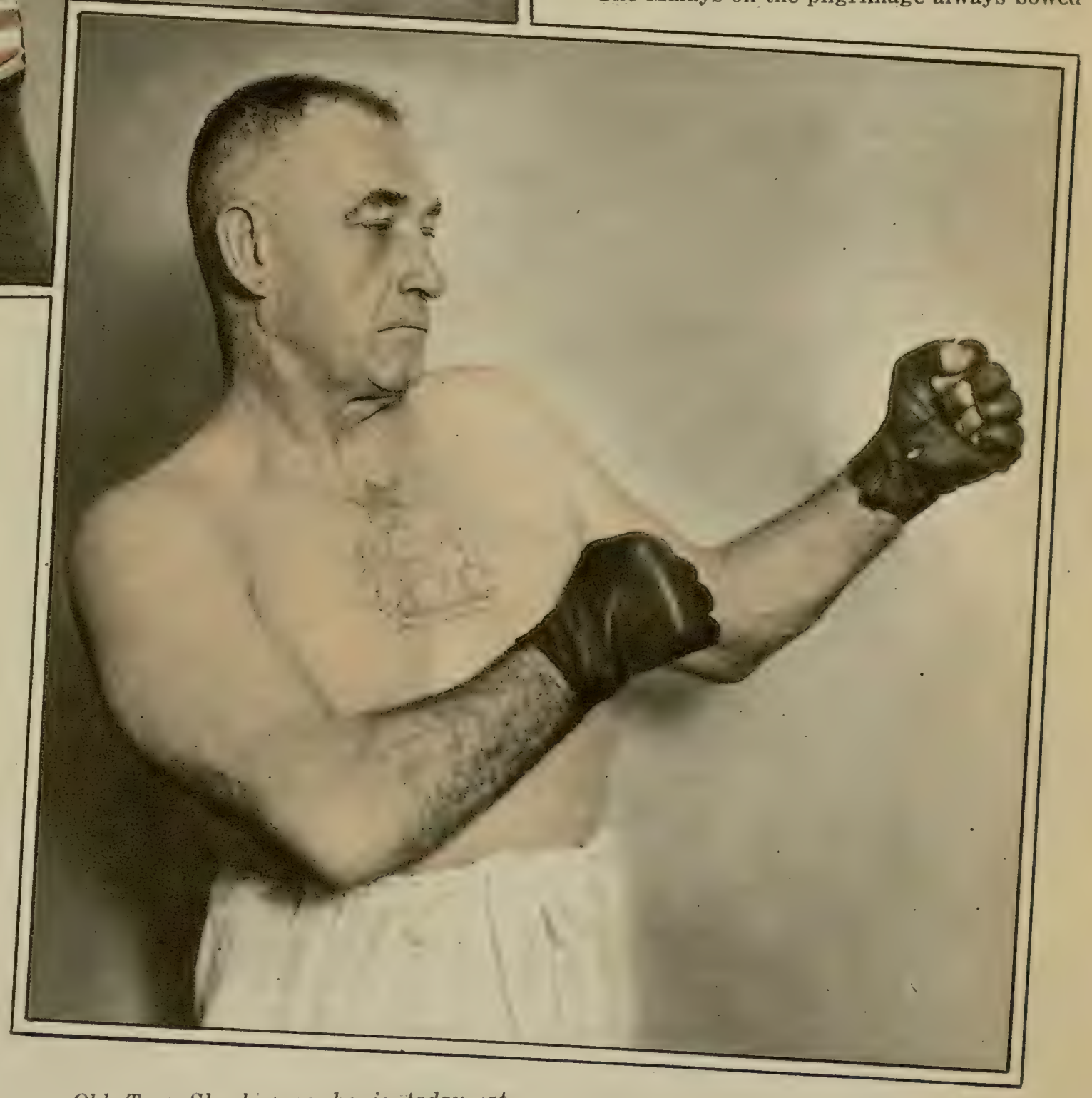
The itch to wander always was on me, and when I had seen one part of the world I wanted to see another, so I left the ship and went on one of the Alfred Holt liners—the old Blue Funnel Line—and sailed away to China. We went to Shanghai, Foochow, Nagasaki, Amoy, and Singapore. At Nagasaki there was a fine fight between some of our crew and a crew from another British ship—the Carleton Castle, I think she was.

We fought all over one block. One of the sailors from the Castle, being drunk, started to knife one of our lieutenants, and I saw him just in time and hit him. At first they said his neck was broken, but he got well.

I made two voyages in the Holt liners, and on one of them we carried more than a thousand Malays to Jedda on a pilgrimage to the grave of Mahomet. A fine smelly lot they were, but there was no fighting, because they were on a religious mission, and, besides, most of them had long knives. We were not allowed to land at Jedda, which was a disappointment. I had planned to join them in the pilgrimage, not knowing any better. I probably would have been killed if I had tried it.

WE had aboard a big bo's'n who thought he was bully of the crew. He was spoiling for fight. A fist like a ham he had, and he was not sparing with it when dealing with sailors.

The Malays on the pilgrimage always bowed to the deck as the sun rose, and bumped their foreheads against it. In the evening, when the sun was setting, they knelt and bumped their heads on the planks again. The bo's'n didn't like the passengers, and every chance he got,



Old Tom Sharkey as he is today, at fifty-three.

P. & A. photo

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[I FOUGHT THEM ALL
Continued from Page Eleven]

when one of them was bowing, he'd pretend to stumble and kick the man, making his forehead hit the deck harder.

He kicked one old fellow one morning, and I said to him:

"Leave him be; he's saying his prayers."

"He's a damned heathen," he said, kicking him again.

"I don't know what his religion is," I told him, "but it's better than yours, and if you kick him again I'll make you bump the deck with your head."

He raised that ham of a fist to swing at me, but I stepped up close and hit him with my left, and he bumped the deck with his head until the planks shook. One of the mates had heard us rowing, and he said:

"You did right."

I thought nothing of it, but after that, when I walked the deck, the dark fellows grinned at me and were my friends, so maybe, had the captain let us ashore, no harm would have come to me.

Having seen most of the world, I wanted to go to South America, so when I reached New York again, I shipped on the Highland Mary, a British ship which was going up the River Plate for frozen mutton for the British Isles. There was a ship for fighting, and on that voyage I came nearest losing my life.

There was fighting and drinking all the time. I mind it was coming near the time for the Queen's Jubilee, and being a hot-tempered boy then, and burning with the wrongs of Ireland, I made remarks about the Queen, and the English sailors resented it. One day in Buenos Aires I met three of them, and called the Queen out of her name, and one of them said:

"You'd better fight."

"All right—fair play, or all three of you?" I answered.

"Fair play," he said, and came at me.

I knocked him down, and the second one said, "I think I'll have a bit of a go with you."

So he came at me, and I knocked him out; and the third one said, "When you rest a bit, we'll have a bit of a go."

So I rested and then we fought, and although I was tired, I knocked him out.

There was all three of them out cold in the street, so I got water and brought them to, and told them the Queen ought to be proud to have them for subjects, and one of them said:

"Ripping, old fellow—that's fine!"

So we all went and drank together and became friends. We went up the river to St. Nicholas, and tied up at a landing to load the frozen sheep, and there was wild drinking and fighting.

I DID not drink much, and one night when most of the sailors were drinking below deck some one asked me to go to the well near the end of the landing platform and get a bucket of water. In the black dark I fell into the well, which came near being my end.

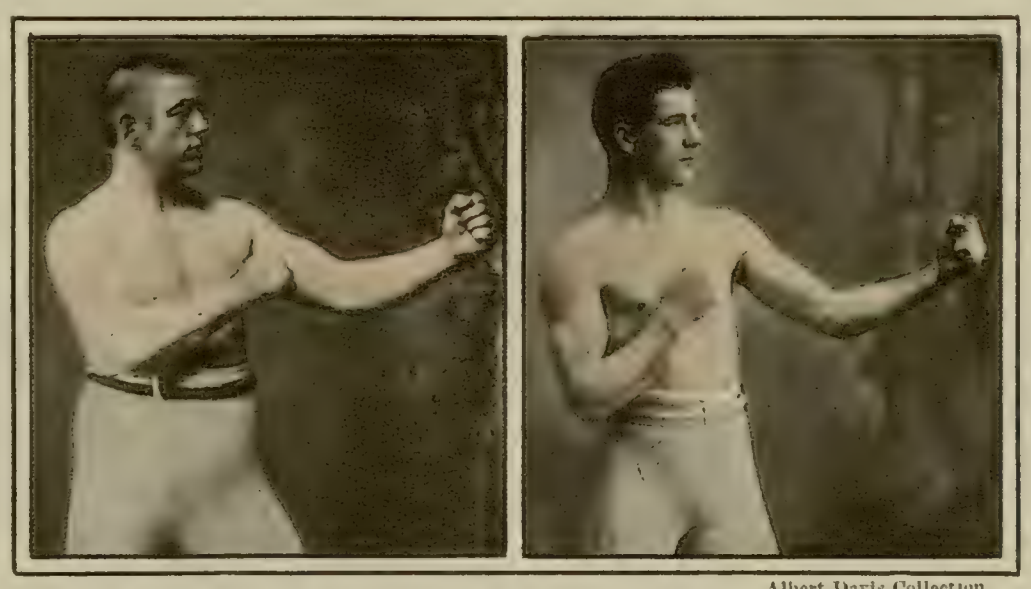
I was almost up to my neck in water, and I stood there and yelled, and no one heard me. It was 10 o'clock at night when I fell in, and for hours I stood there fighting the terrible mosquitoes that were almost as big as broiling chickens. They swarmed on me as if to eat me alive, and when some one came to the well about daybreak and found me, I was raving.

My head and arms were swollen twice their size, and my eyes were shut. They lifted me out and put me in sick-bay on the ship, and then took me to a hospital in Buenos Aires. It was ten days before I could get out.

The fighting sometimes was dirty. I mind one night three of the crew jumped me while we were ashore, and I knocked all three down, one after the other. One of them got on to his hands and knees and stabbed at me with a great sheep knife, and sank it into my leg. A Spaniard he was, and dangerous, so I hit him on the chin and most killed him.

There were dangerous times aboard the ships, but I was never in a wreck, nor did I suffer from bad food or water. On the mutton ships I helped the cook. The quartermaster used to carve our rations, and the hunger usually was on me. He was near-sighted, so I often stole three or four portions of the meat.

IT is strange that with all my fighting on ships and docks, I had never a thought of being a prize-fighter. I knew nothing and cared nothing about the science of fighting. My own way was good enough for me, and my only notion of fighters was that they were giants who killed men with one blow.



Albert Davis Collection

John L. Sullivan, the "fat old fellow," and Corbett, the "nice-looking lad," as they were when Tom saw them fight in 1892.

I had read that John L. Sullivan could knock down a beef with one blow from his hand, and like all Irishmen, I thought he was the greatest man the world ever had seen. After hearing Uncle Tom, who had seen him fight, tell of him, I was determined some day to see him, and maybe get Uncle Tom to take me with some of his friends, who knew Sullivan, and let me shake his hand.

I never had seen a prize-fight in all my life, and had some idea it was different from the kind of fighting we did on the ships. I was back from Rio and shipped on the Morgan line, out of New York. There was a lot of talk about Sullivan's coming fight with a young fellow, a bank clerk from San Francisco, named Corbett, and naturally there was betting, although it was hard to find any one who would bet against John L. I would have bet my year's wages against a five-dollar bill that Sullivan would squash Corbett.

I thought I knew all about it, though I had never seen either man. In fact, I went down West Street and had two fights with sailors from a ship in from the Pacific Coast, and had to hit them on the chin to convince them that no man could stand before John L. It was my favorite way of arguing in those days.

When we sailed from New York we had no notion that we might see the fight, but three days before the big battle, which was held on September 7, 1892, the ship docked at Algiers, on the Mississippi, across from New Orleans.

I happened to have some money—how that happened, I don't remember, it being one of the few times Sailor Sharkey ever had hard money.

The mate, Jack White, had money too, so we took all the money we had, and all the money the boys on the ship had, and went to New Orleans, just the mate and I.

I mind well a fight we had in Market Street with a big fellow who thought that Corbett had a chance to win.

"As much of a chance as you have of licking me, mate," I said.

"So?" he said. "Then he'll win, sure." And the next minute he was on his back in the gutter and the crowd was laughing at him.

We paid twenty-five dollars each for seats to the fight—good seats, too, and close to the ringside. There was a power of betting, and the mate and I bet the ship's money on Sullivan.

I was looking to see a giant, but into the ring came a fat old fellow, with a stomach on him like that of the innkeeper at home in Dundalk. The other lad was slim and nice-looking, his skin white and smooth, and his hair pompadour.

Sullivan sat scowling across at Corbett, and talking out of the corner of his mouth to friends. It was sure he gave no thought to the lad, except that he would knock him out.

Corbett came jumping and dancing and shifting in and out, and hitting the old fellow with his left. Sullivan walked around after him, telling him to be a man and fight. Every once in a while Sullivan would hook out his left, and swing his right. He usually missed by a foot or more.

Sullivan puffed, and his stomach shook when he moved. They fought for half a dozen rounds—and then I couldn't keep quiet any longer, so I stood up and said to the mate, loud, so that every one could hear me:

"If that's fightin', I can whip both of them."

Every one laughed at me. I waited a round or two, and then yelled again:

"If that's fightin', I am going to be a fighter—I can lick both of them now."

A FRESH lad I was, not twenty yet, talking big and brave in the faces of all the sports—but without a thought that I would be a fighter and meet one of them in the ring.

After that, I kept quiet, for Sullivan was losing, poor old man, and sick and sorry I was over it, not on account of the money, but to see a great fighter stumbling and reeling around the ring, and sick at his stomach from the effort to catch the slim man.

I watched Corbett very closely, and I saw something; and after it was all over, and we went away sad over Sullivan's downfall, I knew one thing. I knew then, as I knew long afterward, that, whether or not I could whip all the men in the world, I was champion of James J. Corbett. Him I was sure I could beat, for I studied his style, and saw something that old and experienced fighters seemed never to see. Of that I will tell later.

We went back to the ship, and on the way I licked a lad who spoke ill of Sullivan. I slapped him down, and I said to the mate:

"I'd slap Corbett down that way. Some day maybe I will, to avenge poor old John L."

When this lad took his fists among the fighting boys of the United States navy, the fur began to fly. How he lorded it over the navies of the seven seas is told in next week's LIBERTY.

SHARKEY'S BIGGEST FIGHTS

Date	Opponent	Place	Rounds	Result
July 25, 1895	Billy Smith	Colma, Cal.	7	KO
April 16, 1896	Joe Choynski	San Francisco	8	KO*
June 28, 1896	Jim Corbett	San Francisco	4	D
Dec. 2, 1896	Bob Fitzsimmons	San Francisco	8	WF
June 9, 1897	Peter Maher	New York	7	D
Nov. 18, 1897	Joe Goddard	San Francisco	6	KO
Mar. 11, 1898	Joe Choynski	San Francisco	8	D
May 6, 1898	Jim Jeffries	San Francisco	20	L
June 29, 1898	Gus Ruhlin	Coney Island	1	KO
Nov. 22, 1898	Jim Corbett	New York	9	W
Jan. 10, 1899	Kid McCoy	New York	10	KO
Jan. 30, 1899	Jack McCormick	Philadelphia	2	KO
Nov. 3, 1899	Jim Jeffries	Coney Island	25	L
Feb. 13, 1900	Joe Goddard	Philadelphia	4	KO
May 8, 1900	Joe Choynski	Chicago	2	KO
June 26, 1900	Gus Ruhlin	Coney Island	15	L
Aug. 24, 1900	Bob Fitzsimmons	Coney Island	2	L
June 25, 1902	Gus Ruhlin	London	11	L

* Choynski was knocked out of the ring in the first round, but was given time to recover and returned and finished the fight.

Note: KO—Knockout; D—Draw; W—Won; L—Lost; WF—Won on foul.

Portrait of a DISCIPLINARIAN

The Story of Two Boiled Eggs That Hatched a Romance

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

(Reading time: 21 minutes.)

IT was with something of the relief of fog-bound city-dwellers who at last behold the sun that we perceived, on entering the bar-parlor of the Angler's Rest, that Mr. Mulliner was seated once more in the familiar chair. For some days he had been away, paying a visit to an old nurse of his down in Devonshire; and there was no doubt that in his absence the tide of intellectual conversation had run very low.

"No," said Mr. Mulliner, in answer to a question as to whether he had enjoyed himself, "I can not pretend that it was an altogether agreeable experience. The poor old thing is almost completely deaf, and her memory is not what it was.

"Moreover, it is a moot point whether a man of sensibility can ever be entirely at his ease in the presence of a woman who has frequently spanked him with the flat side of a hair-brush."

Mr. Mulliner winced slightly, as if the old wound still troubled him.

"It is curious," he went on, after a thoughtful pause, "how little change the years bring about in the attitude of a real, genuine, crusted old family nurse toward one who in the early knicker-bocker stage of his career has been a charge of hers. He may grow gray or bald and be looked up to by the rest of his world as a warm performer on the Stock Exchange, or a devil of a fellow in the sphere of Politics or the Arts, but to his old Nanna he will still be the Master James or Master Percival who had to be hounded by threats to keep his face clean.

"Shakespeare would have cringed before his old nurse. So would Herbert Spencer, Attila the Hun, and the Emperor Nero. My nephew Frederick— But I must not bore you with my family gossip."

We reassured him.

"Oh, well, if you wish to hear the story. There is nothing much in it as a story, but it bears out the truth of what I have just said."

. . . . . .

"SHE'S gone into the kitchen to get the jam," proceeded the voice rapidly. "Shall I let you out?"

I WILL begin [said Mr. Mulliner] at the moment when Frederick, having come down from London in response to an urgent summons from his brother, Doctor George Mulliner, stood in the latter's consulting-room, looking out upon the esplanade of that quiet little watering-place, Bingley-on-Sea.

The young man's expression, as he confronted his brother, was that which a miasmic pool in some dismal swamp in the bad lands might have worn if it had had a face.

"Then the position, as I see it," he said, in a low, toneless voice, "is this: On the pretext of wishing to discuss urgent family business with me, you have dragged me down to this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PORTRAIT OF A DISCIPLINARIAN]
Continued from Page Thirteen

foul spot—seventy miles by rail, in a compartment containing three distinct infants sucking sweets—merely to have tea with a nurse whom I have disliked since I was a child."

"You have contributed to her support for many years," George reminded him.

"Naturally, when the family were clubbing together to pension off the old blister, I chipped in with my little bit," said Frederick. "*Noblesse oblige.*"

"Well, noblesse obliges you to go and have tea with her when she invites you. Wilks must be humored. She is not so young as she was."

"She must be a hundred."

"Eighty-five."

"Good heavens! And it seems only yesterday that she shut me up in a cupboard for stealing jam."

"She was a great disciplinarian," agreed George. "You may find her a little on the autocratic side still. And I want to impress upon you, as her medical man, that you must not thwart her lightest whim. She will probably offer you boiled eggs and home-made cake. Eat them."

"I will not eat boiled eggs at five o'clock in the afternoon," said Frederick, with a strong man's menacing calm, "for any woman on earth."

"You will. And with relish. Her heart is weak. If you don't humor her, I won't answer for the consequences."

"If I eat boiled eggs at five in the afternoon, I won't answer for the consequences. And why boiled eggs, dash it? I'm not a schoolboy."

"To her you are. She looks on all of us as children still. Last Christmas she gave me a copy of Eric or Little by Little."

FREDERICK turned to the window, and scowled down upon the noxious and depressing scene below. Sparing neither age nor sex in his detestation, he regarded the old ladies reading their library novels on the seats with precisely the same dislike and contempt which he bestowed on the boys' school clattering past on its way to the bathing-houses.

"Then, checking up your statements," he said, "I will find that I am expected to go to tea with a woman who, in addition, apparently, to being a blend of Lucrezia Borgia and a Prussian sergeant-major, is a physical wreck and practically potty. Why? That is what I ask. Why should I be victimized? Why me particularly?"

"It isn't you particularly. We've all been to see her at intervals, and so have the Oliphants."

"The Oliphants!"

The name seemed to affect Frederick oddly. He winced, as if his brother had been a dentist instead of a general practitioner and had just drawn one of his back teeth.

"She was their nurse after she left us. You can't have forgotten the Oliphants. I remember you at the age of twelve climbing that old elm at the bottom of the paddock to get Jane Oliphant a rook's egg."

Frederick laughed bitterly.

"I must have been a perfect ass. Fancy risking my life for a girl like that! Not," he went on, "that life's worth much. An absolute washout, that's what life is. However, it will soon be over. And then the silence and peace of the grave. That," said Frederick, "is the thought that sustains me."

"A pretty kid, Jane. Some one told me she had grown up quite a beauty."

"Without a heart."

"What do you know about it?"

"Merely this: She pretended to love me, and then, a few months ago, she went off to the country to stay with some people named Ponderby and wrote me a letter breaking off the engagement. She gave no reasons, and I have not seen her since. She is now engaged to a man named Dillingwater, and I hope it chokes her."

"I never heard about this. I'm sorry. No wonder you're depressed."

"Depressed?" said Frederick, outraged. "Me? You don't suppose I'm worrying myself about a girl like that, do you? I've never been so happy in my life. I'm just bubbling over with cheerfulness."

"Oh, is that what it is?" George looked at his watch. "Well, you'd better be pushing along. It'll take you about ten minutes to get to Marazion Road."

"How do I find the blasted house?"

"The name's on the door."

"What is the name?"

"Wee Holme."

"My God!" said Frederick Mulliner. "It only needed that!"

The view which he had had of it from his brother's window should, no doubt, have prepared Frederick for the hideous loathsomeness of Bingley-on-Sea; but, as he walked along, he found it coming on him as a complete surprise. Until now he had never imagined that a small town could possess so many soul-searing features.

HE passed little boys, and thought how repulsive little boys were. He met tradesmen's carts, and his gorge rose at the sight of them. He hated the houses. And, most of all, he objected to the sun. What he wanted was wailing winds and driving rain; not a beastly expanse of vivid blue.

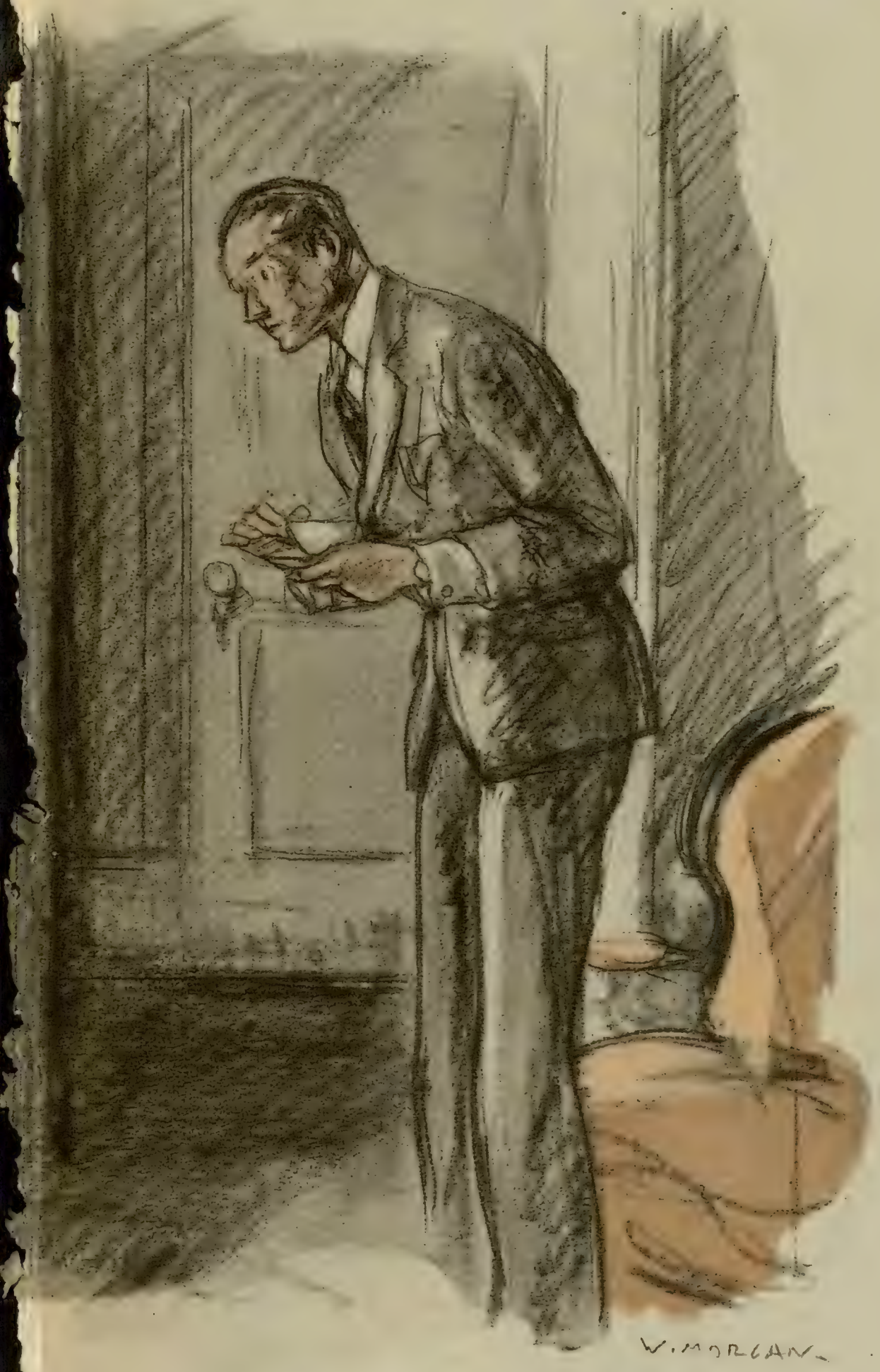
It was not that the perfidy of Jane Oliphant

"Master Frederick," said Nurse Wilks, "you march straight into that cupboard and stay there till you are good."

had affected him in any way: it was simply that he disliked blue skies and sunshine. He had a temperamental antipathy for them, just as he had a temperamental fondness for tombs and sleet and hurricanes and earthquakes and famines and pestilence and—

He found that he had arrived in Marazion Road.

Marazion Road was made up of two spotless



pavements stretching into the middle distance and flanked by two rows of neat little red-brick villas. It smote Frederick like a blow. He felt, as he looked at those houses, with their little brass knockers and little white curtains, that they were occupied by people who knew nothing of Frederick Mulliner and were content to know nothing; people who were simply not caring a whoop that, only a few short months before, the girl to whom he had been engaged had sent back his letters and gone and madly got herself betrothed to a man named Dillingwater.

He found Wee Holme, and hit it a nasty slap with its knocker. Footsteps sounded in the passage, and the door opened.

"Why, Master Frederick!" said Nurse Wilks. "I should hardly have known you."

The images which we form in childhood are slow to fade: and Frederick had been under the impression that Nurse Wilks was fully six feet tall, with the shoulders of a weight-lifter and eyes that glittered cruelly beneath beetling brows. What he saw now was a little old woman with a wrinkled face, who looked as if a puff of wind would blow her away.

He was oddly stirred. He felt large and protective. He saw his brother's point now. Most certainly this frail old thing must be humored. Only a brute would refuse to humor her—yes, felt Frederick Mulliner, even if it meant boiled eggs at five o'clock in the afternoon.

"Well, you *are* getting a big boy!" said Nurse Wilks, beaming.

"Do you think so?" said Frederick, with equal amiability.

"Quite the little man! And all dressed up. Go into the parlor, dear, and sit down. I'm getting the tea."

"Thanks."

"WIPE YOUR BOOTS!"

The voice, thundering from a quarter whence hitherto only soft cooings had proceeded, affected Frederick Mulliner a little like the touching off of a mine beneath his feet. Spinning round, he perceived that there yet lingered in Nurse Wilks not a little of the ancient fire. Her mouth was tightly compressed and her eyes gleamed dangerously.

"The-idea-of-your-bringing-your-nasty-dirty-boots-into-my-nice-clean-house-without-wiping-them!" said Nurse Wilks.

"Sorry!" said Frederick humbly.

HE burnished the criticized shoes on the mat, and tottered to the parlor. He felt much smaller, much younger, and much feebler than he had felt a minute ago. His morale had been shattered into fragments.

And it was not pieced together by the sight, as he entered the parlor, of Miss Jane Oliphant sitting in an armchair by the window.

It is hardly to be supposed that you will be interested in the appearance of a girl of the stamp of Jane Oliphant—a girl capable of wantonly returning a good man's letters and going off and getting engaged to a Dillingwater; but one may as well describe her and get it over. She had golden-brown hair; golden-brown eyes; golden-brown eyebrows; a nice nose with one freckle on the tip; a mouth which, when it parted in a smile, disclosed pretty teeth; and a resolute little chin.

At the present moment the mouth was not parted in a smile. It was closed up tight, and the chin was more than resolute. It looked like the ram of a very small battleship. She gazed at Frederick as if he were the smell of onions, and she did not say a word.

Nor did Frederick say very much. Nothing is more difficult for a young man than to find exactly the right remark with which to open conversation with a girl who has recently returned his letters. (Darned good letters, too. Reading them over after opening the package, he had been amazed at their charm and eloquence.)

Frederick, then, confined his observations to the single word "Guk!" Having uttered this, he sank into a chair and stared at the carpet. The girl stared out of the window, and complete silence reigned in the room till from the interior of a clock which was ticking on the mantelpiece a small wooden bird suddenly emerged, said "Cuckoo," and withdrew.

The abruptness of this bird's appearance and the oddly staccato nature of its diction could not but have their effect on a man whose nerves were not what they had been.

Frederick Mulliner, rising some eighteen inches from his chair, uttered a hasty exclamation.

"I beg your pardon?" said Jane Oliphant, raising her eyebrows.

"Well, how was I to know it was going to do that?" said Frederick defensively.

Jane Oliphant shrugged her shoulders. The gesture seemed to imply supreme indifference to what the sweepings of the underworld knew or did not know.

But Frederick, the ice being now in a manner broken, refused to return to the silence.

"What are you doing here?" he said.

"I have come to have tea with Nanna."

"I didn't know you were going to be here. Perhaps I'd better go."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Miss Oliphant sharply. "She is looking forward to seeing you. Though why—"

"Why?" prompted Frederick coldly.

"Oh, nothing."

IN the unpleasant silence which followed, broken only by the deep breathing of a man who was trying to choose the rudest out of the three retorts which had presented themselves to him, Nurse Wilks entered.

"It's just a suggestion," said Miss Oliphant aloofly, "but don't you think you might help Nanna with that heavy tray?"

Frederick, roused from his preoccupation, sprang to his feet, blushing the blush of shame.

Not for the first time since their acquaintance had begun, he felt a sort of wistful wonder at his late fiancée's uncanny ability to put him in the wrong. His emotions now were rather what they would have been if he had been detected striking his hostess with some blunt instrument.

"He always was a thoughtless boy," said Nurse Wilks tolerantly. "Do sit down, Master Frederick, and have your tea. I've boiled some eggs for you. I know what a boy you always are for eggs."

Frederick, starting, directed a swift glance at the tray. Yes, his worst fears had been realized. Eggs—and large ones. A stomach which he had fallen rather into the habit of pampering of late years gave a little whimper of apprehension.

"Yes," proceeded Nurse Wilks, pursuing the subject, "you never could have enough eggs. Nor cake. Dear me, how sick you made yourself with cake that day at Miss Jane's birthday party."

"Please!" said Miss Oliphant, with a slight shiver.

She looked coldly at her fermenting fellow guest, as he sat, plumbing the deepest abysses of self-loathing.

"No eggs for me, thank you," he said.

"Master Frederick, you will eat your nice boiled eggs," said Nurse Wilks. Her voice was still amiable, but there was a hint of dynamite behind it.

"I don't want any eggs."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PORTRAIT OF A DISCIPLINARIAN]
Continued from Page Fifteen

"Master Frederick!" The dynamite exploded. Once again that amazing transformation had taken place, and a frail little old woman had become an intimidating force with which only a Napoleon could have reckoned. "I will not have this sulking."

Frederick gulped.

"I'm sorry," he said meekly. "I should enjoy an egg."

"Two eggs," corrected Nurse Wilks.

"Two eggs," said Frederick.

Miss Oliphant twisted the knife in the wound.

"There seems to be plenty of cake, too. How nice for you! Still, I should be careful, if I were you. It looks rather rich. I never could understand," she went on, addressing Nurse Wilks in a voice which Frederick, who was now about seven years old, considered insufferably grown-up and affected, "the pleasure of overeating oneself."

"Boys will be boys," argued Nurse Wilks.

"I suppose so," sighed Miss Oliphant. "Still, it's all rather unpleasant."

A slight but well defined glitter appeared in Nurse Wilks' eyes. She detected a tendency to hoity-toitiness in her young guest's manner, and hoity-toitiness was a thing to be checked.

"Girls," she said, "are by no means perfect."

"Ah!" breathed Frederick in rapturous adhesion to the sentiment.

"Girls have their little faults. Girls are sometimes inclined to be vain. I know a little girl, not a hundred miles from this room, who was so proud of her new panties that she ran out in the street in them."

"Nanna!" cried Miss Oliphant pinkly.

"Disgusting!" said Frederick.

He uttered a short laugh; and so full was this laugh, though short, of scorn, disdain, and a certain hideous masculine superiority, that Jane Oliphant's proud spirit writhed beneath the infliction. She turned on him with blazing eyes.

"What did you say?"

"I said 'Disgusting!'"

"Indeed?"

"I can not," said Frederick judicially, "imagine a more deplorable exhibition, and I hope you were sent to bed without any supper."

"If you ever had to go without your supper," said Miss Oliphant, who believed in attack as the best form of defense, "it would kill you."

"Is that so?" said Frederick.

"You're a beast, and I hate you," said Miss Oliphant.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Now, now, now," said Nurse Wilks. "Come, come, come!"

SHE eyed the two with that comfortable look of power and capability which comes naturally to women who have spent half a century in dealing with the young and fractious.

"We will have no quarreling," she said. "Make it up at once. Master Frederick, give Miss Jane a nice kiss."

The room rocked before Frederick's bulging eyes.

"A what?" he gasped.

"Give her a nice big kiss and tell her you're sorry you quarreled with her."

"She quarreled with me."

"Never mind. A little gentleman must always take the blame."

Frederick, working desperately, dragged to the surface a sketchy smile.

"I apologize," he said.

"Don't mention it," said Miss Oliphant.

"Kiss her," said Nurse Wilks.

"I won't!" said Frederick.

"What?"

"I won't!"

"Master Frederick," said Nurse Wilks, rising and pointing a menacing finger, "you march straight into that cupboard in the passage and stay there till you are good."

Frederick hesitated. He came of a proud family. A Mulliner had once received the thanks of his Sovereign for services rendered on the field of Crécy. But the recollection of what his brother George had said decided him. Infra dig as it might be to allow himself to be shoved away in cupboards, it was better than being responsible for a woman's heart-failure. With bowed head he passed through the door, and a key clicked behind him.

ALL alone in a dark world that smelt of mice, Frederick Mulliner gave himself up to gloomy reflection. He had just put in about two minutes' intense thought of a kind which would have made the meditations of Schopenhauer on one of his bad mornings seem like the day-dreams of *Pollyanna*, when a voice spoke through the crack in the door:

"Freddie. I mean Mr. Mulliner."

"Well?"

"She's gone into the kitchen to get the jam," proceeded the voice rapidly. "Shall I let you out?"

"Pray do not trouble," said Frederick coldly. "I am perfectly comfortable."

Silence followed.

Frederick returned to his reverie. About now, he thought, but for his brother George's treachery in luring him down to this plague-spot by a misleading telegram, he would have been on the twelfth green at Squashy Hollow, trying out that new putter. Instead of which—

"Wipe your boots!"

The door opened abruptly, and as abruptly closed again. And Frederick Mulliner, who had been looking forward to an unbroken solitude, discovered, with a good deal of astonishment, that he had started taking in lodgers.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, with a touch of proprietorial disapproval.

The girl did not answer. But presently muffled sounds came to him through the darkness. In spite of himself, a certain tenderness crept upon Frederick.

"I say," he said awkwardly. "There's nothing to cry about."

"I'm not crying. I'm laughing."

"Oh?" The tenderness waned. "You think it's amusing, do you, being shut up in this damned cupboard?"

"There is no need to use bad language."

"I entirely disagree with you. There is every need to use bad language. It's ghastly enough being at Bingley-on-Sea at all, but when it comes to being shut up in Bingley cupboards—"

"—with a girl you hate?"

"We will not go into that aspect of the matter," said Frederick with dignity. "The important point is that here I am in a cupboard at Bingley-on-Sea when, if there were any justice or right-thinking in the world, I should be out at Squashy Hollow."

"Oh? Do you still play golf?"

"Certainly I still play golf. Why not?"

"I don't know why not. I'm glad you are still able to amuse yourself."

"I suppose you imagined I would be creeping about the place, a broken-hearted wreck?"

"Oh, no. I knew you would find it very easy to console yourself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind."

"Are you insinuating that I am the sort of man who turns lightly from one woman to another—a mere butterfly who flits from flower to flower, sipping—?"

"Yes, if you want to know, I think you are a born sipper."

Frederick started. The charge was monstrous.

"I have never sipped. And, what's more, I have never flitted."

"That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"What you said."

"You appear to have a very keen sense of humor," said Frederick weightily. "It amuses you to be shut up in cupboards. It amuses you to hear me say—"

"Well, it's nice to be able to get some amusement out of life, isn't it? Do you want to know why she shut me up in here?"

"I haven't the slightest curiosity. Why?"

"I forgot where I was and lighted a cigaret. Oh, my goodness!"

"Now what?"

"I thought I heard a mouse. Do you think there are mice in the cupboard?"

"Certainly," said Frederick. "Dozens of them."

HE would have gone on to specify the kind of mice—large, fat, slithery, active mice; but at this juncture something hard and sharp took him agonizingly on the ankle.

"Ouch!" cried Frederick.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was kicking about to discourage the mice."

"I see."

"It would have given a mouse a nasty jar, if it had been one, wouldn't it?"

"The shock, I should imagine, of a lifetime."

"Well, I'm sorry."

"Don't mention it. Why should I worry about a broken ankle, when—"

"When what?"

"I forget what I was going to say."

"When your heart is broken?"

"My heart is not broken." It was a point which Frederick wished to make luminously clear. "I am gay—happy— Who the devil is this man Dillingwater?" he concluded abruptly.

There was a momentary pause.

"Oh, just a man."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At the Ponderbys'."

"Where did you get engaged to him?"

"At the Ponderbys'."

"Did you pay another visit to the Ponderbys, then?"

"No."

Frederick choked.

"When you went to stay with the Ponderbys, you were engaged to me. Do you mean to say you broke off your engagement to me, met this Dillingwater, and got engaged to him all in the course of a single visit lasting barely two weeks?"

"Yes."

FREDERICK said nothing. It struck him later that he should have said, "Oh Woman, Woman!" but at the moment it did not occur to him.

"I don't see what right you have to criticize me," said Jane.

"Who criticized you?"

"You did."

"When?"

"Just then."

"I call Heaven to witness," cried Frederick Mulliner, "that not by so much as a single word have I hinted at my opinion that your conduct is the vilest and most revolting that has ever been drawn to my attention. I never so much as suggested that your revelation had shocked me to the depths of my soul."

"Yes, you did. You sniffed."

"If Bingley-on-Sea is not open for being sniffed in at this season," said Frederick coldly, "I should have been informed earlier."

"I had a perfect right to get engaged to any one I liked and as quickly as I liked, after the abominable way you behaved."

"Abominable way I behaved? What do you mean?"

"You know."

"Pardon me, I do not know. If you are alluding to my refusal to wear the tie you bought for me on my last birthday, I can but repeat my statement, made to you at the time, that, apart from being the sort of tie no upright man would be seen dead in a ditch with, its colors were those of a Cycling, Angling, and Dart-Throwing club of which I am not a member."

"I am not alluding to that. I mean the day I was going to the Ponderbys and you promised to see me off at Paddington, and then you phoned and said you couldn't, as you were detained by important business; and I thought, well, I think I'll go by the later train after all, because that will give me time to lunch quietly at the Berkeley; and I went and lunched quietly at the Berkeley, and, when I was there, who should I see but you at a table at the other end of the room gorging yourself in the company of a beastly creature in a pink frock and hennaed hair. That's what I mean."

Frederick clutched at his forehead.

"It was like a blow over the head. Something seemed to snap inside me, and—"

"I can explain all," said Frederick.

Jane's voice in the darkness was cold.

"Explain?" she said.

"Explain," said Frederick.

"All?"

"All."

Jane coughed.

"Before beginning," she said, "do not forget that I know every one of your female relatives by sight."

"I don't want to talk about my female relatives."

"I thought you were going to say that she was one of them—an aunt or something."

"Nothing of the kind. She was a revue star. You probably saw her in a piece called Toot-Toot."

"And that is your idea of an explanation!"

Frederick raised his hand for silence. Realizing that she could not see it, he lowered it again.

"Jane," he said in a low, throbbing voice, "can you cast your mind back to a morning in the spring when we walked, you and I, in Kensington Gardens? The sun shone brightly, and the sky was a limpid blue flecked with fleecy clouds, and from the west there blew a gentle breeze—"

"If you think you can melt me with that sort of—"

"Nothing of the kind. What I was leading up to was this: As we walked, you and I, there came snuffling up to us a small Pekingese dog. It left me, I admit, quite cold, but you went into ecstasies, and from that moment I had but one mission in life—to discover who that Peke belonged to and buy it for you. And, after the most exhaustive inquiries, I tracked the animal down. It was the property of the lady in whose company you saw me lunching—lightly, not gorging—at the Berkeley that day. I managed to get an introduction to her, and immediately began to make offers to her for the dog. Money was no object to me. All I wished was to put the little beast in your arms and see your face light up. It was to be a surprise.

"That morning the woman phoned, and said that she had practically decided to close with my latest bid, and would I take her to lunch and discuss the matter? It was agony to have to ring you up and tell you that I could not see you off at Paddington; but it had to be done.

"Master Frederick, you will eat your nice boiled eggs," said Nurse Wilks.

"IT was anguish, having to sit for two hours listening to that highly colored female telling me how the comedian had ruined her big number in her last show by standing up-stage and pretending to drink ink; but that had to be done, too. I bit the bullet and saw it through and I got the dog that afternoon. And next morning I received your letter breaking off the engagement."

There was a long silence.

"Is this true?" said Jane.

"Quite true."

"It sounds too—how shall I put it?—too frightfully probable. Look me in the face!"

"What's the good of looking you in the face when I can't see an inch in front of me?"

"Well, is it true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"Can you produce the Peke?"

"I have not got it on my person," said Frederick stiffly. "But it is at my flat, probably chewing up a valuable rug. I will give it you for a wedding present."

"Oh, Freddie!"

"A wedding present," repeated Frederick, though the words stuck in his throat like patent American health cereal.

"But I'm not going to be married."

"You're—what did you say?"

"I'm not going to be married."

"But what of Dillingwater?"

"That's off."

"Off?"

"Off," said Jane firmly. "I only got engaged to him out of pique. I thought I could go through with it, buoying myself up by thinking what a score it would be off you. But one morning I saw him eating a peach, and I began to waver. He splashed himself to the eyebrows. And just after that I found that he had a trick of making a sort of funny noise when he drank coffee. I would sit on the other side of the breakfast table, looking at him and saying to myself, 'Now comes the funny noise!' And, when I thought of doing that all the rest of my life, I saw that the scheme was impossible. So I broke off the engagement."

Frederick gasped.

"Jane!"

He groped out, found her, and drew her into his arms.

"Freddie!"

"Jane!"

"Freddie!"

"Jane!"

On the panel of the door there sounded an authoritative rap. Through it there spoke an authoritative voice, slightly cracked by age, but full, nevertheless, of the spirit that will stand no nonsense.

"Master Frederick."

"Hullo?"

"Are you good now?"

"You bet I'm good."

"Will you give Miss Jane a nice kiss?"

"I will do," said Frederick Mulliner, enthusiasm ringing in every syllable, "just that little thing!"

"Then you may come out," said Nurse Wilks. "I have boiled you two more eggs."

Frederick paled, but there was the right stuff in him.

What did anything matter now?

"Lead me to them," he said in a low voice.

THE END

WHY *A Million Women* Write *to* ME

Pictures by CORINNE DILLON

I blushed, then stammered, while I held the nightgown, with many pairs of unsympathetic eyes and ears drinking in the scene.

The Inside Story of "Charge It, Please"

An Article by

WILL WEST

(Reading time: 19 minutes 25 seconds.)

WIVES of diplomats and mattress manufacturers, of pugilists and other financiers, of ex-Presidents and Senators-elect—everybody writes to me: actresses, stenographers, housewives, peeresses, and perhaps murderesses—certainly many with vitriol in the ink, if not murder in the heart.

From the Shanghai Bund and Park Avenue, from Monte Carlo and Montevideo, from Hollywood, California, to Hollywood, Florida, from Cairo, Egypt, to Cairo, Illinois, these letters pour in, an ink-flecked flood of white paper with kaleidoscopic overtones of passionate nuances, set off here and there with flamboyant crests and stenciled monograms, as well as with gilded edges and other gadgets. Millions and millions of words.

Read 'em and weep! I do.

Each year I read and personally answer 100,000 of these inky effusions. I dictate eight hours daily to six stenographers; for, more to be pitied than scorned, I am the store's correspondent-in-chief. Sometimes I think I'd prefer to be a co-respondent-in-chief.

"The store" is one of the largest on Fifth Avenue. It has more than a million customers. All but a handful are women. Nearly all of them are privileged to utter womankind's most treasured phrase, that magic shibboleth: "Charge it." Nearly all of the million write—and frequently.

"Long letters?" you ask. No end. And I have to answer them; for, like Vinnie Richards, the tennis star, I write my own stuff.

Are women naive, lacking in humor, deceitful, illogical, patient, generous? Are they cunning or just "cunning"? Well, since this magazine has generously crossed my palm with silver, step into my tent and let me, to coin a phrase, tell all.

FIRST, you ask (and not very originally): "Have American women a clear conception of modern business methods?"

Well, at least they seem to know more about business than do the European women I have met. They are, for one thing, used to checking bills and to writing (rather reluctantly) checks.

They seem to find that the indicative mood, "Enclosed find," requires more deliberation than the imperative mood: "Charge it."

And all but a few women apparently know that the head of our Bookkeeping Department is not necessarily a graduate of Albany Library School; that the Audit Department does not give auditions to fledgling opera singers; that the Bureau of Adjustments does not employ chiropractors to adjust subluxations of the spine.

But don't expect much more! For instance, we use the word "credit" in our letters thousands of times weekly. But we never use the word "debit." Too confusing to womenfolk.

Now, I realize that not all men are intellectual giants. I remember sitting on a Supreme Court jury for six days and finally discovering that my neighbor, No. 8, had, throughout the trial of the case, confused the words "plaintiff" and "defendant."

But women? God bless them. . . . Read this letter:

> You certainly must have a fine system in your store. Why do you keep annoying me with letters asking when and how the three

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Why women serve soup every day!

12 cents a can

HOT, TEMPTING, invigorating soup! What brightness and good cheer it adds! How instantly the appetite responds to its deliciously blended flavors! What a splendidly healthful and wholesome way to stimulate both enjoyment and digestion!

Women are grateful for the daily helpfulness of soup. Keeping their table constantly attractive, day in and day out, is no easy task. And soup is such a big aid. Its variety is practically endless. It is simple and easy to provide. Yet there it is, ready at hand all the time, to give its welcome "lift" in the woman's ever-present problems—and to benefit all the family.

So soup is a regularly established fixture in thousands and thousands of homes. Every year a new host of women "discover" the truth about soup and serve it daily, instead of only occasionally. Once a guest dish and a dish for special days, soup is now a daily family standby. The great and growing popularity of Campbell's Tomato Soup shows how rapidly the custom is spreading.

This irresistible blend of luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, golden country butter and appetizing seasoning is the best-known, best-liked, and oftenest served soup in the world. You simply add an equal quantity of water (milk or cream for Cream of Tomato, according to directions on label) simmer a few minutes and serve! See also the complete list of the 21 Campbell's kinds on each label.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Cudahy's

Puritan

100%
Leaf Lard

The Perfect Shortening

Cudahy's Puritan Lard is famous as "The Perfect Shortening" because it assures better baking and cooking.

To be perfect a shortening must have superior mixing and blending qualities. You have these in Puritan Lard—due to its fine grained texture. Puritan makes cakes and pastry that are light, fluffy and delicious; pie crust that is tender, crisp and flaky: the kind which you are proud and delighted to serve.

Puritan Lard is also unequalled for deep frying. The golden brown seal which it quickly forms around the food retains the original flavor; this prevents greasy, soggy food.

Puritan is 100% pure leaf lard, open kettle rendered, free from moisture and chilled in the package. Because of these finer qualities less of it is required.

Puritan Lard does not smoke at cooking temperature. As it does not absorb food flavors, it may be used again and again.

You'll be delighted with Puritan—At your dealers.

"The Test Tells"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams·Bacon·Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

pairs of hose were returned? Why don't you see whether you have three pairs over in your hosiery department?

Well, our hosiery department, one of more than 100 departments of the store, sells 1,000,000 pairs of stockings annually. Rather difficult, therefore, to locate three pairs.

I suppose the White Star Line gets letters from the same lady asking why they haven't found the needle-case she lost overboard from the Majestic some time last summer.

But they're not all like that. There was one I'll never forget. A tragic letter. It came, as I recall it, from New Orleans:

GENTLEMEN:

I am sorry not to have written you before, but I have been in the hospital for six weeks, very ill. I hope you will let me return the dresses and other things I bought. I shan't need them now. The baby died. Sincerely . . .

Here we have a letter from Boston:

I am returning the pantie-dress. My husband strongly objected to my daughter's wearing such a dress, as Boston is somewhat conservative.

Father, it would seem, has forgotten the dear, dead Mauve Decade, with its daguerreotype of mother in her decidedly *au fait* pantie-dress.

THE sun never sets on our customers. (This, however, doesn't prevent them from sitting on us.) Here's a cable from Baden-Baden:

SEND MY LINGERIE TO THIRTY-THREE RUE ANJOU PARIS
MAXINE ELLIOTT

Coals to Newcastle? A compliment to American industry, I call it. Yes, the stage and screen supply an important part of our clientele.

This one, postmarked Hollywood, is from a not infrequent correspondent:

My daughter, Patsy Ruth Miller . . .

An invariable opening sentence. Quite pardonable pride on Mrs. Miller's part, don't you think?

The widow of one of our Presidents writes us. No social-secretary airs about her letters. Models of dignity, clarity, brevity.

I notice this line in a note written in Hongkong by the wife of a great explorer—a big egg man, so to speak:

Send one pair a fortnight hereafter. To match gold evening slippers.

A very charming letter came the other day from Mrs. Tunney, Sr. It seems we misread her unusually clear chirography and addressed her "Mrs. Gunny." Of such is fame. Mrs. Tunney politely wrote again to make sure there had been no mistake made on our books.

Would that all of our letters were as pleasant —not like this from an ornate apartment-house on West End Avenue, New York:

It was inexcusably stupid and embarrassing. In the middle of the reception your delivery boy arrived with the hat, and he came in *the front way!*

How shocking!

What do women return most often? That's easy. Hosiery. Why? Well, because silk hosiery is as fragile as it is necessary, and

"In the middle of the reception your delivery boy arrived with the hat, and he came in the front way!"

because our store guarantees its hosiery against imperfection. What constitutes an imperfection? I don't know. But come over here and talk to our Miss Savoir. She and two assistants interview nearly 1,000 customers a week.

Question: In your opinion, Miss Savoir, how many women who ask to have hosiery exchanged are honestly convinced that the hosiery had an imperfection when purchased?

Answer (incisively): Seven out of ten are trying to put it over.

Why this rather staggering indictment of her sex by our watch-dog of the hosiery? A hole, I know, may be caused unconsciously, in a thousand different ways. I believe that Miss Savoir is oversevere in her judgment. I believe that most of these women are, at worst, honestly uncertain.

Honesty, I suppose, is about as difficult to define as is beauty or fashion. I believe that the overwhelming majority of women are what is known as honest. But here is one thing that puzzles me: We receive not less than 25,000 letters a year claiming that we have overcharged or undercredited. But we don't get 100 letters—no, not 10—pointing out that we have *failed* to charge for a purchase.

Here's a letter written by a woman in Arizona:

I am glad to know that you're crediting my account with $92.25, but if it's not too much trouble will you send me, instead, a check for that amount?

You yawn. A dull letter. But permit me to explain: The letter that this woman received from us should have been sent to another customer. The letter I actually dictated to her simply advised her that we could not exchange the hosiery which she had returned.

There is, it is true, a seamy side to our business; for, naturally, among a million women there is more than one of this type. Listen to what Mrs. Faker has to say:

I can't understand your letter. I bought the hat in your store. It has your label in it and that's all there is to it. If you'll credit my account I'll stop in soon and pick out another hat.

We had advised her that we were holding a hat which she had returned, but which we did not recognize as our merchandise, even though it had our silk label *sewn* in the lining. Figure it out for yourself.

WOMEN are strongly inclined to exaggerate. Too frequently a polite remonstrance on the part of the sales-clerk gives birth to a letter of the most caustic type: "I have been grossly insulted and bitterly humiliated."

For example, a customer returned an evening gown to us recently. As happens dozens of times a day, our examination indicated that the gown had been purchased in another store.

Accordingly, we returned the gown to the customer, sending at the same time our usual letter of explanation, which, you may be sure, is couched in polite phrases. Here is Mrs. Customer's reply:

I demand an immediate and abject apology for your indescribably insulting letter and for the thoroughly uncalled-for innuendoes it contained . . .

and so on and on for, let's see, twelve pages.

Exaggerate? Many years of experience have taught me to translate our customers' dates of purchase somewhat as follows:

"yesterday".....1 to 3 days ago
"a few days ago".....2 to 10 days ago
"last week".....1 to 4 weeks ago
"about two weeks ago".....2 to 10 weeks
"last month".....1 to 3 months
"two months ago".....2 to 12 months
"last winter".....6 months to 2 years ago
"1925".....1925 to 1898

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Miss Myrtle R. Ivins *of Philadelphia*

"I was ashamed to meet anyone . . . *I looked so bad*"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"During business hours, I meet many people, including the officers of the large firm where I work. A good appearance is important. Naturally, my embarrassment was almost unbearable when, after an illness that upset my blood, my face became covered with pimples. I was actually ashamed to meet anyone.

"What made it hardest to bear was that formerly my skin had been especially clear—kept so by an active outdoor life. I played some tennis and golf, swam and rode a little, and had done my share of hiking.

"But I had to give up all these sports, I was so badly run down. I was too weak to throw off the poisons that upset me. My whole digestive system became unbalanced.

"My doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. Today, after eating it faithfully every day for over six months I feel fine. My face has improved greatly. My appetite is splendid. I'm able to be back in the open once more, enjoying the sports I love."

Myrtle R. Ivins

HEADACHES—lethargy—indigestion—skin eruptions—these are the price you pay for an unclean intestinal tract.

A corrective food, as fresh as any vegetable from the garden, Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses your entire intestinal canal. Your elimination becomes normal again—easier, regular, more complete. Your blood clears, pimples and boils disappear, your digestion is again good.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. G 47, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

Health—*this new easy way*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"THIS WAS the eighth year that I have had hay fever. Those that are afflicted with it know the weakened condition they are in after each attack. I tried different tonics but they never seemed to build me up or give me strength. I was troubled with constipation, was nervous and my appetite was poor.

"I read about Fleischmann's Yeast and decided to try it. I ate three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Now I am not troubled with constipation or nervousness. My appetite is better than ever before and so long as I get Fleischmann's Yeast three times daily I am not going to worry about next year."

Frank Fitchett, Cincinnati, O.

Jock Hutchinson,
famous American golfer

"AFTER my championship winning, the demand upon my time for instruction became so great that I was soon engaged in the exhausting occupation of teaching golfers of all degrees of proficiency. I became troubled with indigestion and insomnia. My game suffered accordingly. Recently I began taking a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast before each meal and before retiring. Almost at once my digestion and sleep improved. Now I feel physically fit all the time although I am devoting an even greater number of hours to teaching."

Jock Hutchinson, Golf, Illinois

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

In the same way we tend to translate other phrases:

"My coat is in miserable, shameful, disgraceful condition." Probably the fur is shedding slightly.

"My coat is absolutely falling apart—most humiliating." There are one or two small rips in it.

"There is a frightful, disgusting stain on the blouse. It is horrible looking and unwearable." Very likely a spot as big as a dime, so inconspicuous that it escaped even the sharp eyes of our Inspection Department.

"I've worn the dress only a few times." Worn five to 150 times.

"Didn't take the shawl from the box. Saw it would not match my gown." Tried it on a number of times; may have worn it to a party.

But you get the idea, I presume.

FEW of our letters, only a handful, are from men. Naturally a man, dealing with larger affairs than his womenfolk, comprehending, in some degree at least, the intricacies of such a machine as a department store, is more understanding, usually courteous, rarely savage, never verbose. Women get apoplexy; a man, at worst, succumbs to pernicious anemia. Under extreme provocation a man may write roughly, but at least he's brief, as in this note:

> GENTLEMEN:
>
> The watch I am returning is junk. You've repaired (?) it five times. Don't send me another. Credit me.

Under similar circumstances, no woman who walks this earth, I am convinced, would be satisfied with less than an excoriating letter of anywhere from eight to eighteen pages.

The worst of it is that one can't skip blithely through these windy attacks. Every line must be read; for on page 7 or page 78 a woman, as a sort of breather, may insert such a sentence as:

> . . . After this send all mail except bills to me at 1177 Grandview Avenue, care of Mrs. Ethyl Ginn, Apartment 4K, Cincinnati, Ohio, but only until June 5th. After that address me at . . .

Every other letter encloses a bill which the customer thinks too high. Half the time, on the bill, opposite each item, appears the penciled name of the actual purchaser. Thus:

1 hat, $17.50—Aunt Minnie
1 pr. shoes, $10—Dora
1 sweater, $8—Gaga
6 prs. hose, $21.50—Aunt Minnie
1 hat, $22—Aunt Minnie

Aunt Minnie, you see, is doing herself rather well!

Nearly every big department store finds it necessary to promulgate minimum underwear requirements for women who try on dresses.

Yes, the bills tell a story. Here's one—from a customer in North Carolina. Read her notation on the bill: "I was glad to have my account opened. I enclose a check for $40 and will pay the balance regularly every month."

Now look at the bill itself. The account, mind you, was opened on March 15. All of her purchases were made on March 15, 16, and 17. Total, $550. Hats, scarfs, shoes, mules, perfume, gloves, powder, suits, coats, manicuring—everything from soap to sweaters. An orgy, I calls it! And, upon receipt of her bill, Mrs. Casual blandly informs us that she will pay us a little every month.

I don't question that she will, either. Why be captious, carping? Who would begrudge her the pink and glowing realization of her girlhood dreams?

Visualize the triumphant return to her home town from New York. The usual crowd at the depot to await the evening train, the debarkation, the elaborately unconscious display of her finery, the murderous glances of envy from eyes which protrude like doorknobs.

Ah, happy, happy woman! Everything, from hat to spattees, direct from Fifth Avenue! Think of that and forget about where that $550 is coming from. Don't be an old *Scrooge!*

Some of the bills are far less obvious. Here, for instance:

1 brassière.....$10
1 brassière.....$10
1 brassière.....$10
1 brassière.....$10

and so on, ditto, ditto—eighteen brassières and nothing else on the bill.

Is the customer a Latona, or has she contracted to supply complete costumes for the second act of the National Winter Garden Burlesque?

There was another bill like that the other day: fifteen pairs of pumps. Nothing else on the bill. Now, Park Avenue may purchase fifteen pairs of pumps in that wholesale fashion without causing me to raise even one eyebrow, but this particular customer lived in the less fashionable section of the Bronx! Maybe you can explain it. I can't.

OTHER things, however, I've learned to fathom. Thus, when I see a lot of our cheapest hosiery, or we'll say lingerie, on the bill of the world's most famous violinist, or charged to one of Wall Street's biggest operators, I yawn and continue dictating. No mystery there. I know Monsieur Crœsus has graciously permitted some poor relative to use the account—but not to misuse it.

A woman with a God-given sense of humor supplies this antidote to some of the ill-natured epistles I have to wade through:

> I returned the corset to you to have garters put on. For some unknown reason it was sent back to me in its original condition. I returned it a second time to you with a letter. Back it came to me, still without garters. I promptly telephoned you and returned the corset for the third time two days ago. Your wagon has just left the box again. I've opened it and I'm damned if the garters aren't still missing. I laughed so I was nearly hysterical. So don't bother now. I'll get the garters at some neighborhood store. Aren't you a little bit careless sometimes?

Whenever my mail is light—and that's not often, worse luck!—I like to relieve one of the adjusters "out front." Three men sit there and interview a steady stream of customers, who call in person to display for inspection by these three wise men everything from incense to furs—merchandise claimed to be faulty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!"

The whole world
welcomes
FACES that are FIT

IT'S no trouble these days to keep your face fit. The morning shave with Williams, for instance, is more than a quick, clean shave. It's as beneficial as a daily massage. For Williams lather—pure, mild, absolutely free from coloring matter—leaves your skin buoyantly, youthfully fit.

It took 87 years of specialized study to perfect Williams. It takes but one shave to convince men of its value.

Even the drug clerk will tell you: "Oh, yes—sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 69-B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal.) At all druggists; two sizes, 35c and 50c.

Next time say

Williams
Shaving Cream

please!

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

The Complexion that retains a soft fresh appearance under all conditions

You can dance, motor or indulge in vigorous sports fully confident your complexion will always retain a soft, velvety freshness. "Touching Up" is an annoyance of the past as there is no need to worry over streaking, spotting, rubbing off or the effects of perspiration, when you use

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It renders a fascinating youthful charm to the skin and complexion that lasts throughout the day. A seductive touch of mystic, Oriental beauty that will command instant attention. No messy treatments or long periods of watching for results. From the first moment you use it you are assured of a vast, noticeable improvement in your appearance.

Its effect on the skin is highly antiseptic and astringent, proving exceptionally beneficial in correcting blemishes, muddy skins, freckles, tan, flabbiness, redness, oiliness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

M-32 Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette Street
New York

Send 10c for Trial Size
Lib. 9-24
Check shade desired:
White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐
Name
Street
City
State

[WHY A MILLION WOMEN WRITE TO ME
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

I won't forget the first time I sought to while away an hour at one of those adjustment desks. A really beautiful young matron, sprig of an old American family of proud ancestry, as I soon learned by her answer to my first question, seated herself beside my desk.

I thrilled. I was younger then. I began to like my job. And then—then she presented for my inspection a nightgown.

I became conscious immediately of an inferiority complex and of twenty pairs of waiting customers' eyes trained upon the garment. Finally I managed to remove it from the box. I touched it gingerly—a gorgeous nothing of Valenciennes, so proud of being worth sixty dollars that it frothed at the neck.

"What is the trouble with it, Mrs. Patrician?" I murmured modestly.

"It's torn at the shoulder," the fair lady replied in clear-cut, clipped-English accents.

"When did you buy it?" I mumbled in even lower tones, praying that she would take the hint and modulate her voice to tête-à-tête volume.

"Six months ago; but I've worn it only once. It was," she continued, "part of my trousseau. I've been abroad on my honeymoon or I should have returned it sooner."

I blushed, then stuttered, "Er—ahem."

NOW thirty pairs of unsympathetic eyes and ears were drinking in the little scene. This was no tête-à-tête—I seemed to be talking into a microphone!

"Er-ahem! If you'll excuse me just a moment, I'll speak to the department. It's just around the corner."

I thus signed off momentarily, and, with the nightie under my arm, stumbled through my smirking audience. At the department I was treated with scant courtesy: "Yes, we've seen it. Torn at the shoulder. What does she expect? Tell her it was not the fault of the merchandise. It was torn by an unusual strain."

I leave it to you to finish the story. How would you have adjusted the matter?

That was my first attempt at oral adjustment. Within a few days, however, I was as nonchalant as a change-maker at an Automat. A step-in is a step-in and can be best inspected by holding it up to the light. That's all there is to that! "*Honi soit . . .*" The customer never seems to mind.

I know of only one who ever departed, refusing to have her garments publicly displayed.

Our dress department many times a day is compelled to refuse to allow customers to try on dresses because they are not wearing sufficient underwear—if any. I don't exaggerate.

You'll find that nearly every big department store of today finds it necessary to promulgate certain minimum underwear requirements, so to speak.

These rules are posted in every dressing-room and complied with reluctantly. So reluctantly, in fact, that a friend of mine bids fair to make a quick fortune.

He supplies most of the bigger New York and Chicago stores with paper underwear. The garment resembles a sleeveless jacket cut out of paper toweling. The stores buy these garments by the thousands and supply them without charge to prospective customers whose underwear is less than the store's minimum.

My most unusual complaint while substituting at the adjustment desk wasn't, strictly speaking, a complaint at all. It came from a pleasant, worried-looking, almost breathless woman. Here was her story:

"I bought a bracelet in your jewelry department for five dollars. It was a ten-dollar bracelet, reduced, as was pointed out to me by the salesgirl, because one of the stones was missing. I sent it as a gift to a friend. I've just received a letter from her, thanking me, but saying that one of the stones is missing and that therefore she's returning the bracelet to you for exchange. So I've come right to you to ask you not to answer her letter, but to telephone me as soon as you receive it."

Which, of course, we gladly did.

Gifts often create queer situations. Consider this one:

GENTLEMEN:

I received as a gift from Mrs. John J. Donor a silver-trimmed, glass ice-bucket. The tongs, however, were not delivered, and I ask, therefore, that you deliver them to me immediately.

Now the gift department reports briefly to me: "Sold separately—bucket is fifteen dollars—tongs are six dollars." So I'm only noncommittally acknowledging receipt of the letter. I'm sending an explanation to Mrs. Donor, asking also whether she wishes us to send the tongs or not.

I'd give six dollars to watch her expression when she gets the glad tidings.

AS for styles of writing, I'd say that bad handwriting, like Chanel blue and reptile leathers, is very good this year. The better the financial circumstances of the

writer, the worse, it seems, is the scrawl.

Spelling—let's be kind. But even the *grande dame* stoops to "payed" for "paid." "Arctics" are almost invariably "artics," while for "leggings" the more Chaucerian "leggins" is usual. With "hats" and "shoes" and similar monosyllables most women do well, but "sequins" become "sequences," and "suede" is reproduced as "swede."

Of course our own letters are not free from error, either. My stenographers, poor children, decipher "Mrs. Behrman" as "Mrs. Behuman," "Mrs. Blatt" as "Mrs. Brat," and "Mrs. Croff" of the scrawl was not pleased to have us address her as "Mrs. Craft."

But that's not often, for, mostly, we're as expert as the signature-examiners of a bank.

Incidentally, unless she indicates otherwise, we address every woman as "Mrs." When Mrs. Arlington T. Smith inquires about a charge on her last August bill in a letter signed "Edna Smith," she doesn't evoke thereby hearty cheers from the "tracer," or investigator, who must search through a list of 5,999 Smiths before he can even begin his investigation.

WHILE the orchestra obliges with Every Little Lady Has a Logic All Her Own, peruse this one, addressed to the president of our corporation:

DEAR SIR:

The chuff-chuff engine which I purchased in March for my son does not make a chuff-chuff any more. Since that was the chief value of the toy, and since I've got no satisfaction from the department, I write to you on the advice of my friends, for you will doubtless remember that I met you at French Lick last winter. . . .

That last sentence wins for this obviously very intimate friend of the president her money back, though, with as much as $30,000 worth of merchandise being returned daily, it was not found practicable to show either the letter or the chuff-chuff to our president.

(Note this, but don't say I told you: Any letter addressed to the president or general manager of a big department store, whether or not the title is followed by the name of the official, gives that communication all the distinction of a silk hat in Oklahoma City.)

But let me give you a more sensible tip about communicating with a department store: "Don't write—wire." I'll tell you why. It's not because I don't enjoy a nice, long, homey letter from a customer (God forbid!), but a yellow telegram enthralls us more than the daffodils did Wordsworth, more even than your rosy cheeks "in person."

A telegram, obviously, costs money and indicates extraordinary interest on the part of the customer.

Almost invariably we reply by wire to all telegrams. So I say: Don't write—wire.

But don't telegraph as this customer did:

BOSTON, MASS.

WHERE IS MY DRESS WIRE ANSWER A BURKE

Now, I don't know how familiar you are with Boston, but I can assure you that there are more than two or three Burkes in that city.

How shall we begin to follow up Mrs. Burke's order? We sell infants' dresses in one department, junior dresses in another, misses' in another part of the store. We

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

A HEATED DISCUSSION
worth listening-in on

There's only one good reason *for choosing a* MOTOR OIL

START *a discussion about motor-oils and you'll hear many opinions and many words.*

Give me a paraffin-base oil every time! . . . That don't cut any ice. It's body that counts! Now you take a heavy oil an' . . . Did y'ever make this cold test? You take a little . . . Listen! You can't tell me color's got anything to do with it. Watch your pressure gauge—that's all that counts!

* * *

BUT no matter where the discussion wanders, it always gets finally to the subject of heat—and heat resistance. For, in the last analysis an oil's ability to resist heat determines its value as a motor lubricant. And that is the only sound reason for choosing a motor-oil.

That is why Tide Water concentrates all its skill and experience, acquired in more than half a century of oil refining, toward making Veedol, the oil of super heat-resistance.

To give Veedol the added heat resistance needed to protect the present day motor, Tide Water begins with the crude oils. Each one of the crudes that is blended into Veedol

is specially selected to *supply* heat-resisting qualities. Every process that goes into the making is specially designed to *multiply* heat-resisting qualities. More than 3,000 laboratory tests are made every month to *maintain* Veedol's heat-resisting qualities.

And finally, every drop of Veedol before it is shipped must prove its ability to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor. It is that definite margin of extra heat resistance which makes Veedol the safest of all motor-lubricants in a high-speed motor.

Why ordinary oils fail

Exposed to the terrific temperatures in the new-type motors, ordinary oil soon loses its lubricating qualities. The oil-film quickly thins out and evaporates or burns. Soon vital spots of the motor are left unguarded and exposed directly to the lash of searing heat, the bite of grinding friction. That means excessive wear and tear—and ultimately big repair bills.

Use this heat-tested oil

To be on the safe side always be sure to buy Veedol at the familiar orange and black sign. Then you are certain that your motor is guarded by heat-tested Veedol, the oil that gives the "film of protection", the film that does not fail.

Always ask for Veedol by name. If you drive a Ford ask for Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

Copyright 1927 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

Read these rules—then act!

1. This is a competition for best letters (not more than 300 words) on: "*Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing.*"

2. Competition starts October 1. Your letter must be mailed to *$50,000 Competition Judges, Century Building, Indianapolis, Indiana,* by midnight, Dec. 1, 1927.

3. No one directly or indirectly connected with the laundry industry is eligible to compete.

4. Write only on one side of sheet. Put full name and complete address in upper left corner of each page.

5. Your entry automatically permits Laundryowners National Association to use all or any part of your letter.

6. Laundryowners in each state will select ten prize winning letters and the 240 state service awards. Prize winners from each state automatically compete for national awards. A committee will select the 10 national prize winners from the state prize winners. Canada will be considered as one state. In event of tie for any state or national prize, each tying competitor will be paid full amount of prize.

7. Here are the National Prizes:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,000
4th prize	1,250
5th prize	1,000
6th prize	700
7th prize	500
8th prize	400
9th prize	250
10th prize	100

8. For the 49 state and Canadian prize lists and full details of 12,000 valuable service awards, consult the booklet "*Ask Me Another About The Laundry,*" obtainable at laundries *everywhere.*

After you—

have visited a modern laundry you will wonder why anyone would spend from 52 to 104 days out of each year—at least a seventh of one's lifetime—in the discomfort of home washing, or at the tedious task of ironing when the laundry can do it better and cheaper.

MODERN laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today.

©1927 LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIA

"WHY *the Laundry should do my washing*"

THE first prize is $10,000 — *for writing the best 300-word letter* on "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing."

Here is a chance to get a new home, a car, a college education for your boy or girl! An opportunity to tour the world and have a liberal balance left over! A real possibility of increasing your income $1,000 a year for ten years—of assuring yourself of $50 a month interest for life! And just for the best 300-word letter on "Why the Laundry Should Do My Washing." Not a hard task to do — especially as this is not a literary competition!

And surely a prize worth working for — for which *anyone* could spend a few minutes in letter-writing! But before sending in your letter, read the rules on opposite page. Or better still, make a visit to one of the laundries in your city and obtain a copy of the informative booklet, "*Ask Me Another about the* LAUNDRY." This book describes in detail the many advantages of laundry-washing — helpful information. After you have all the facts—*write!* By following this plan you will stand a much better chance of winning the $10,000 Grand Prize.

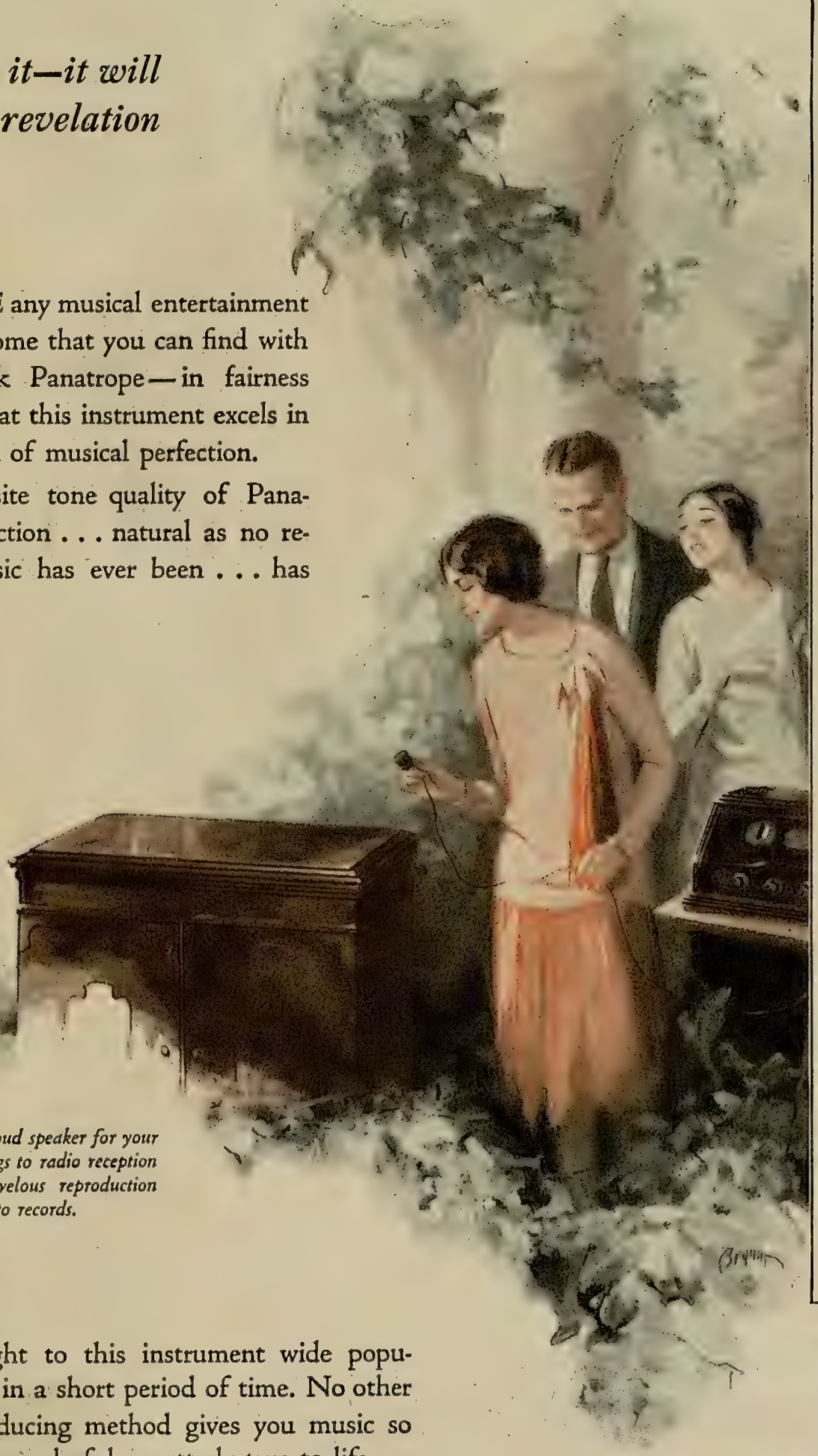
Get this Book at any modern laundry. In it you will find valuable hints to aid you in writing a prize-winning letter.

Never Before

Music so rich, so colorful, so true to life

as this amazing invention supplies

Hear it—it will be a revelation



Serves as the loud speaker for your radio and brings to radio reception the same marvelous reproduction as to records.

COMPARE any musical entertainment for the home that you can find with the Brunswick Panatrope—in fairness you will say that this instrument excels in every standard of musical perfection.

The exquisite tone quality of Panatrope reproduction . . . natural as no reproduced music has ever been . . . has brought to this instrument wide popularity in a short period of time. No other reproducing method gives you music so rich, so colorful, so utterly true to life.

The Brunswick Panatrope (electrical type) is also obtainable combined in one cabinet with the 8-tube Radiola Superheterodyne. To radio Brunswick Panatrope reproduction gives the same fidelity of tone as to records.

The BRUNSWICK Panatrope

a model for every home—
$90 to $1,275
Convenient terms

Brunswick Panatrope (electrical type), Model P-13. Price $600. Operates entirely from the light socket. ***No batteries required.*** *Models from $90 to $1275.*

Whatever you now own in music or radio, hear this marvelous instrument; examine its interesting mechanism at your nearest Brunswick dealer's. Or the dealer will bring the Brunswick Panatrope to your home, if you prefer.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK

IN CANADA, TORONTO. BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

sell everything from sport dresses to nightdresses.

And, in the first place, what does the A of the signature stand for —Miss Anna or Mrs. Albert Z.?

When you wire, don't be stingy. Give us a few facts, as:

WIRE WHEN YOU WILL SHIP BEIGE FRINGED DRESS MISSES DEPARTMENT PROMISED FOR MAY FIFTEENTH CHARGED MRS JOHN J BURKE FOURTEEN FORTY TWO COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

Of course, few women are satisfied to send a brief, forcible wire if they can make a long letter do nearly as well. Consider this letter—just the first few sentences of it:

> I paid fourteen dollars for the stockings. I wore them only twice. The second time was at a wedding and the run started there. I was never so embarrassed, disgusted, and humiliated in all my life. I finally had to borrow another pair from a friend. Mind you, I paid fourteen dollars for the pair and accordingly I expected to get exceptional wear from them.

Try and tell that woman that she's illogical in expecting to get from a fourteen-dollar pair of sheer stockings seven times as much wear as from a two dollar pair made from coarser, tougher silk.

Life is full of tragedy, but I sometimes wonder whether some of the tragedies that these letters tell of are not something like Joe Kite's. Abe Martin's report, as I recall it, read simply:

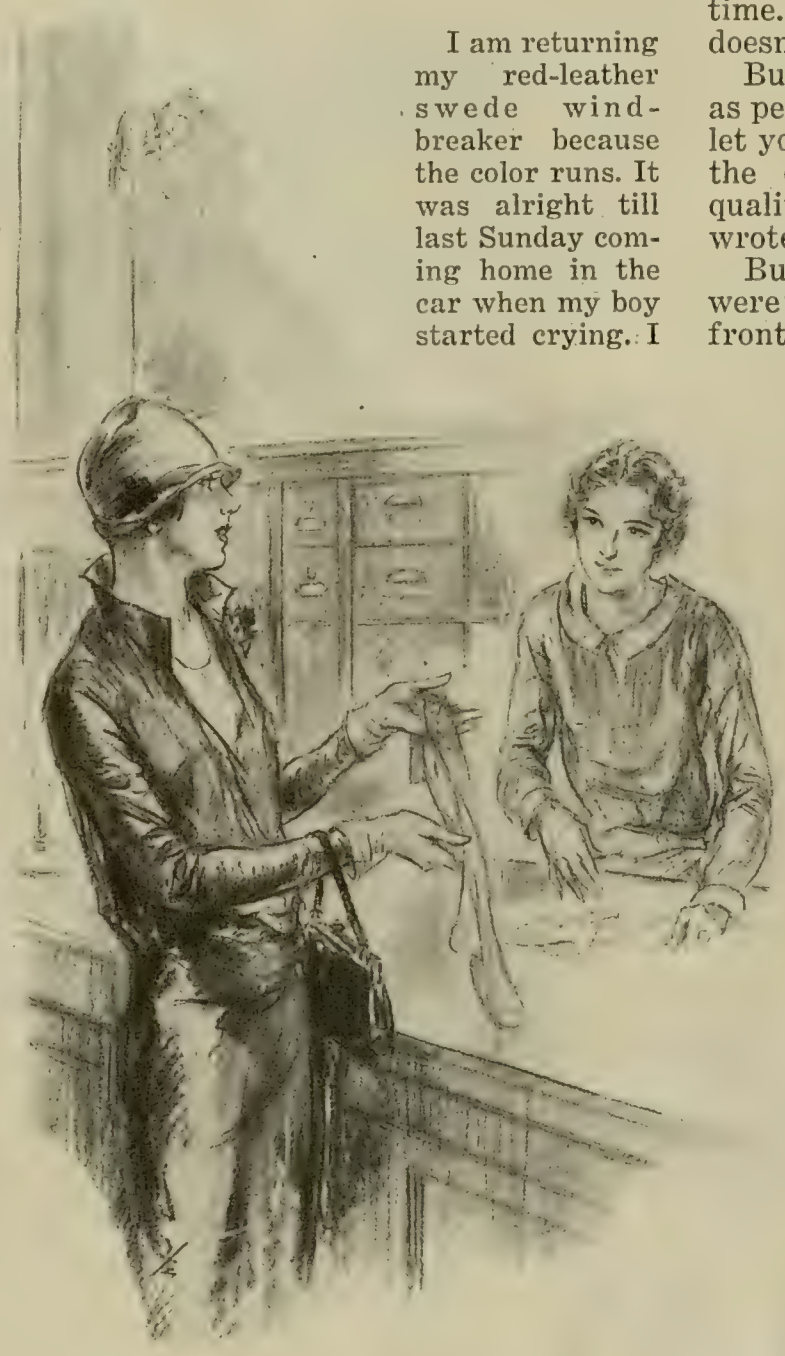
> Joe Kite, who sold his house this morning on account of illness, has fully recovered.

NOW, this letter has its tragic elements, but I couldn't help snickering a bit:

> Last Tuesday I bought a brightly colored hand-bag as a present for my aunt. It was delivered Thursday, but Wednesday evening my aunt had a fall on the ice and struck her spine. As we didn't know to what extent her injuries might go, I thought it best to show her the bag, and she decided in her present condition that it was too gay.
>
> [I skip here a few pages.]
>
> I returned the bag to you, but have had no word from you. As my aunt is only able to walk around in the house and in no way able to walk through Grand Central crowds, she is unable to select anything, let alone a handbag, and in her present condition says that all the bags in the world have no appeal to her until she can walk out again.
>
> [I skip here a few more pages.]
>
> The weather is so uncertain I can't tell when I'll come, so I thought it best to write and explain. If you would like to confirm my aunt's accident, address Dr. ——, 18 Rogers Avenue, who attends us.

Here's a briefer, gorier accident to some swede (so spelt):

> I am returning my red-leather swede windbreaker because the color runs. It was alright till last Sunday coming home in the car when my boy started crying. I held him up against my shoulder and the red dye all came off on his face so that I was frightened at his appearance. . . .



Hosiery leads the army of returns with almost 1,000 pairs a week.

You have probably heard about the "exchanged goods evil." We don't mind it so much when the women confine their requests for an exchange to correspondence. But let a woman come in and weep and some stores will give her anything she asks for—even the showcases.

Did I say "weep"? I meant "holler." Like the admonishing Scotch sexton to the old lady with the ear-trumpet, "One toot and you're oot," so in some department stores: "One shout and you're out"—but with your money.

Yes, if you're persistent enough you can exchange almost anything but a water-wave. Even that offers opportunities. A customer wrote in: "I got a manicure and shampoo, but you charge me for a water-wave as well. I've never had one in my life, because my hair is naturally curly."

Well, we canceled the charge, but I know my vegetal and so I couldn't refrain from mentioning in my reply to her that only "naturally curly hair" is susceptible to waterwaving.

The largest department store in New England recently, I am told, accepted the return of a rug which, after twelve years wear, had been found "unsatisfactory." The amount involved was $2,000. Of course, that's unusual; but it's not unusual for us to "adjust" a velvet coat that "gets dusty in no time." I'd like to see velvet that doesn't!

But we're not such easy marks as perhaps I have, unintentionally, let you think. We received a dress the other day. "Very inferior quality of silk," the customer wrote.

But the story was there. There were five or six large stains on the front of the dress. There had been an obvious attempt to remove these with a strong chemical that weakened the silk. The customer then tore these weakened places.

We could distinguish the marks of her fingernails at each tear. So we wrote a letter of polite refusal to her and saved $89.50.

Ask the women in our shawl department, the smallest in the store, specializing in embroidered shawls from Italy, France, and China, prices ten dollars to $1,000. They are as wise as *Mowgli*, as expert as Bertillon operators. They know each piece of the $70,000 stock as a movie actress knows her features.

If a shawl is returned, every knot and bit of fringe is examined with microscopic eye. Every square inch is searched for telltale creases or the marks, ay, the faint smell, of the obliterating iron.

Speaking of the "iron woman," we get back now and then a dress which passes all tests. "Only tried it on once"—the familiar phrase. Let's see. The skirt shows no telltale sitting-spot wrinkles; but, alas, Mrs. Snyder, you forgot to iron the silk slip beneath.

HAVE I been oversevere, unchivalrous, even venomous? Are you a regretful Pandora as you prepare to leave my tent? I would not have it thus. For woman, although truly "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," is, notwithstanding, a desirable calamity. "Ask the man who owns one."

Stop in at my house some evening. You'll find me taking a busman's holiday reading the letters of Charles Lamb or of Sydney Smith. Remember Sydney's, to his grandmother, acknowledging a Christmas gift: "Thank you so for the brandied peaches. I appreciate the gift, not so much for the peaches as for the spirit in which they were sent."

Opposite me, beside the fireplace, you'll find my wife seated, her blond head outlined flickeringly against her mahogany writing-desk, which is firmly, restfully shut. Placid, happily satisfied with her new negligée. Silent. Obviously one woman in a million.

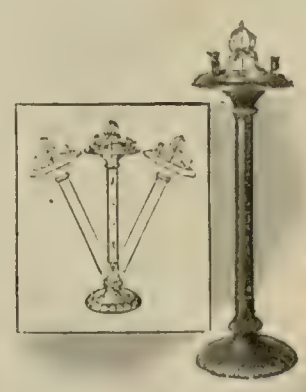
THE END

Now *you can have* BEAUTY *in ashless ashstands*

ALL the wonderful utility of the modern *ashless ashstand*, combined with exquisitely *beautiful* design and finish, is yours in Ashagons. The above illustrations of Ashagon *De Luxe* show the classic grace of its Grecian lines and its remarkable ashless features. Now you can get rid of smoking litter and put *beauty* in its place. Ashes are gone—down the hollow tube to the easy-to-empty glass container in the base, out of sight and smell.

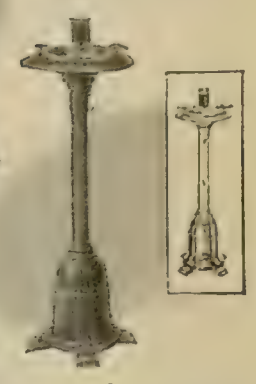
The small diagramatic drawings show how Ashagons imprison all mess and fumes, and how supremely easy they are to empty. De Luxe and Master are emptied by merely tilting, and unscrewing the glass jar in the base; the Corona, by just slipping out the inner tube, and removing the cap.

There are three fine Ashagon models* from which to choose, and five beautiful colors: Antique Gold, Green Gold, Statuary Bronze, Verde Green, Chinese Red. If your dealer hasn't Ashagon *artistic ashless ashstands*, he will order them for you—or you can order direct: De Luxe, $15.00; Corona, $10.50; Master, $8.50—50 cents more West of the Mississippi River. Write to us for free pamphlet.



Ashagon Corona

At the left is a picture of the *non-tippable* Corona and a diagram showing its functional features.



Ashagon Master

At the right is shown the Master and how it functions for safety and cleanliness.

THE TUBULAR PRODUCTS COMPANY
Southington Connecticut

TRADE MARK
Ashagon
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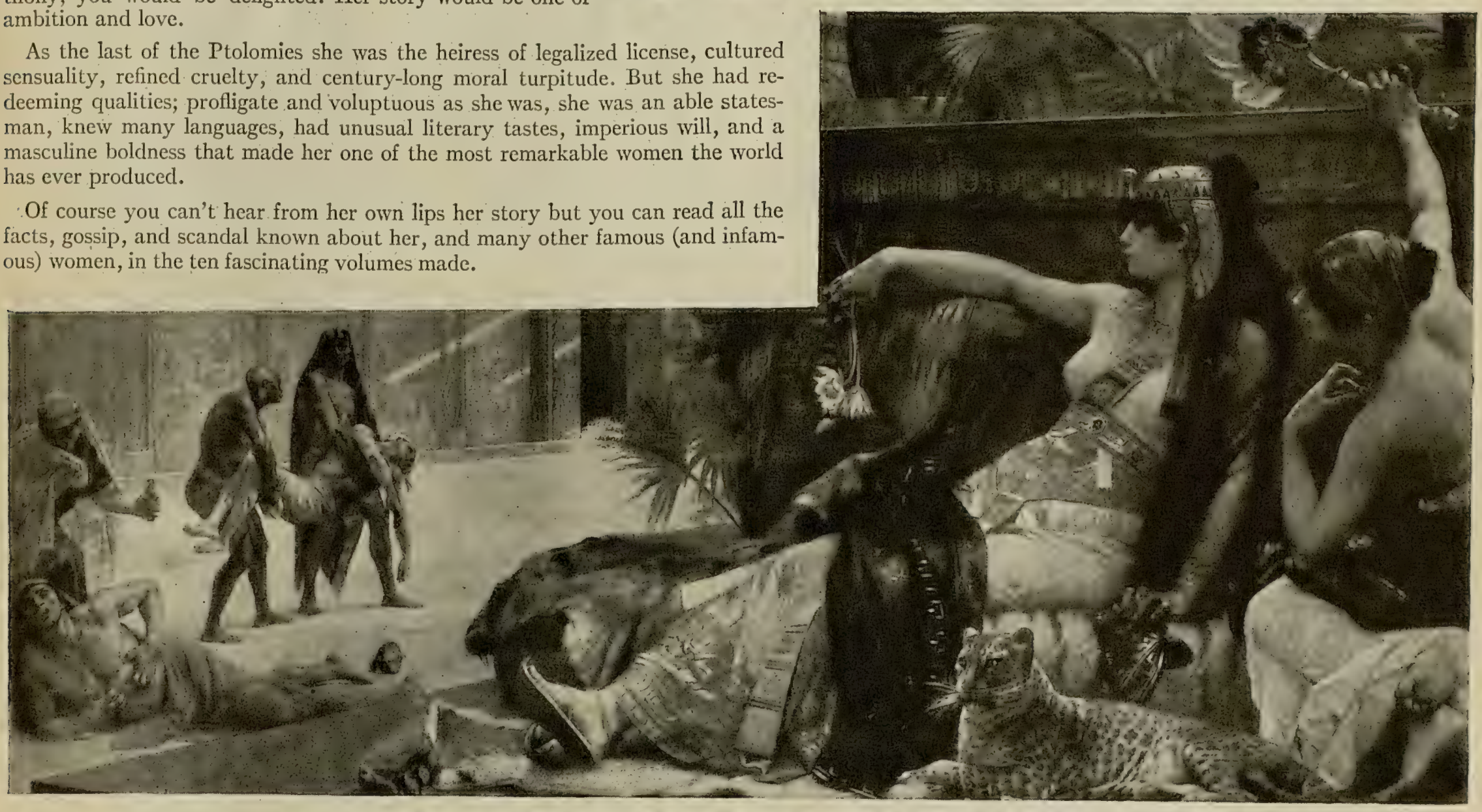

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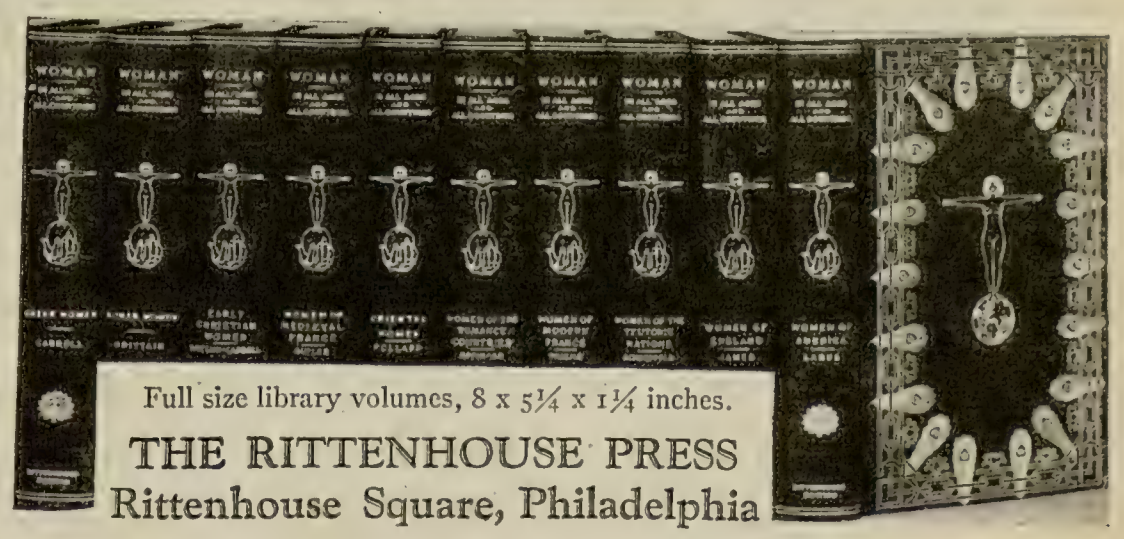

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RICHARD'S *Himself Again*

Barthelmess Stages a Perfect Comeback in the Hit of His Career

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

WITH Wings and The Patent Leather Kid as the first two important films of the early autumn, there is every indication that Hollywood won't be out of the trenches by Christmas.

The Patent Leather Kid is Richard Barthelmess' first big special since D. W. Griffith made him the New England hero of 'Way Down East.

Barthelmess has made many program pictures in his five years of stardom—and at least the last half dozen have been pretty mediocre. But The Patent Leather Kid ought to bring him back with a bang.

The Patent Leather Kid is a short tale, by Rupert Hughes, neatly adapted into film form by Adela Rogers St. Johns. It is the story of a young East Side prize-fighter, a cocky, arrogant kid of the streets, who affects slick hair, leather coats, and annoying ring manners.

He is just approaching a measure of success, because fight fans insist upon paying their money in the hopes of seeing him knocked out, when the World War comes along.

There is no patriotism about the *Kid*. The draft combs him in and he goes to the front. He is a scared young tough until the lust of blood gets him when his pal is killed. Then he becomes a hero.

There is a brash cutie of the tenements who dances in a cheap cabaret. The *Patent Leather Kid* falls for her—and the two meet again in France when she goes over as a hospital aid. Naturally she participates in the *Kid's* awakening of courage.

The whole redemption ends in a blaze of red fire and martial music, when the *Kid*—paralyzed in battle—recovers command of his muscles, totters to his feet, and salutes the flag.

This climax is heavy-handed hokum, but the interest of The Patent Leather Kid lies in its directorial treatment and its admirable acting. Barthelmess always knew more about screen playing than any dozen young Hollywood actors. He simply grew careless, popping in and out of inferior pictures. He gets his toes into the rôle of the hard-boiled young pug and runs away with the hit of his career.

MOLLY O'DAY, who got her big chance with Barthelmess in The Patent Leather Kid, and (left) the Kid himself.

The early part of The Patent Leather Kid is excellent in its atmosphere. You can fairly smell the pungent tobacco smoke, the perspiration, and the rank sawdust of the small East Side boxing arena.

The profane tenseness of the noisy fight crowd is all there. Then, too, some of the mad mob psychology of war days has been caught for those who read between the subtitles.

The battle stuff is good enough to stand up against the best that any Hollywood general has been able to muster.

You will note a brand-new face in the rôle of *Curley Boyle*, the cabaret cutie. This is a screen year of new faces, to be sure. Molly O'Day fits the part to a nicety. Miss O'Day's real name is Suzanne Noonan and she is a sister of Sally O'Neil, whose off-the-screen cognomen is Virginia Noonan.

There are six brothers and three sisters in the Noonan family. Their father, now dead, was Judge Thomas F. Noonan of the Supreme Court of the State of New Jersey.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS (standing) as the tough who became a hero, in a war scene with Arthur Stone.

Molly, erstwhile Suzanne, was born at Bayonne, New Jersey, and educated at a Staten Island convent.

Five of the Noonan boys and girls took part in the World War, as aviators, plain buck privates, and Red Cross nurses. In fact, Mrs. Noonan received a State medal for contributing the largest New Jersey family to the general hostilities.

The Noonans moved to California, and Marshall Neilan, the director, happened to see Virginia dancing at the Coconut Grove of the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles.

He signed her, and then Suzanne got a job with the Hal Roach comedy forces. The Patent Leather Kid is her first chance at anything resembling film prominence.

In all fairness, something should be said about the director, Al Santell, who, being only thirty-one, ought to achieve quite a place for himself. Born in San Francisco, he started life with the idea of becoming an architect.

He drifted into pictures, beginning by writing gags for Mack Sennett, directing the Ham and Bud comedies of awful Kalem memory, and making the Hallroom Boy comedies. Then he moved upward to directing Corinne Griffith in Classified.

That one picture helped place him—and now The Patent Leather Kid seems likely to lift him a dozen or so notches higher.

Perhaps you are tired of war pictures. However, you should see The Patent Leather Kid for Barthelmess' performance. And the picture has at least one claim to novelty as a film war epic—that's a close-up of a draft card.

Do you know that—

Raoul Walsh is directing Gloria Swanson in Sadie Thompson and playing the rôle of *Sergeant O'Hara* of the marines? . . . Arthur McLaglen, Victor's brother, is in pictures now and making a film in the South Seas? . . . Edith Roberts is featured in the picture, which is called The Adorable Outcast? . . . Ricardo Cortez is to play *Paris* to Maria Corda's *Helen* in The Private Life of Helen of Troy? . . . D. W. Griffith is trying to borrow Mary Philbin from Universal for his picture, A Romance of Old Spain?

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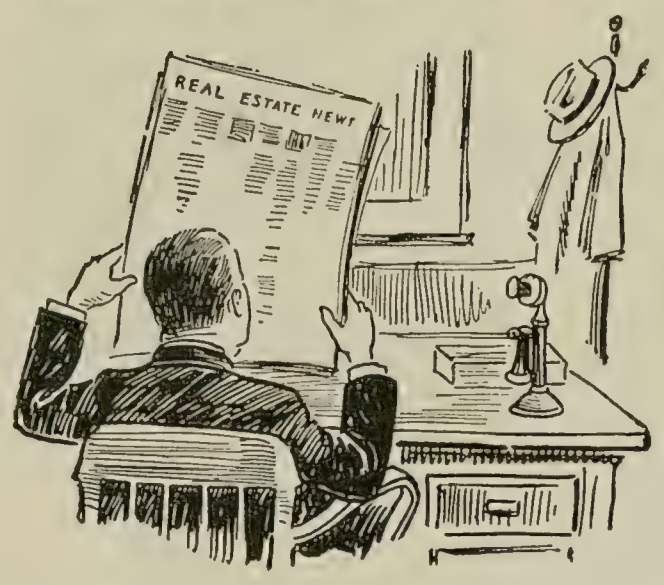

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GRAPHIC SECTION

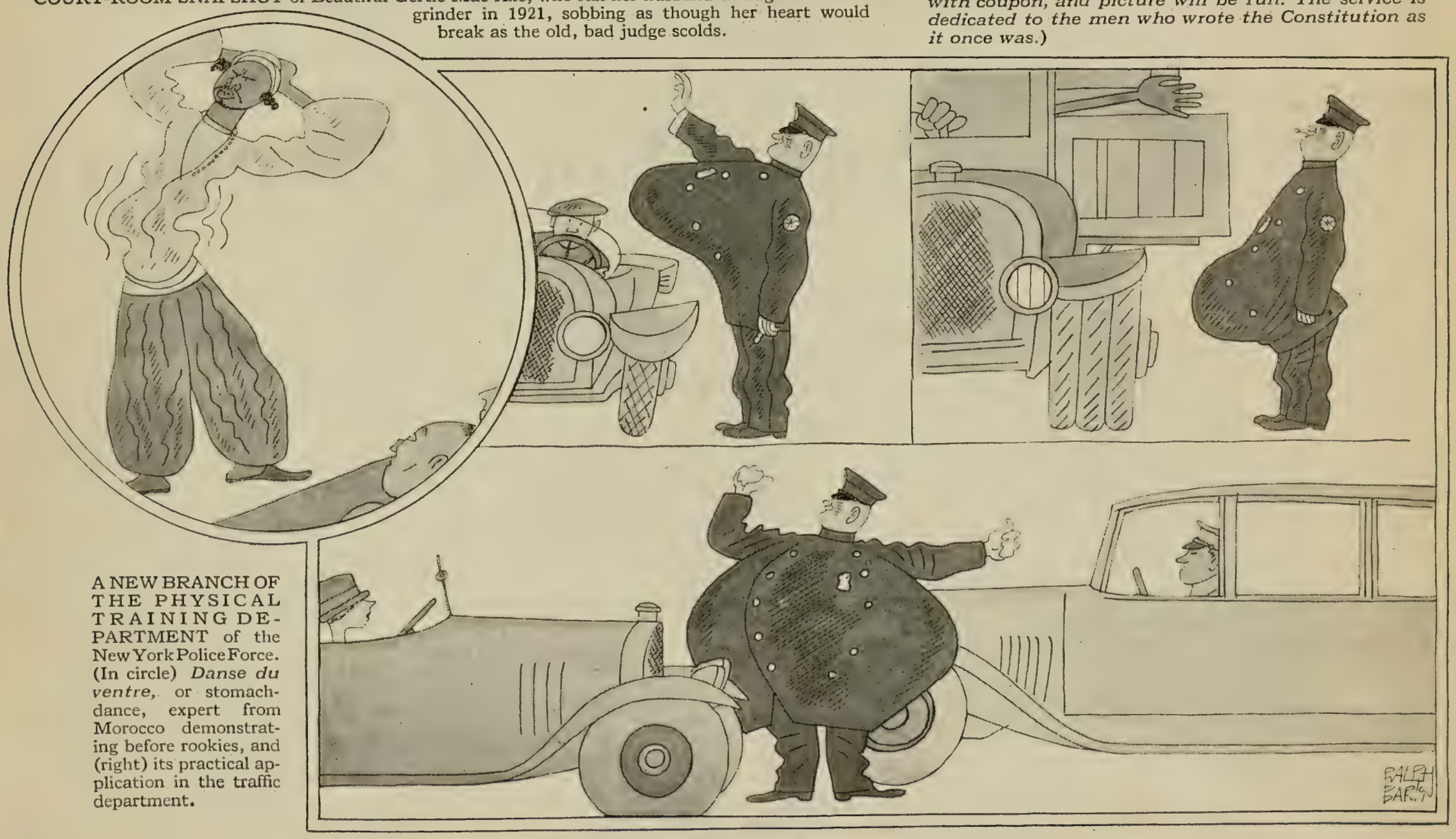
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

PHOTOGRAPH SENT OUT BY THE MEN'S RIGHTS LEAGUE showing couple who have eaten in restaurants for fifteen years. The photograph is designed as propaganda against the custom of offering the first and choicest portions to the lady.

COURT-ROOM SNAPSHOT of Beautiful Gertie Mae Axe, who ran her husband through the meat-grinder in 1921, sobbing as though her heart would break as the old, bad judge scolds.

APPLETON X. GLAND, the world-famous reform worker. (*Note: This space is maintained by the Graphic Section and is open, free of charge, to all reformers who feel the urge to attack something in order to get their pictures in the paper. No need to attack anything, no thinking up new evils, no expense—merely send photo with coupon, and picture will be run. The service is dedicated to the men who wrote the Constitution as it once was.*)



A NEW BRANCH OF THE PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT of the New York Police Force. (In circle) *Danse du ventre,* or stomach-dance, expert from Morocco demonstrating before rookies, and (right) its practical application in the traffic department.

These British survivors of losing air battles made the best of their German captivity with a cricket team. Seated, at left, is Lieutenant J. S. Heagerty, who was wounded and captured by Richthofen at the same time his observer, Lieutenant Health-Cantle, was killed.

The Red Knight of Germany

Richthofen Returns to the Front and Is Shot Down, Wounded— The British Become Masters of the Air

By FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 19 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen took a leave of absence from the front by order of the High Command after his fifty-second victory. All Germany acclaimed him. He lunched with the Kaiser, and was received by Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Tiring of this hero-worship, he roamed the state hunting preserve at Freiburg in search of game. Meanwhile, Lothar, his younger brother, took command of Jagdstaffel Eleven. In an air fight on May 7, 1917, he was wounded and his plane fell, out of control. In the same fight Captain Albert Ball, the great English ace, was shot down, and Lothar received credit for killing him.]

PART FIFTEEN

TO both of the Richthofens and to their family and, for that matter, to all Germany, it was a source of pride that two brothers had both laid low an English champion of the air.

All of the newspaper accounts crediting Lothar with the killing of Ball recalled that Manfred had killed, as his eleventh victim in the previous year, the no less renowned and decorated British ace, Major Hawker.

Assured that his brother would recover from his wound, the ace on leave continued his pursuit of small game, unmindful of the fact that conditions at the front were fast changing from what they had been when he left.

While on the state hunting preserve, he received a cordial invitation from the Prince of Pless to shoot bison on the latter's estate.

Richthofen was overjoyed at the prospect of matching his wits and gun against one of these mighty animals which exist in Europe only at Pless and on the estate of the late Czar at Bieloviezh. In the latter forests, the bison had almost been exterminated by hungry German and Russian soldiers.

All that was Prussian and aristocratic in Richthofen resented the thought that game which he believed should have been reserved for the sport of a ruling monarch, or at least some one of title or lineage, had gone to fill the mess-kit of a hungry common soldier.

At Pless he rushed from the station to the estate-keeper's lodge and demanded that they set off into the forest that very afternoon. He was determined to bring down one of the rare animals on the first day of his visit. He got his kill.

Two hours' tramping through the woods and they sighted the herd through the trees. A mighty bull charged toward them.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

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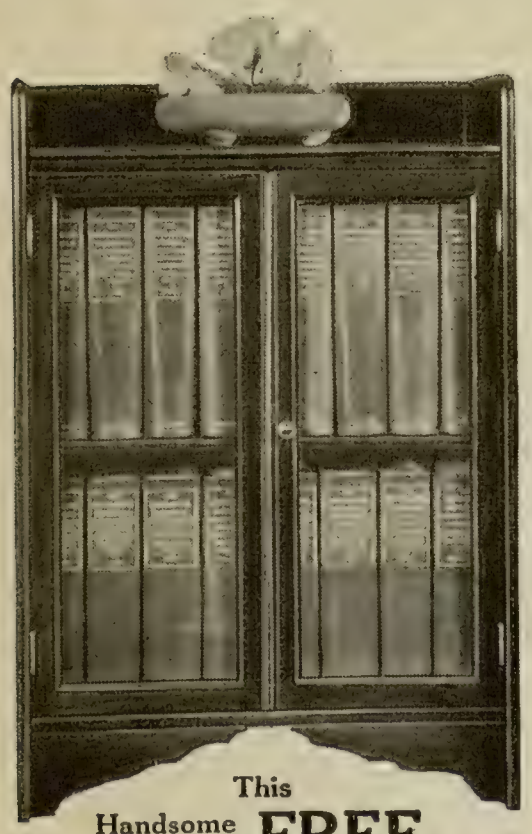

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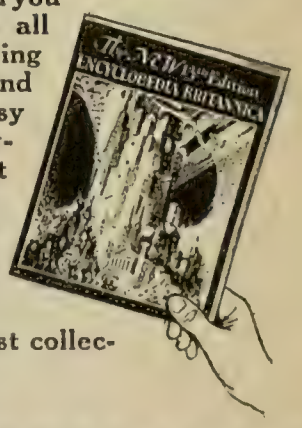

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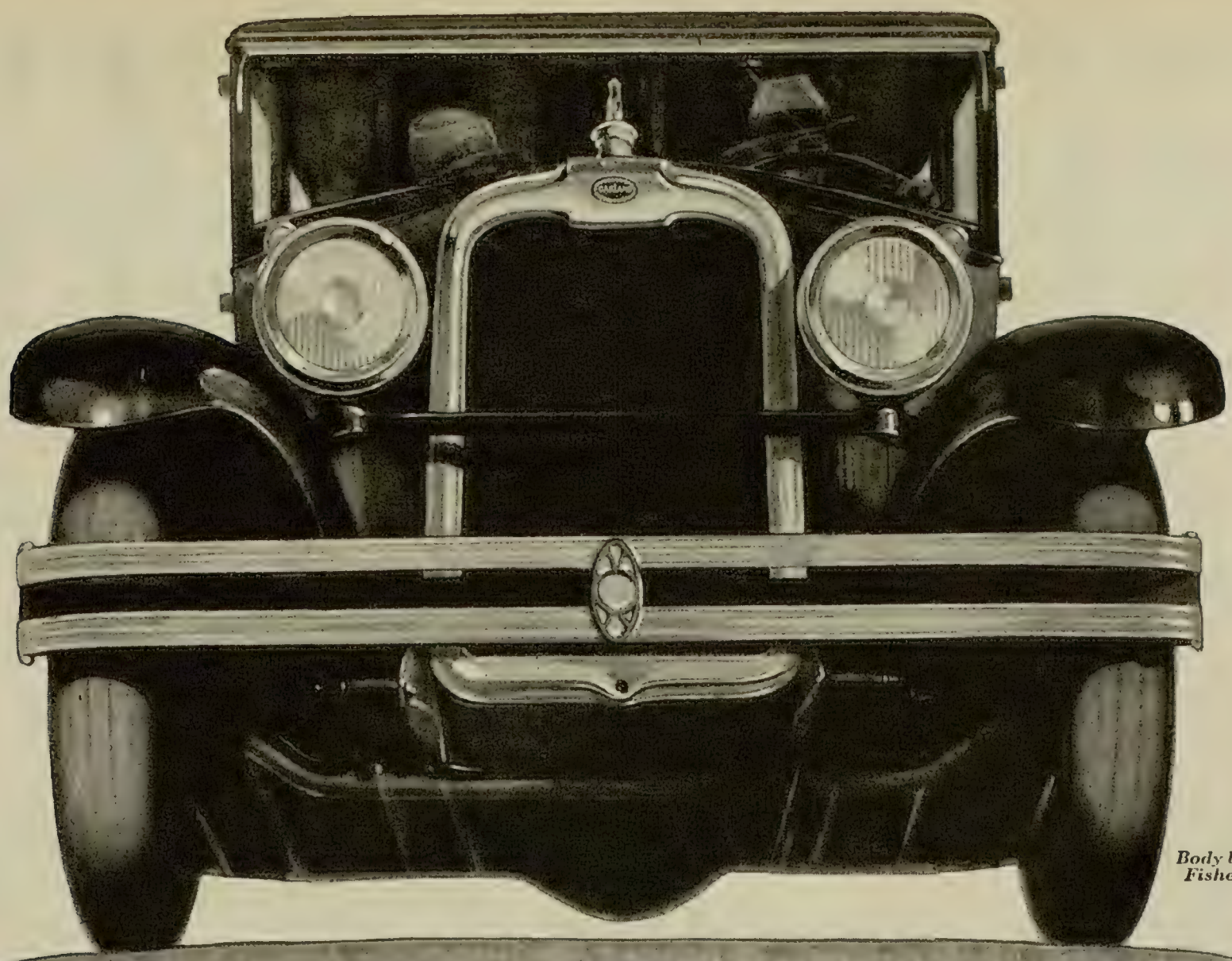

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Richthofen put three successive bullets into him, and at the third shot the ponderous charging beast toppled over dead, fifty yards from the mound on which Richthofen stood tingling with what he later described as one of his greatest hunting thrills.

The ace assisted in skinning the animal and in cutting off the enormous head, which he had mounted and placed on the wall over his bed in Schweidnitz, where it has since served to disturb the slumbers of a maiden aunt who uses the room upon her visits to the ace's mother.

RICHTHOFEN'S sport in the forests of Pless was cut short by more ominous news from the front. The struggle in the air had become a struggle indeed. German air losses were increasing.

The conditions that prevailed during Bloody April, when the Germans had destroyed four British planes to every one of their own brought down, had disappeared.

The advantages of superior equipment, which had been responsible in no small degree for Richthofen's record bag of victories during that month, no longer existed. The new-model British planes had at last been delivered.

The ace was needed at the front. He received orders canceling his extended leave, and on June 10 he reported for duty at General Headquarters at Kreuznach.

There followed two days of conferences and lunches with the Kaiser and the King of Bulgaria, who decorated him with the Bulgarian cross for bravery.

He liked the seventy-six-year-old monarch for his lively interest in aviation, and he enjoyed the exchange of hunting stories with the old Prince of Pless.

But uppermost in his mind was the thought that his presence was necessary at the front and that his jagdstaffel, which during his absence had suffered numerous losses, needed him to reorganize it and give it new inspiration.

In the week from June 1 to June 7, during the operations preliminary to the Battle of Messines, the British air force actually had wrested the air superiority from the Germans. Twenty-four German machines had been shot down and many others driven down out of control.

During the battle itself, which was in progress while Richthofen was at General Headquarters, the British airmen drove the German fighting units away from the immediate battle zone, with the result that German guns lost the advantage of aerial observation and English infantry advanced with less danger from annihilating enemy barrages.

New British machines and pilots began to arrive at the front in large numbers, and the Germans heard that thousands of Americans were going through speedy courses of training for the French and British air services.

The new British models were the two-seater Bristol fighters, the S. E. 5 single-seater fighters, and the D. H. 4 two-seater fighter bombers. They began to show themselves worthy to meet the speedy Albatross and Halberstadter.

Richthofen reached the front on June 14 and resumed command of Jagdstaffel Eleven, which, in addition to his brother, had suffered other losses. Surviving officers reported to him that things had changed in the air and that the British were stronger now than they had been since their last superiority on the Somme a year earlier.

The ace was warned that the new enemy planes were speedy, that it was unhealthy to attack the new two-seaters from behind, and most difficult to approach them from beneath. Furthermore, he learned that the new crop of young British pilots was more reckless and daring than ever, and that the enemy still maintained its policy of carrying the fight to the German side of the lines.

While the German units at the front had endeavored to meet this new condition of affairs by combining into larger formations, air headquarters worked on plans for new flying organizations on a larger scale than ever attempted before. These were to be the *Jagdsgeschwader,* or hunting squadrons, each composed of four staffels and numbering around forty-eight planes in all.

These were the organizations that first earned the name of circuses among the Allies, because they were moved from time to time to different parts of the line where the locally stationed air forces needed re-enforcement. They were manned by the best fighting pilots and were led by a special commanding officer.

Richthofen's scrap-book contained this photo of an English plane he brought down.

The organizations were not completed during June and did not make their appearance on the front until about the middle of July.

Richthofen's return to the front was ill-omened. His first official duty was to attend the funeral of his old friend and fellow airman, Lieutenant Schaeffer, an ace with thirty English planes to his credit. Schaeffer had fallen in a dog fight under the guns of Lieutenant Rhys-Davids, an English pilot, who was later killed.

LOTHAR once owed his life to Schaeffer. The younger Richthofen, engaged in a furious fight with a single English plane, found himself at a low altitude some miles behind the enemy lines. He was forced to withdraw from the combat and was flying for his own lines when he was attacked from behind by another English plane.

Lothar, with his guns pointing forward, was defenseless from the rear and could resort only to zig-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

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Lastly, hundreds of prizes for letters on "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." Some people swear by Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others prefer Postum Cereal, made by boiling, or in a percolator. Some like Postum strong, others weak, others "medium". As with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to suit the individual taste. $1000 for the best letter on this subject! Other big prizes!

Read the rules, then prepare to enter Postum's $10,000 contest *today!*

◆ ◆ ◆

Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**

(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of $1 each for third subject.

◆ ◆ ◆

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to "P. O. Box 574—G, Battle Creek, Michigan."
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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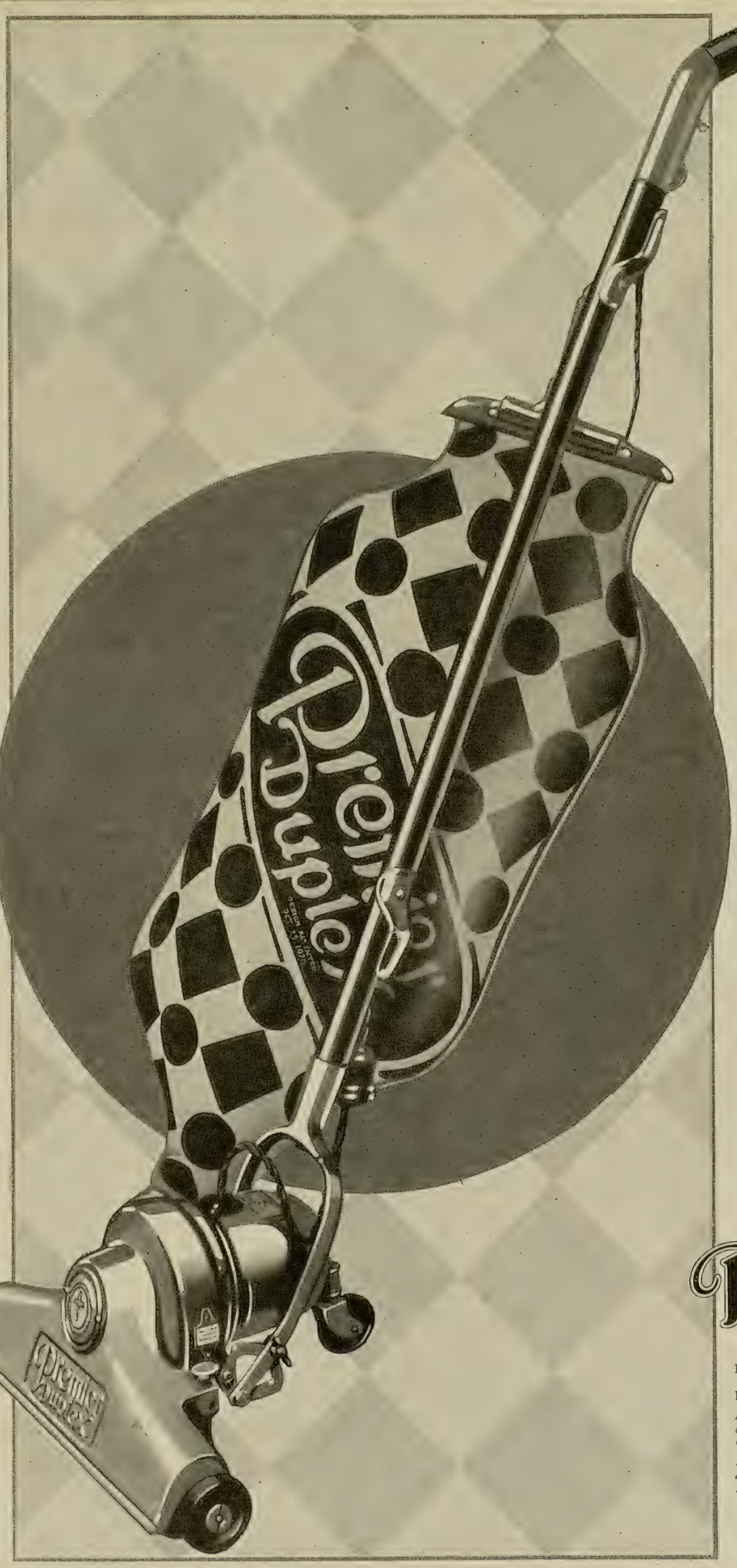
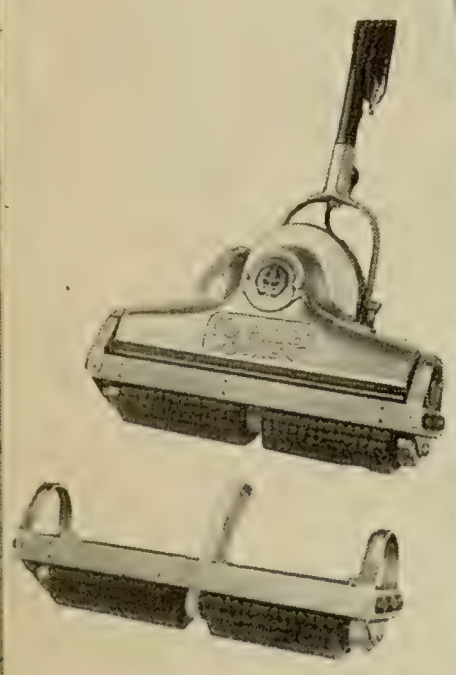
Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

Thorough cleaning can be quick!





FLOOR POLISHER
This amazing accessory at only $10 extra.

WHEN you clean thoroughly you get every speck of dust—every particle of grit. Yet it can be done quickly.

The Premier Duplex always cleans thoroughly. It has the two actions that together *must* get all the dirt. The action of the motor-driven brush sweeps the surface clean of lint, and frees the grit. The action of the powerful suction bags all. And brush and suction work together with *double action*. They do twice the work in half the time.

When you've cleaned, you're through with the Premier Duplex for the day. It is always in order. Both its motor and brush are ball bearing. They never need oiling. Every time you use the Premier Duplex, you clean thoroughly, yet you clean quickly and easily, too.

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
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Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U.S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

zag flight to keep out of the pursuing Englishman's relentless fire.

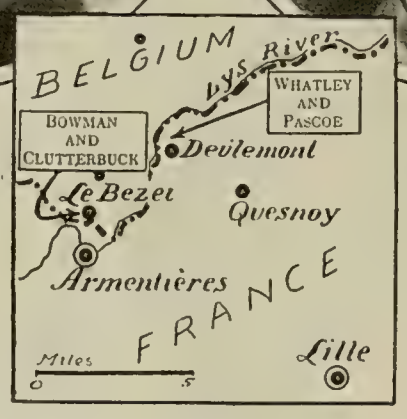
Then the stream of lead and tracer bullets cut through several of the bracing wires on the German plane. The necessary tension was lost and the wings trembled from the unequally distributed air pressure. Any sudden stress now would result in the loss of a wing and destruction.

Conscious of this new danger, Lothar dared one last curve in an effort to get behind his enemy. His plane held together, but at that minute a streak of red dropped from the sky and the English plane burst into flame.

"It was Schaeffer, thank God!" Lothar wrote afterward. "I could have laid any wager that within the next half minute I would have been shot to the ground or my wings would have crumpled. Instead of me, my enemy went burning to the ground.

Sergeant H. A. Whatley, killed in Richthofen's fifty-seventh victory.

Lieutenant L. S. Bowman, who was shot down in flames.



THE scene of the Red Knight's last two victories before he was wounded.

"Schaeffer flew with me back to the airdrome and I bought him the best bottle of champagne in the mess. Good that one could at least do that."

Manfred had spent one anxious night in March telephoning all along the front for trace of the ever-smiling Schaeffer, who had failed to show up after a late afternoon patrol. The missing flier had gone down to 600 feet to pick off an English infantry flier and had been shot down between the lines for his pains.

Schaeffer jumped out of his machine and into a shell hole as the English infantry poured a murderous machine-gun fire into the disabled Albatross.

He took a cautious observation and found himself uncomfortably close to the English first-line trenches. While bullets ripped at the rim of his crater and an occasional shell burst near by, the German pilot lighted a cigaret and waited for the approaching darkness.

As night fell, Schaeffer, an accomplished hunter and woodsman, heard a couple of partridges near by fly away with a frightened flutter of wings. Interpreting this as the approach of a hostile patrol, the German started crawling from one shell hole to another in the direction of his own lines.

Again the noises in the darkness in front of him indicated the approach of another party. This time they proved to be Germans, who guided him back to his own lines. It was 2 o'clock the next morning before he could report by telephone to the anxious Richthofen.

AND now Schaeffer was dead—gone the way of the thirty or more men he had killed.

There were strange faces replacing the old ones in the jagdstaffel. Richthofen wondered which of the survivors would be next to go. There was a different feel in the air and a different tone in the morale of the unit as it took the air again under its old leader.

Now the fighting was around Ypres and Dickebusch and between the Nieuport Canal and the sea, where the Flanders offensive of the English was starting on the red carnage that was to continue until November.

Richthofen's first adversary after his return to the front was not one of the British spring-model planes. It was another piece of the same "cold meat" that had boosted his string of victories so high in the month of April.

The German ace had listened well to what had been told him of the performances of the new English machines, and his plans for successfully combating them were far from complete. But he knew how to handle the old planes and he jumped the first one he spotted alone.

It happened to be an old R. E. 8 two-seater—slow, comfortable, and easy-going—engaged on a photographic reconnoissance behind the German lines.

It was one of several of its type that failed to return that day, and the English casualty records indicate that it was probably piloted by Lieutenant R. W. Ellis, with Lieutenant H. C. Barlow operating the camera in the observer's cockpit. It carried Lewis and Vickers guns fore and aft.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE].

This Mennen Combination ~50 cents

all 3 for the price of one

Millions of men use Mennen Shaving Cream—and we want them all to know the complete Mennen shave. We are therefore making this demonstration offer—buy the shaving cream and get a tube of Skin Balm and a can of Talcum for Men *free.*

First, Mennen Shaving Cream brings you *dermutation*—which softens the beard, relaxes and levels the skin peaks around each hair, and provides a smooth, even surface for the razor. No little nicks and cuts left behind to smart and bite—but the sweetest shave ever.

Second, Mennen Skin Balm is a cooling, soothing, healing, antiseptic and mildly astringent face lotion in a handy tube—no bottle to break—for after-shaving use. Skin Balm is neither greasy nor sticky. It has a wonderfully refreshing and invigorating scent.

Third, Mennen Talcum for Men is a man's talcum, tinted the color of the skin—doesn't show—removes face shine after shaving.

To make you better acquainted with the last two your dealer will give you all three for the price of the shaving cream alone. Get yours today. The supply is liberal but not unlimited.

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SHAVING CREAM

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Modern radio broadcast at its best demands the best radio tubes—the soul of every receiving apparatus.

Hitherto available only in certain localities, Gold Seal Radio Tubes can now be enjoyed by everybody.

Their superior quality is instantly recognized—each the best of its type.

Install a full set in your receiver and revel in the improvement. If not yet obtainable from your local dealer, write us direct.

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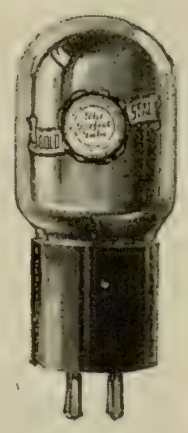

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Send me free copy of the new booklet "How to get the best results from Your Radio Tubes."

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L

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Richthofen's report of the fight reads as follows:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-third Victory.
Date: June 18, 1917.
Time: 1:15 P. M.
Place: Struywe House, Square V. 42. This side of line.
Plane: R. E. 8.
Occupants: Both killed.

Accompanied by my staffel, I attacked, at an altitude of 8,000 feet north of Ypres on this side of the line, an English artillery flier of the R. E. type.

An unidentified English plane brought down by the German ace. The plane apparently lost its tail and fell completely out of control.

From the shortest distance I fired some 200 shots into the body of the plane and then zoomed over it. As I passed above it, I could see that both pilot and observer were lying dead in their cockpits.

Without falling immediately, the plane went down in uncontrolled curves to the ground. Driven by the wind, it fell into Struywe's Farm, where it began to burn.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The Germans later reported the death of Ellis, but apparently Barlow's body was too badly burned to identify. Ellis' sister, Mrs. A. Robinson, was notified at her home at Cromdale, Surbiton, England; but in the case of Barlow the Air Ministry lacked data and there was no one to notify.

This first kill after his vacation brought some of the old-time thrill back to Richthofen, but it did not succeed in overcoming the somber thoughts of deaths and funerals, losses and wounds, which had been ever present since his return.

Back in the airdrome, he filled out his report and then sat down to write the following letter to his mother:

Lieutenant Schaeffer, Richthofen's friend, killed by Lieutenant Rhys-Davids, after bringing down thirty English planes.

In the field, June 18, 1917.

LIEBE MAMA:

Here I am back again and working at top speed.

Just now, I brought down my Number Fifty-three.

On my return from the hinterland, I stopped at Kreuznach, where I was invited again to lunch with His Majesty and where I met the King of Bulgaria, who decorated me with the first order of the cross for valor. It is worn like the Iron Cross and looks very nice. I was introduced to the Chancellor, Count Dohna, and some other ministers.

As regards Oscar, I have only been able to ascertain that he is dead, because he either fell or jumped out of his plane at a height of 1,500 feet. He came down close to the front, but on the other side. By dropping queries over the British lines, I have endeavored to find out whether his body was recovered. In this respect the Royal Flying Corps is extremely noble.

I attended Schaeffer's funeral. I made the trip from Krefeld to Berlin in three hours in a plane, whereas the train takes eight hours. I took Von Salzmann with me. He was very enthusiastic about his first flight.

Yesterday Zeumer was killed in air combat. It was perhaps the best thing that could have happened to him. He knew he had not much longer to live. Such an excellent and noble man. How he would have hated to have dragged himself on toward the inevitable end. It would have been tragic. As it is, his was a heroic death before the enemy. During the next few days his body will be brought home.

I visited Lothar and arrived just in time to see him before his removal. He looked tanned and very well, stretched out full length on a divan. He was fully dressed and wore the Pour le Mérite around his neck. He is already able to stand and will fully recover. He will be able to walk and ride a horse again, but must have a good long rest.

MANFRED.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

Something New!

VIVATONE

Use it with Perfect Cold Cream to give yourself a complete scientific facial

How often have you longed to be able to frequent the famous beauty salons of Paris and New York?

Apply Perfect Cold Cream with fingertips—or with a pad of cotton wrung out in Vivatone

Now—thanks to Daggett & Ramsdell—you can *give yourself* at home the same kind of scientific facial. Just two essential products are necessary. The famous Perfect Cold Cream and the new skin tonic—Vivatone. The best of the old, the best of the new. It's a Perfect combination for any skin. This is the method smart women use:

First, massage the face and neck thoroughly with Perfect Cold Cream. Use an upward rotary motion, and continue working the cream into the skin until the fine oils contained in it have a chance to penetrate the pores, cleansing and purifying and softening as they go. If you wish to indulge your skin particularly, try applying the Perfect Cold Cream with a pad of absorbent cotton moistened with Vivatone. It's deliciously luxurious!

Second, wipe away the cream and go all over the face and neck with a pad of cotton saturated with Vivatone. If the pad becomes soiled, take another one. The use of Vivatone removes the last vestige of cream, tones and stimulates the skin, closes the pores, leaves your face feeling fresh, cool and invigorated.

Many women like to add the final touch of a powder base. For this purpose use the dainty, fragrant Perfect Vanishing Cream—also from D & R.—And by the way—Perfect Vanishing Cream is marvelous for the hands. It leaves them white, soft, smooth, faintly scented and without a trace of stickiness. In tubes 10c, 25c. Jars 35c, 60c.

Perfect Cold Cream is known to everybody, on sale everywhere—in tubes and jars priced at 10c to $1.50.

Let your skin know the luxury of the Perfect Skin Tonic —Vivatone

Vivatone is a new amber-hued liquid in bottles of unusual distinction. 6 oz. for 75c. (In Canada $1.00.) If your dealer hasn't it yet in stock he'll get it for you promptly.

From Daggett & Ramsdell, 214 West 14th Street, New York.

The new PROFILE has brought to this fine full-fashioned hose that long-sought and elusive charm. A refined, shadowy outline in pointed effect atop the reinforced heel! It adds enviable grace to any ankle. No other hose has this slenderizing beauty. Now at the new low price, $1.75 a pair.

Trade Mark Reg. Pat. March 8, 1927

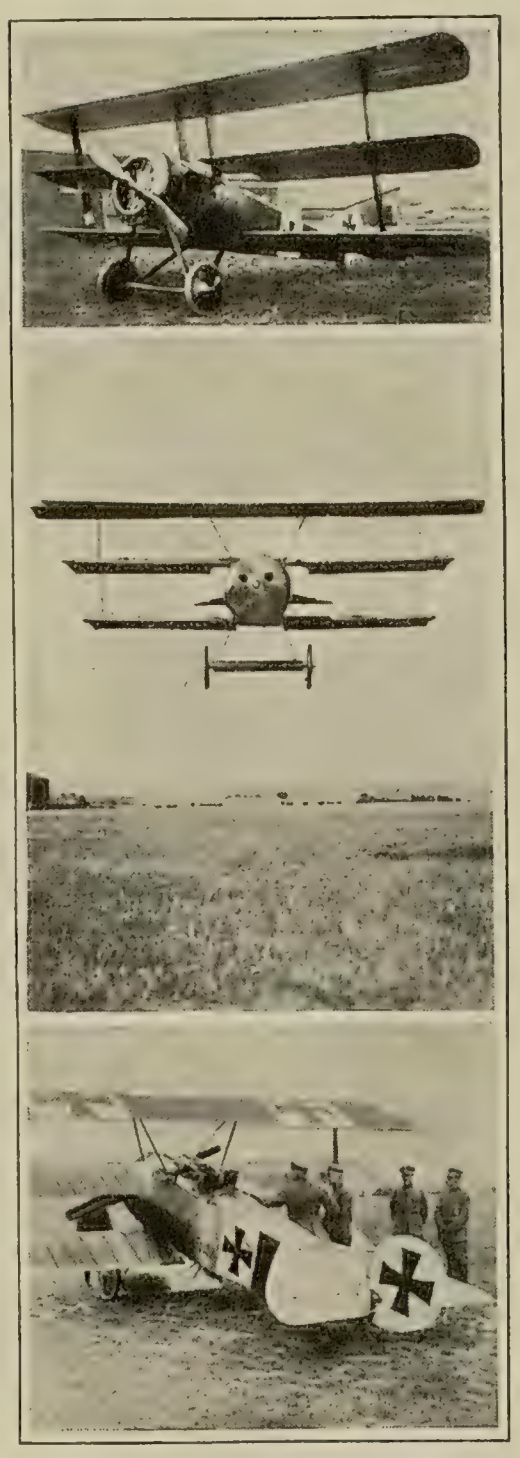
PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

It was good flying weather, those days of late June, with long, light evenings. Richthofen flew daily, but warily. It was not like the time, two months earlier, when the sky was full of easy prey and a man with a red Albatross would call it a bad day if he didn't return with anywhere from one to four fresh scalps.

The new enemy planes were marvels of speed and maneuverability, and while the German pilots, least of all Richthofen, would not admit that they were superior to the Albatross biplanes and triplanes and the Halberstadters, none of them would deny that the former advantages of the German models had been greatly reduced.



TWO types of the Fokker triplanes whose climbing qualities gave the German fliers a great advantage over their opponents. The two lower pictures, of Richthofen's machine, show how a fourth wing was placed on the axle of the undercarriage to furnish more lifting surface.

NOW, in a man-to-man duel, victory went to the best man because the two machines were almost equal.

Having maintained their offensive policy over the German lines during the days of mechanical disadvantage, the British pilots now became more daring. At the same time, the German fliers concentrated on perfecting bigger organization flying.

Combats and feints at combats occurred daily while the ground battle waged below on the plains of Flanders. But it was not until almost a week later that Richthofen could report another victory, and this a doubtful one.

He wrote:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-fourth Victory.
> Date: June 23, 1917.
> Time: 9:30 P. M.
> Place: North of Ypres.
> Plane: Spad one-seater.
>
> I attacked, together with several of my gentlemen, an enemy one-seater squad on the enemy's side of the line. During the fight I fired some 300 shots into a Spad from the shortest possible distance. My adversary did not start to curve and did nothing to evade my fire.
>
> At first the plane began to smoke, and then it fell, turning and turning, three kilometers north of Ypres, where it touched the ground without having caught itself.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

It is curious that neither the British nor the French lost a Spad machine that day.

Several Nieuport and Sopwith machines were shot down, but none at so late an hour as 9:30 o'clock.

It is possible that the murkiness of the hour impaired or prejudiced Richthofen's vision. It is also possible that the plane landed unharmed behind its own lines, in which case it would not appear on the casualty lists.

Similar vagueness casts a shadow over the report Richthofen made of another combat three days later, when he claimed to have shot down an English De Haviland plane behind his own lines after 9 o'clock at night. Again the otherwise accurate English casualty lists reveal no loss of any plane of that type on that day. Richthofen's report reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-fifth Victory.
> Date: June 26, 1917.
> Time: 9:10 P. M.
> Place: Between Keibergmelen and Lichtensteinlager, this side of lines.
> Plane: De Haviland D. D. two-seater.
>
> With six machines of my staffel, I attacked an enemy formation consisting of two reconnoissance planes and ten pursuit planes. Unimpeded by the enemy pursuit planes, I managed to break one of the reconnoissance planes in my fire.
>
> The body of the plane fell with its two occupants into a hangar between Keibergmelen and Lichtensteinlager, this side of our lines. The plane burned when it crashed and destroyed the hangar.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

It would appear that the changed conditions in the air had their effect on the usual course of events on the ground. In this particular instance, there is an absence of the details that marked Richthofen's previous reports on his victories.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The New McAlpin "Coast-to-Coast" Service A Success!

TWO months ago, the Hotel McAlpin established a new, far-reaching service to discriminating travelers—an "inter-hotel" reservation service that is nation-wide in scope—you can take advantage of it any where in the United States.

The response to this special, non-profit service has been tremendous. It's a great convenience that the busy traveler is quick to appreciate. Here's how it operates:

If you are leaving the McAlpin to visit any other city, merely phone the desk clerk—state your destination and requirements and leave the rest to us. Your reservations will be made for you. Then—if you are in any other town or city, about to leave for New York, phone the hotel listed below—tell the clerk to reserve accommodations at the McAlpin—and when you arrive, you'll be expected and welcomed in the typical, friendly McAlpin manner.

We are broadening this service daily. More leading hotels are co-operating with the McAlpin in rendering this exceptional service to hotel guests everywhere. It costs you nothing—it is merely another indication of the exceptional spirit of service which characterizes the famous Hotel McAlpin—"New York's Most Popular Hotel."

Arthur S. Leeg.
Managing Director

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Sacramento . . *Senator*
San Francisco . . *Palace, Stewart*

COLORADO
Colorado Springs *Antlers, Broadmoor*
Denver . . *Brown Palace*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
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The secret of Cleaner Teeth

This unique dentifrice loosens embedded particles and rinses every tooth and gum surface

HIGHEST dental authority now agrees that the one function of a dentifrice is to keep the teeth *clean*.

Realizing this, Colgate & Company designed Ribbon Dental Cream to *clean* teeth scientifically. The famous Colgate formula is based upon the principle that dirt must first be *rubbed loose*, then *rinsed away*.

Ribbon Dental Cream when brushed upon the teeth breaks into a delicious white, sparkling foam. This foam contains calcium carbonate, a material which safely *rubs loose* the embedded food particles, releasing their hold and dividing them into minute bits—at the same time polishing the teeth to brilliant whiteness. Then, this remarkable foam sweeps over every tooth and gum surface, through every tiny crevice; *rinses away* all impurities and removes the very causes of tooth decay.

Keep your teeth "Colgate" clean—visit your dentist regularly—and your teeth will stay healthy and beautiful.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 213 I-2, 505 Fifth Ave., New York
Send me a sample of this modern cleansing dental cream that most Americans use.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Forty-three]

Undoubtedly telephone communication between the ace's airdrome and the German hangar could have established the exact type of the plane and the names of its occupants, unless both the plane and the occupants were incinerated.

On the day previous to this combat, Richthofen had reported downing another plane behind the German lines; but credit for it had been delayed, so that on the German records it is number fifty-six in the ace's list of victories. Of that fight he wrote:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-sixth Victory.
> Date: June 25, 1917.
> Time: 6:40 P. M.
> Place: Above trenches near Le Bezet, other side of the line.
> Plane: Old R. E.
>
> I was flying with Lieutenant Almenroeder. We spotted an enemy artillery plane whose wings broke off in my machine-gun fire. The body of the plane was burning when it dashed to the ground between the trenches.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

English casualty records confirm this battle. The victims were Lieutenant Leslie Spencer Bowman and Second Lieutenant J. E. Power Clutterbuck. English infantry saw the all-red Albatross triplanes diving on the old R. E., which was returning from an artillery flight.

Young Bowman and his observer were unprotected by their own pursuit planes when the covey of red hawks fell upon their prey.

The end came quickly. The disabled R. E. crashed just behind the first-line British trenches. Bowman and Clutterbuck were dead when their bodies were extricated from the burning wreck.

Bowman's comrades in the Fifty-third Squadron had celebrated his twentieth birthday four days before in the squadron mess. He had come into the air force from the Fourth King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment with which he had gone to France in 1914.

Wounded in May, 1916, he completed his air training in January of the following year. He was slightly wounded in an air fight on June 10, but ten days later was back in the air for the final five days of his life.

Dr. and Mrs. L. N. Bowman received the news of their son's death at their home, Lightburne House, Ulverston, England, and it was not until ten years later that they were able to read, like a letter from the grave, the report of the man who sent him to his death.

Clutterbuck, who manned the after Lewis gun on the R. E. bus, left no trace of his next of kin on the Air Ministry's records.

It was a tough life for any of the English pilots who had to continue flying the old planes. The decrepit R. Es. were duck soup to Richthofen. He seemed to concentrate on them and seldom missed an opportunity to knock one of them down.

Not that he did not have his encounters with the speedier models. But discretion sat beside him when he tackled these new birds of equal power, and if none of them shows up among his victims at this period of his career, at least he was not among the victims that fell to them. And that, after all, was a matter not entirely devoid of personal satisfaction.

A week later another R. E. fell under his guns.

Here is how he killed Sergeant H. A. Whatley and Second Lieutenant F. G. Pascoe, who happened to be returning from a photographic excursion in one of the aerial relics:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-seventh Victory.
> Date: July 2, 1917.
> Time: 10:20 A. M.
> Place: Deûlemont, between the lines.
> Plane: R. E. No details, as plane fell burning.
>
> I attacked the foremost plane of an enemy formation. After my first shots, the observer col-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

FOKKER, the airplane designer, General Koeppner, commander of the German air forces, and Richthofen, in conference. Fokker is seated in the red triplane, designed by him, in which the German ace won many of his victories and in which he eventually was killed. Note the twin machine guns (indicated by arrows) in front of the pilot's seat.

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure, rich milk

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Carnation Stuffed Baked Potatoes—6 medium-size potatoes, 2 tbsp. butter, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk diluted with 2 tbsp. water, white of 1 egg, 2 tbsp. grated cheese. Bake potatoes in hot oven 45 minutes or until soft. Remove from oven; immediately cut off top third of each; then scoop out insides and mash; add seasoning and hot diluted milk; beat well; add well-beaten white of egg. Refill potato shells; sprinkle tops with grated cheese and brown in hot oven about 8 minutes. Serve at once.

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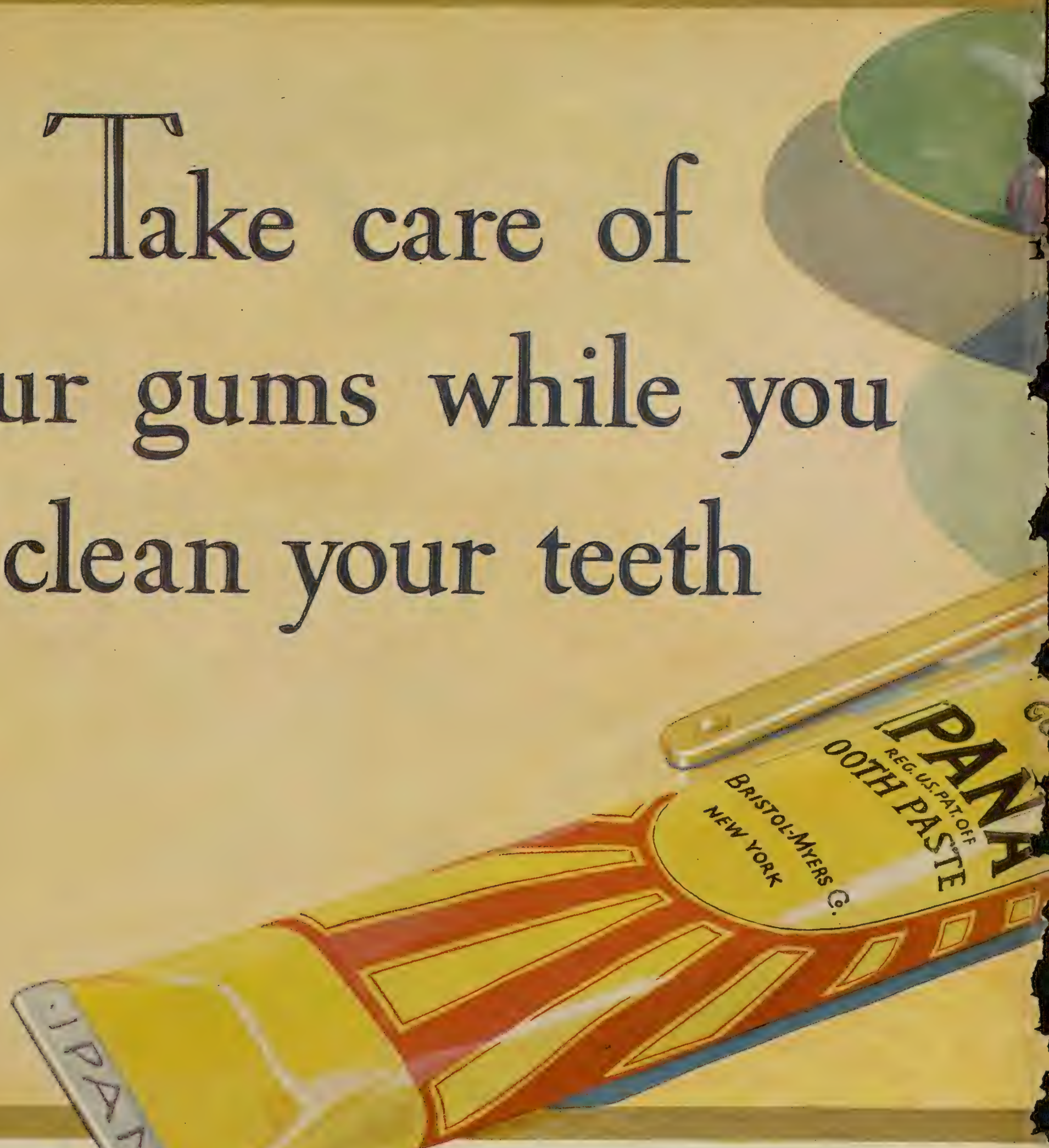

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

lapsed. Shortly thereafter the pilot was wounded mortally, I believe, by my shots.

The R. E. fell and I fired into it at a distance of fifty yards. The plane caught fire and dashed to the ground.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The epitaph of Whatley and Pascoe in the English casualty records is terse. It reads:

Killed in action. Machine brought down in flames by enemy aircraft.

Lieutenant Pascoe, the observer, is unknown as far as the records are concerned, but not so with Whatley. There's a gray-haired widow living in East Croydon in Surrey, England, who cherishes the blood-stained log-book, letters, and other papers taken from her son's body before it was buried by his comrades.

The hard-fighting pilot, Sergeant Whatley, is not the picture that remains with her, but rather that of a sunny-faced, smiling boy—her Hubert—who had been her companion since his father's death when he was seven years old.

She is proud of the fact that at the age of fifteen he became an engineer's apprentice and laid his plans to become the head of the fatherless house. She glories in the memory that he appeared before the recruiting sergeant at the age of sixteen years and eleven months and deliberately swore that he was of age.

She's proud that he headed straight for the air service and, without a commission, became a pilot who was the pride of his squadron.

She finds consolation in reading over the following two letters:

August 8, 1917.

DEAR MRS. WHATLEY:

I am home on a course of aviation. Sergeant Kay, as you no doubt know, has been wounded and is now in the hospital in Lancashire. Directly your son came to our squadron, he and I began to chum together, as I always used to fly with him as his observer.

Consequently, we were nearly always together and I got to like him immensely.

Strange to say, the time he was brought down was the first time he had ever taken any one else up but me. Although it is a very hard thing to say, I am very thankful I did not go with him that morning.

To give you a few more details, I was with an officer pilot in a photography machine, and your son and an officer observer in another machine were escorting us. About three miles over the lines we were attacked by nine German scout machines.

After putting up a splendid fight for our protection, your son's machine was shot down and also the other escort machine was shot down shortly afterward. We had to come back for another escort and then go over again. We were then attacked by the same machines and succeeded in bringing two of them down, which is some consolation.

Your son's machine, in falling, glided into our front-line trenches, where his body was given a decent burial in our own lines.

SERGEANT J. I. MOSS.

Queen Mary's Hospital,
Wally, Lancashire.

DEAR MRS. WHATLEY:

I have just received your letter forwarded from France. Since writing to you about Hubert, I have myself been severely wounded and barely got away with my life. It will be many weeks before I can get about again.

With regard to the exact spot where Hubert is buried, I can say that he fell about 1,000 yards northeast of Messines, about 10:30 A. M., July 2, 1917, and was buried near there by some of the Third Division Australian Infantry. His observer's name was Lieutenant Pascoe, but I do not know where his home was. I have made many inquiries, but this is about all the information I can get.

I apologize for the abruptness of my letter from France, but I did not know it would be the first intimation you would have. Please again accept my dearest sympathy.

Very sincerely,

RANDALL KAY.

Just as Frau von Richthofen in Schweidnitz treasures and reads over and over again the letters from her son, so does Mother Whatley in East Croydon caress the relics of the boy Richthofen killed.

Several hours after young Whatley and Richthofen fought it out, the air activity along that same part of the front took on a new spurt, and revealed for the first time the German plans for bigger organization flying.

Captain H. L. Satchell and Lieutenant H. L. Jenks, leading an offensive patrol of old F. Es. during the lunch hour in the vicinity of Comines, were attacked successively by five formations of German planes totaling about fifty Albatross scouts and two-seaters.

The English planes were now equipped with two forward-firing guns and a third protecting the rear.

The fight took place at an altitude ranging from one to two miles above the earth, which was completely hidden by clouds.

"On occasions the leader of the enemy aircraft fired a white light, which burst into several stars," Satchell reported. "During the fight, which lasted on and off about an hour, we hit with both forward guns a red enemy plane which was very persistent. It fell out of control, emitting black smoke.

"Flames were seen on this machine by Pilot Joslyn and Observer Potter, Pilot Trevethan and Observer Hoy. The clouds beneath us prevented us from seeing whether it crashed or not."

There is no record that Richthofen suffered any serious difficulty on this day. It is presumed that the red Albatross fired by Satchell was one of his squadron, and it is also presumed that it was Richthofen who led the formation and sent up the white signals.

The audacity of the old F. Es. plowing into big enemy formations of speedy scouts indicates the extent to which the British offensive was being carried over the German lines.

The development of air signals given aloft to multiple flying units revealed the efforts of the Germans to gain new advantages of maneuver by adopting naval methods and handling enlarged formations as a fleet at sea is directed from a central command.

The struggle increased daily in bitterness, extent, and losses.

Four days after he killed Whatley and Pascoe, Richthofen himself went hurtling down from a fearful height with an English bullet wound in his head.

It was the first wound he had received in almost three years of war.

He has left a most thrilling account of the fight, and this account made it possible to locate the Englishman who sent the German ace to earth and kept him out of the fighting for some weeks.

Nearly fifty planes—whirling, swooping, dealing death at 12,000 feet in the air—took part in the mad fight in which Richthofen was brought down. The German ace, and the man who vanquished him and destroyed four other black-crossed planes that day, give vivid accounts of the sky battle in next week's LIBERTY.

RICHTHOFEN (center), while on leave, visited the Grunewald race-track, a favorite resort of Berlin society.

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YESTERDAY fifty cents or a dollar for fine French toilet soap — today the same luxury for just ten cents!

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Beauty-wise France knew the skin itself must be *smooth*, exquisite, for loveliness. Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way.

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New, different, made by the makers of Lux, Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold—already tens of millions of cakes have been eagerly bought! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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FIGURES *of the* Famous

Statistics Show that Our Lean Uncle Sam Is a True Emblem of the Eminent American

An Article by

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

(Reading time: 13 minutes 10 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is the second of a series based on 14,709 replies to a questionnaire sent by LIBERTY to every man listed in *Who's Who in America* in an effort to determine the physical characteristics of the typical eminent American. The first, entitled The Tallness of the Great, discussed the stature of America's leaders. This one deals with the weight of these men.]

OUR Uncle Sam, under the high hat of the intellectual, weighs 162½ pounds, tends to underweight rather than overweight for his 5 feet 9.5 inches of stature, is thinner, in the aggregate, than his average fellow citizen, and is, on the whole, an excellent insurance risk.

He is a direct descendant of what Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C., calls "the Old American," who, in turn, was descended from British progenitors who settled the English colonies along the Atlantic from New England to Virginia.

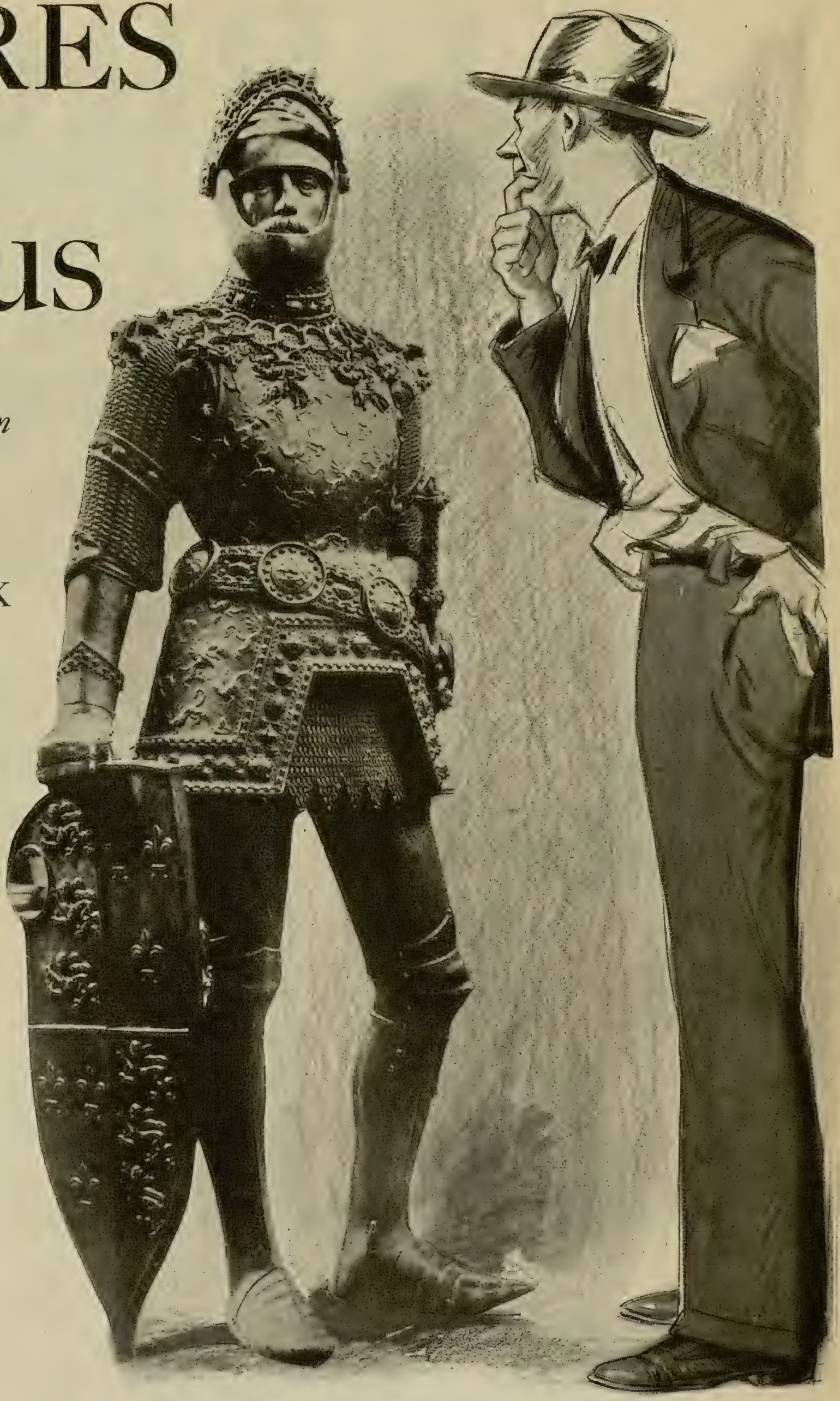
The man on the scales is taller, on the average, than either the Old American or his own brother, the average citizen. He wears the same size hat as his ancestor and a larger size than his brother, because, like his ancestor, he is a person of good education.

His jaws and cheek-bones are not as prominent as those of the average citizen, and he is much thinner. It is with this last characteristic that this article is concerned. It explains so many things about him.

The weight given, 162½ pounds, is averaged from the 14,709 replies to a questionnaire sent out by LIBERTY last May to men in the 1927 edition of *Who's Who in America*.

The object of the questionnaire was to ascertain the possible influence of physical traits on greatness and to determine whether the majority of the world's great men were above or below the average in size and stature. The men addressed were asked to give their weight, height, and color of eyes.

It may be well at this point to answer the flood of objections, by those in *Who's Who* either to being considered "great" themselves, or to LIBERTY'S using *Who's Who* as a directory of "great" men.



The average-size intellectual American has outgrown the armor of his ancestors.

"My college reports," writes one correspondent, "make a great to-do about *Who's Who* and the men who have made it since graduation. I wish I could get excited about it, but, for the life of me, I can't help taking that extraordinary call-book of vague Congressmen, educators, utterly unknown professors of utterly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

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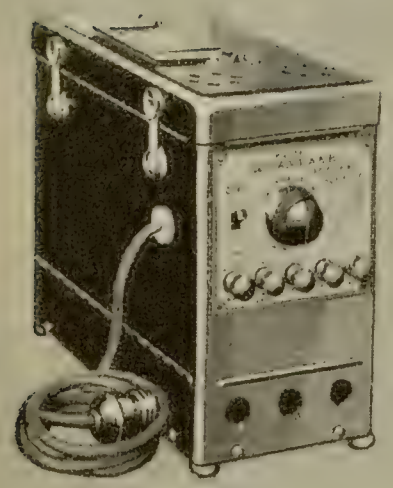

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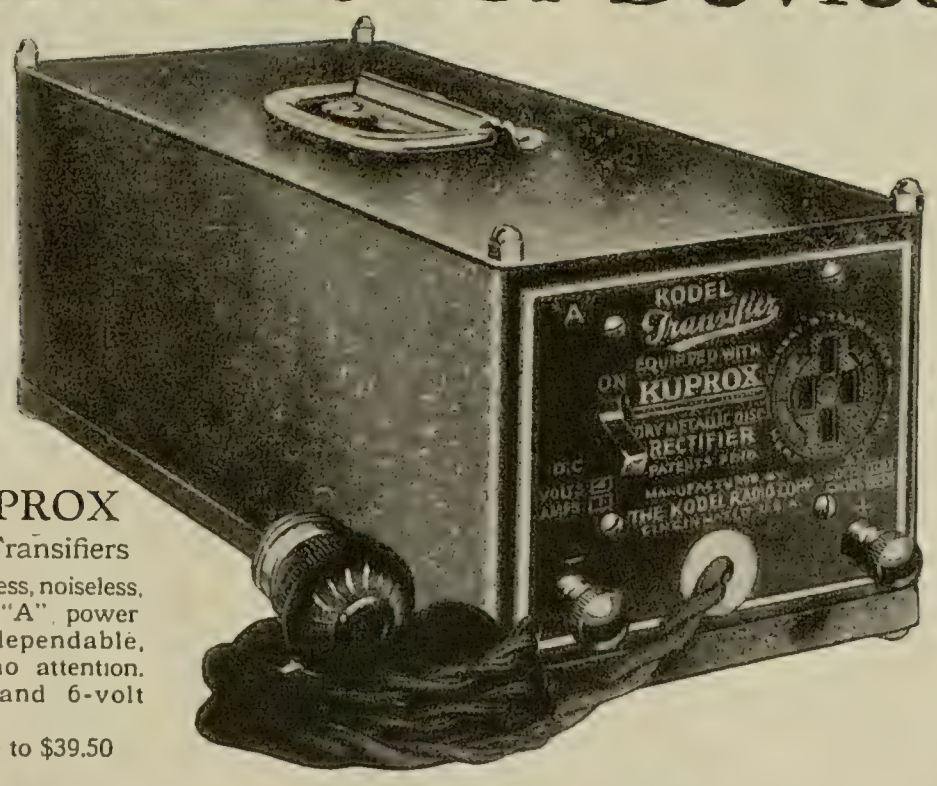

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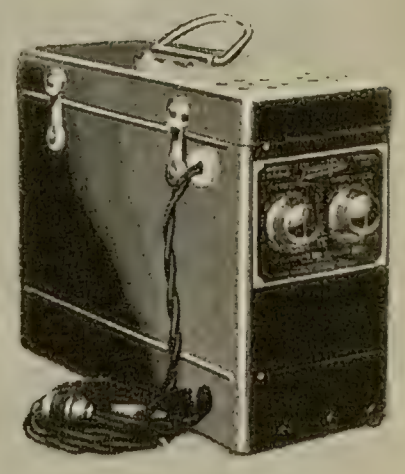

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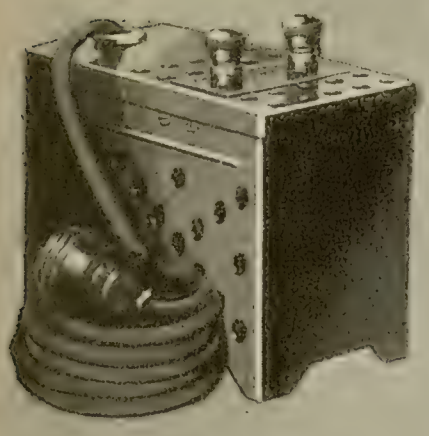

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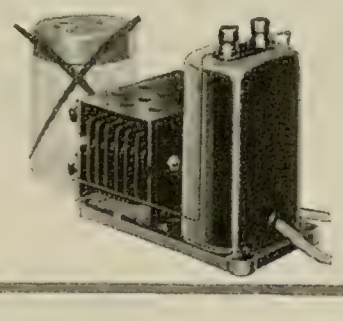

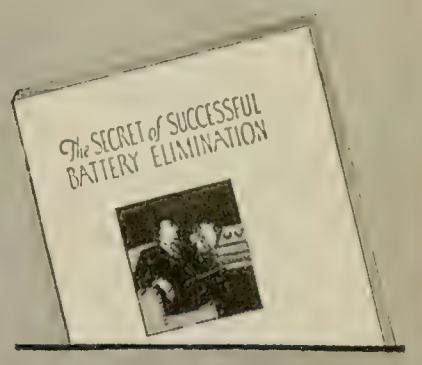

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

unknown universities, philanthropists, and big butter-and-egg men with a cruel lack of seriousness.

"I'd rather like to be in the London one, but English friends tell me its constellations of ex-Members of Parliament, stock-jobbers, and retired fox-hunters is as big a tiddley-widdle as ours."

And another says, "In conclusion, may I, as a sincere student seeking nothing but the truth, however unpalatable it may be when I find it, point out that a very large proportion of persons listed in *Who's Who* are not, in fact, 'eminent'?

"This is made apparent by the editor of the volume, who is careful to explain, under the caption, 'Qualifications for Admission,' that in addition to persons of special prominence are 'those who are arbitrarily included on account of official position — civil, military, naval, religious, or educational.' The latter category would cover, I believe, considerably more than half the names in *Who's Who.*"

"The Who's Who *people average much older than the average of the population."*

WITH these limitations granted by LIBERTY'S editors, *Who's Who* remains the most comprehensive list of eminent men in America, and the composite intellectual American on the scales has been averaged from individuals chosen for deeds rather than for membership in any professional class.

"Genius," declares Havelock Ellis in his Study of British Genius, "abhors mediocrity." And he adds, "Men of genius are manifestators of the variational tendency of a physical and psychic variational diathesis. Both tall and short [and, he might have added, excessively thin and excessively fat] individuals tend to predominate unduly among persons of genius."

The questionnaire seems to prove Dr. Ellis' findings.

In his analysis of 1,000 replies to the questionnaire selected at random and compared with the "normal" weight of each individual, as determined from insurance tables, Dr. E. E. Free, biologist, divided them into eight age groups, beginning at 30-34, the youngest, to 70-92, the oldest.

He found the percentages varying from zero overweight and 100 per cent overweight in the 30-34 group, to 44 per cent overweight and 54 per cent underweight in the 70-92 group.

This is partly explained by the fact that, in the absence in the literature of anthropology of any adequate normal weight curve, Dr. Free had to use the weight, height, and age tables of the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors to compute the "normal" weight figures.

"I am convinced," Dr. Free wrote in his report, "these tables do not indicate the actual distribution of weights in the average population, but tend to show what the life insurance directors think should be the normal weight.

"This probably averages lower, in each instance, than the actual distribution of weight in the population; that is, American men are really fatter, on the average, than the life insurance tables say that they ought to be.

"In spite of this qualification and possible resulting inaccuracies, I believe it is possible to reach the following tentative conclusions:

"1. There is no evidence of misrepresentation in the replies, which probably means that men have a more accurate idea of their weight than they have of their height. However, it is possible that men know more exactly what their weight *ought* to be and set down that figure rather than the true figure, a possible margin of error.

"2. In so far as getting into *Who's Who* is concerned, weight is a relatively indifferent matter. The difference between the *Who's Who* class and the average population is much less, so far as weight is concerned, than it is where height is concerned.

"3. To the extent that weight has any effect, slight thinness is an advantage.

"4. It is interesting and surprising that this is clearly not an effect of age. The *Who's Who* people average much older than the average of the population. This was to be expected. Over 60, men usually begin to grow thinner. This is especially true of the tall, blond persons who seem to compose so large a proportion of the *Who's Who* group. We might expect, therefore, that the older age groups would show a much larger proportion of people underweight than the young age groups show. This is not the case.

"I think it is justifiable to draw the probable conclusion that during the decades between 30 and 50, which is the time most people get into *Who's Who*, thinness is an important advantage. . . . The man who is relatively thin between 30 and 50 is usually relatively active.

"5. As to the racial meaning of the weight data, it is not possible to say much. The so-called Nordic strain of the white race tends to be relatively lightweight for its height. However, the black-eyed, dark-skinned Mediterranean strain also tends to be lighter than the average person would be at the same height and especially in the older age groups.

"About the only racial indication which can be extracted at all from the data is that the figures certainly do not indicate an Alpine population. The Alpine population tends to be much heavier for the same height and age than those of the Nordic or Mediterranean.

"6. The last conclusion is not perfectly certain, but it is probable that persons of extreme overweight or underweight—the very fat or the very thin—have a better chance of getting into *Who's Who*, on the average, than the persons who are merely moderately fat or moderately thin. It is significant that we have a number of very fat people in our group as well as a number of very thin ones.

"A possible explanation is that people below normal physically, or handicapped by excessive weight, are unable to scatter their energy as does the normal healthy individual, and, being compelled to concentrate effort, are apt to be more successful than one would expect.

"The criteria for admission to *Who's Who* are almost exclusively mental. It is an interesting fact that high physical vitality is apparently of no great importance in procuring admission to *Who's Who.*"

THIS conclusion is seemingly proven in isolated cases. Robert Louis Stevenson confesses that his ill health chained him to his desk. Charles Darwin's physical fragility drove him to intensive study. Steinmetz, of the General Electric, was a cripple and, with Thomas A. Edison, a victim of deafness, led the world to consider electricity a necessity instead of a luxury. Pope, the satirist and poet, was a hunchback.

Robert Vonnoh, the portrait-painter, in a note on the back of his questionnaire, declares that the body and brain can not be developed simultaneously to a point approaching genius.

"It seems to me," he wrote, "there is ample evidence that great men were, have been, and will be, rather small. Large men run to brawn and smaller men to brain, given certain exceptions, of course. In other words, the brain is developed at the expense of brawn, and *vice versa*. . . . As an artist, I have had occasion to study these characteristics for over fifty years.

"I call your attention to the extraordinary ability of the Japanese, all small as a race. The French are small as a race. Also, I hasten to add, the Italians. Napoleon and Mussolini are shining examples.

"Russians, Teutons, certain classes of Chinese, are large, but their art in general is not so outstanding as the above-mentioned.

"After all, art is the final criterion of a people's status. Exceptions granted, the Nordic does not seem to stand in comparison with the Latin, if history does not belie. Most of us couldn't possibly crawl into the old armor as we see it in the great and best collections.

"In the times of armor were they not the greatest in art generally? If the armor is an index, most western people of Europe, with the possible exception of the Gaulois, were small as compared with our modern races.

"Among artists to date I recall that Whistler, Jones, Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer, Theodore Robinson, etc., with Sargent as the exception, were medium or small—Meissonier, Degas, Degnan, Raffaelli, and Millet, and a host of others I might mention, all coming

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

Installation FREE!

On ANY Radio Set!

The Marvelous New Model

PHILCO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

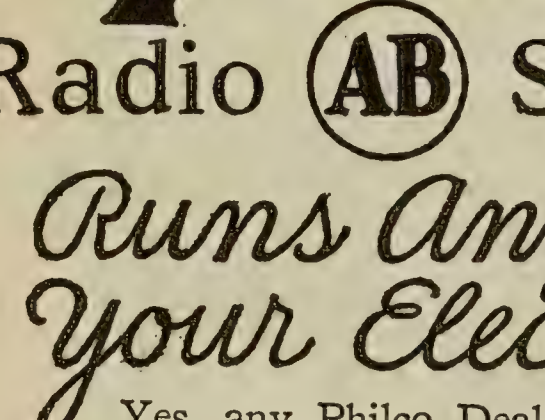
Radio (AB) Socket Power

Runs Any Radio from Your Electric Current!

Yes, any Philco Dealer in your community will connect the wonderful Philco AB Socket Power to *any* radio set—*whether it is an old set or a new set*—at not one penny of extra cost. Installation is FREE. And then, you can run **your** set—*any kind of battery set*—from your electric lighting socket.

No Matter What Set You Own—
No Matter What Set You Buy—
Philco Will Run It From the Light Socket!

It makes no difference whether you now have a dry cell or a storage battery operated radio set or what kind of battery set you buy, the Philco AB Socket Power will run it from the electric lighting current. Here is your chance to do away with the ordinary "A" storage battery and all dry cell "A" and "B" batteries. *Super-power for all power tubes!* NO HUM! NO DISTORTION!



The New 1928 Model Philco AB Socket Power. Every Philco Guaranteed!

Easy Payments!

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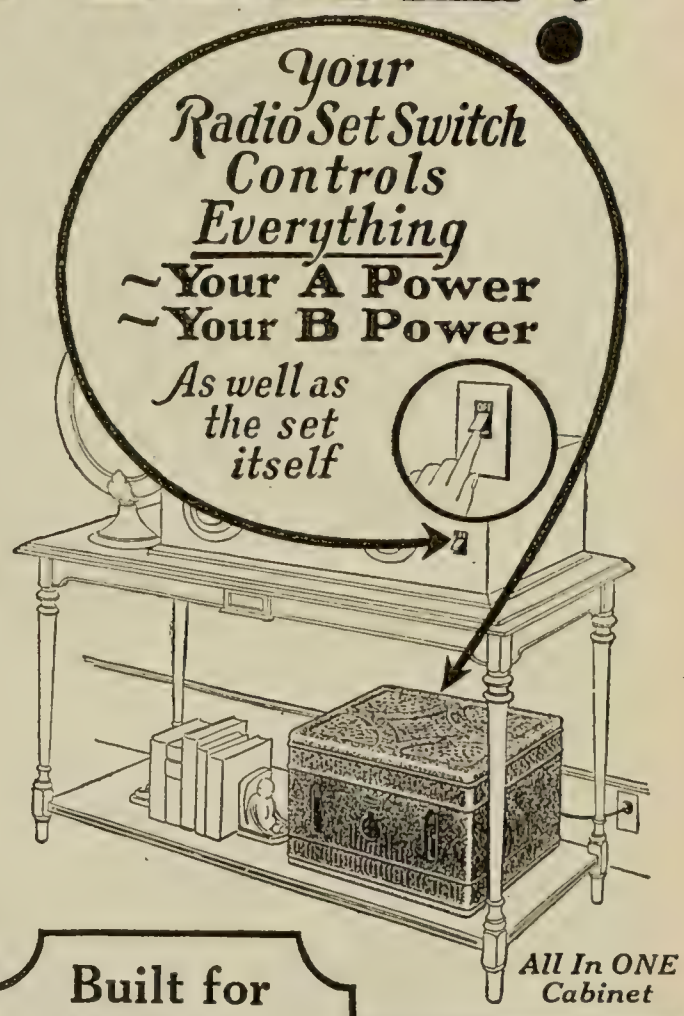
You won't need your old "A" storage battery when you get the Philco. Any Authorized Philco Dealer will make you a liberal allowance for your "A" Storage Battery no matter how old or worn out it may be.



All In ONE Cabinet

Built for All Radio Power Tubes and Will Deliver 180 Volts!
60 Milli-amperes

Easy As Turning On Your Electric Light!

Merely snap ON your radio set switch when you want to listen in. Snap it OFF and your radio is silent. No fuss. No bother. Your radio switch controls everything!

Every Philco Guaranteed!

Each and every Philco Socket Power is covered by an ironclad factory guarantee and is built to conform to Underwriters' Laboratories Safety Specifications.

Console-Cabinet Models

Special Philco Models are built to fit **inside** the cabinets of practically all well-known radio sets, including:

Atwater Kent Fada Pfanstiehl
Freed-Eisemann Radiola-28
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Merely sign your name and address on the Special Coupon, address it to us, and drop it in the mailbox. We will send you immediately full descriptive literature on the New 1928 Model Philco AB Socket Power. We also will explain the Easy Payment Plan, Free Installation and Trade-In Allowance. Mail the Coupon TODAY! It puts you under absolutely *no* obligation.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.

Ontario and C Streets

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Ontario and C Streets
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 1236

GENTLEMEN:

I shall be pleased to receive your free illustrated literature describing the famous Philco Radio AB Socket Power; also the full details of your Easy Payment, Free Installation and Trade-in-Allowance offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

under my personal observation.

"Grant was not a large man, nor Foch, nor Clemenceau, nor Poincaré. The Germans—Teutonic—were not wonderful and they were mostly large."

EVIDENCE that divergence from the normal in an individual becomes a spur that drives him on to achievement is presented in many letters, of which this one by Cleves Kinkead of Louisville is an example. Mr. Kinkead is 5 feet 4 in height and weighs "something under 130 pounds." He sounds a gloomy note.

THE Old American (left) compared with the modern intellectual (center) and the average American.

"All my life," he wrote, "I have been interested in observing the effects of physique on success. In my mind there is not the slightest doubt that small stature is a fearful handicap to any man (though not to any woman). I could name many instances of disadvantage from lack of height—both mental and physical disadvantages.

"If a very small man ever succeeds in anything, it is in spite of his smallness of physique. The same man would have succeeded with much less effort had he possessed height.

"A dwarf or a giant or any man physically formed away from usual lines is at a disadvantage. The dwarf is more at a disadvantage than the abnormally large man. The *well formed* man of 6 feet 2 has a tremendous advantage—that is, so far as first impressions on others are concerned.

"The fact that some little men have succeeded seems to weigh heavily on this question. In my opinion this is only because a small man's success is striking because it is unusual, causing the example to stand out."

George Hillard Benjamin, consulting engineer, whose father was Park Benjamin, the poet, and whose uncle was John Lothrop Motley, the historian, has met many of the really great here and abroad. He declares that one of the most perfect men he ever met was tall, slender, and blue-eyed.

From this description of Prince Metternich, quoted in his letter, the original might have sat for a portrait of our intellectual Uncle Sam:

"I am somewhat interested in the question of physical traits, as influenced by heredity, environment, etc., and also in the influence of physical traits and environment in their effect upon what you term greatness.

"I spent a number of years in Europe, during which time I gave the matter considerable study, in connection with Professor Brown-Sequard, Dr. Galton, and a number of others. I also came in contact with many so-called great men, and had a personal opportunity of considering and observing their physical characteristics.

"The difficulty arose primarily in determining what constituted 'greatness,' for it was found that while men or women might be great along one line, they were sadly deficient along a number of others. For instance, M. Guizot, the French historian, had a very remarkable mind, but he was the homeliest little man one ever looked on. Mr. Charles Dickens was a great writer, but had very bad manners, was very vulgar, and had no conception of what constituted a gentleman. Mr. Gladstone was a great parliamentarian, but a great bore in the ordinary ways of life.

"The physical characteristics of these men were divergent, but, taking them as a class, the eminent men I have seen were not physically attractive. I believe that the history of eminent men, where descriptions are given of their physical characteristics, will show that these characteristics were below par.

"There is one fact which is of interest, and that is that such great men as I have seen who were good-looking and had attractive personalities, in almost every instance resembled their mothers, and at such times as they were free from strain were strongly feminine in their love of children, animals, outdoor life, and general fondness for art, clothing, manner.

"PRINCE METTERNICH was one of the most perfect men I have ever met: a great brain, great courtesy, charming manners, superb in repose; in height about 5 feet 11; weight about 165; eyes, pale blue; hair, brown with a slight touch of red.

"Most great men I have seen had rather poor eyes, generally pale blue, many watery blue, and bad vision; with generally bad habits of various kinds—aggressive when in action, but weak as dish-water in repose.

"Some years ago I reached the conclusion that the majority of great men ought to be grabbed and put in a cage after any great effort. Most of them are totally incapable of taking care of themselves."

The factors that may go into the physical make-up of a great man are enumerated by Ernest McCullough on the back of his questionnaire.

"There are," he wrote, "blonds, brunettes, and people who have colors of skin, eyes, hair, etc., ranging from very light to very dark. They are found generally in greater numbers in each class in definite geographical localities.

"There have been great men and eminent men in every country, therefore great men and eminent

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Made for You, Sir

Do us the kindness to try it

GENTLEMEN:

One thousand men were consulted as to what they sought in a shaving cream. From them we learned four things in which they said others had failed.

With these as our goal our laboratories started in. Time after time they failed, only to try again. The 130th formula brought success. Brought, too, a fifth feature to assure still greater shaving joy.

Now we ask you to try this shaving cream we've made for you. In simple fairness let us send a 10-day tube to try. We believe we'll win you.

We know how

Our laboratories are competent, superlatively equipped. For 60 years they have studied soap chemistry. The leading toilet soap of the world—Palmolive—is one of our creations.

Before we would consent to put our name on a shaving cream we had to know that, in this highly competitive field, our cream would be outstanding. And today millions are flocking to it, deserting preparations that never quite satisfied.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Don't buy—yet

Now we ask that for 10 days you shave our way. At our expense. If we have excelled, you will want to know. If we have not, you will know that, too. You can't fool men about shaving.

Do us the courtesy of a 10-day test. Cut out the coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

3730

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1389, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

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(Please print your name and address)

[FIGURES OF THE FAMOUS
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

men have been tall or short, light, medium, or heavy in weight, light, medium, or dark in coloring, depending upon their country.

"Tallness and shortness are governed by geological formations in each country; by poverty or comfortable circumstances; by prevalence of early or late marriages; by the average number of children in families, etc.

"In general, it may be said that pushing to the front depends upon the store of nervous energy one possesses and the competition he encounters. Among a flock of sheeplike men it is not difficult to get to the front, provided a man is energetic and wishes to push ahead. He may be tall or short, thin or fat, but in the right kind of a crowd he is sure to push ahead.

"When he gets to a certain point and his encounters are with men as endowed as himself, it becomes a survival of the fittest. Also, there is much to be said about getting into a crowd, every member of which is prominent in some way, and simply drifting with it.

"I was always a skinny lightweight, of the tough and wiry type, until I returned from France in August, 1919. Since then my life has been less active and more in the office, so I have increased in weight. Weight, therefore, is hardly a criterion, except as increase in weight may mark a decrease in pushingness."

DESPITE the hundreds of studies of genius made by men of science, very little is known about it—about its causes or the part environment plays in its development.

"The anthropometry of genius," Havelock Ellis says in his Study of British Genius, "is in a much more elementary condition than our knowledge of the physical characteristics of criminals."

Large men, varying from the normal in height and weight, are liable to be found among the leaders of men: soldiers, dictators, financial magnates, corporation executives, diplomats, hunters, and explorers—great organizers.

EXTREME types tend to predominate among persons of genius.

Small men tend to solitude. Among them are found the creators and the dreamers: writers, artists, poets, and inventors. Most of these are characterized by a streak of pathos. They are well aware of the futility of life.

"The sedentary and nerve-exhausting nature of nearly all forms of intellectual work," declares Ernest Kretschmer in his great book, Physique and Character, "in turn reacts to emphasize or produce moods of depression."

Genius, it is known, is energy, and many of the correspondents give credit for it to the functioning of the ductless glands. Certainly the influence of the thyroid and the pituitary glands, governing height and weight, and the gonads, or sex glands, coloring thoughts and ideals, are recognized as a tremendous influence in creating and directing energy.

James R. Hanna of Des Moines wrote, "Success has always seemed to me to depend on the amount of intellectual power, the amount of vital energy, and the ratio of these two to each other.

"The large man, therefore, tends to have the largest aggregate amount of the two elements. Hence the tendency of big men to be generally more successful.

"But a big factor is the ratio and balance between intellectual power and vital energy. A little man may sometimes have this ratio of powers in more ideal proportions and hence be remarkably successful."

THE reasons for the slenderness of America's eminent men are not known. Environment and climate are decided factors.

Mr. Louis P. Benezet, superintendent of schools in Manchester, New Hampshire, states that the children of immigrants coming under his observation have universally tended to be taller and heavier than their parents.

Heredity, the descent of our modern intellectual uncle from tall, slender pioneers and frontiersmen, has done much to mold the figure which emerges from the questionnaire.

And his sedentary life and the constant burning of brain energy in intellectual pursuits goes far toward making him a physical lightweight. Bodily bulk being useless to him, Nature takes it from him.

Judging, then, from the questionnaire, the eminent American appears, from his own statement, to be a tall, slender man, tending to be underweight.

But he may be overweight. Taken from another group than Who's Who, he may prove the contention of Guy M. Walker, attorney and financial expert, that "The Chinese God of Success is large and fat. One must be large to succeed, and if one has succeeded he must live well, and so the proof of success is *fatness*. My experience has proven to me that large frame and good weight contribute much to success."

Of only one thing are we certain: The eminent American proves the truth of Dr. Ellis' contention that "Genius abhors mediocrity."

He varies. He is rarely normal. He departs physically in height and weight just as he juts out mentally. And these physical traits have much to do with determining the channels through which his genius or his talent flows.

Our intellectual uncle is tall and thin, but the color of his eyes is yet to be determined. This will be discussed in an early issue.

"I Promised My Wife"

Sandy's Business-Trip Adventures

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

THE Andrews House was opposite the Redfield depot. And Sandy, who'd taken a taxi, felt gyped. Thirty-five cents just to ride around the safety zone!

"Didja get my wire?" he asked at the desk.

The clerk poked through a drawer of telegrams, Christmas holly borders visible on several, and then tapped a bell.

"Put Mr. Jenkins in fourteen for tonight," he called.

The elevator possibly had carried passengers between decks A and E on the Ark, and it affected a nautical rise-and-fall motion during its halting ascent to the top (fourth) floor. The operator was a marcelled vamp perched upon a stool; she polished her finger-nails on the cable as it meandered through her fingers.

Room fourteen graced a court, which in turn was graced by the presence of feline opera-singers; and the wails of these creatures reached poor Sandy's ears through the inch-open window.

"Here, boy!" he said, flipping two dimes at the porter, who hadn't seen boyhood for a great many years.

Sandy put on his other suit and then got out his portable trouser-press, which saved tailors' bills for him on the road! Lil had suggested an iron, but it was too heavy, besides being too effeminate. Then he sent off his daily loving epistle to his wife, this time on real choice letter-head:

THE ANDREWS HOUSE
—Redfield's Only Hostelry—
Ira Brown, Prop., Fireproof Since 1900

A passing band suddenly drowned the din of cats in the court, and lured Sandy outdoors. It was 7:30—the shank of the evening in Redfield—and, keeping step to Good Night, Ladies, he hiked to City Hall Park and the police band concert.

He bought an ice-cream cone to the tune of When You Wore a Tulip, and got a shine to the tune of Over There.

During the Wedding March, a tramp and a child made themselves at home on the same bench. The child was crying and the tramp was enjoying a raw-onion sandwich—so Sandy left City Hall Park!

Waiting for the heavy cross-town traffic (one buggy filled with old rags and a boy in a yellow soap-box scooter), three hands were planted down upon his shoulders, accompanied by a loud:

"Well, if it isn't Jenkins! And how's the boy?"

"Don't he look meek—he's a married man now!"

"Oh, you millstone!"

While Sandy resented these loud-voiced gibes broadcast in public, he did relish meeting Sam Bailey and two other business acquaintances in this lonely stepping-off point of Redfield. They piloted Sandy back to the Andrews House.

"There's a whale in the hole in the bottom of the sea!" they all sang in the seclusion of Sam Bailey's room.

Clinking ice—the pop of a cork!

"And here's lookin' at you!" Sandy's friends grinned.

"I promised my wife—" he said. And he received a triple dose of "razz-ber-*ries!*"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Sympathetic Stuart

A Boston bull puppy was shown to four-year-old Stuart. He stroked it gently, and in a voice full of pity exclaimed:

"Oh, you poor little dog with a crippled face!"

MRS. L. I. DENTON,
Box 1497, R. F. D.1, Oakland, Calif.

* * *

No Partiality

My sister and her little son were riding on the train into town. The conductor, in the course of duty, asked my sister little Willard's age.

"Three and one-half," she said.

The conductor seemed satisfied, but Willard was not. After a moment's thought, he looked up and said:

"And Mother is thirty-one."

DREXEL H. WHITTAKER,
527 W. 143d St., New York, N. Y.

* * *

Traveled Too Fast

After picking up my small daughter, aged five, who had fallen down a small flight of steps into the back yard, I said to her:

"Darling, did you miss your step?"

She tearfully answered:

"Muddy, I missed all of them."

MRS. VIOLET MCKEE,
5611 Rural St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The

MAXPAR

A new and tested

DUNLOP GOLF BALL

THE experience gained by Dunlop in making literally millions of dozens of fine golf balls is now found fully expressed in the Maxpar.

Built into every Maxpar are qualities heretofore believed impossible under one cover.

The MAXPAR *75c*

Lasting durability . . . great length of flight . . . extreme accuracy in putting—all combined as only could be done by the great experience of Dunlop.

As the Maxpar does not become "egg-shaped" in play there is no need to change the ball at every sixth hole. The longer use of a Maxpar is a great advantage, since scientific research and tests by long drivers have demonstrated that the resiliency of a ball actually increases with play.

The slightly slanting mesh wall gives to the Maxpar the easy cleaning feature heretofore found only in a recessed ball.

With the Maxpar on the tee, the combination of every advantage that can be gained in a ball is *yours*.

DUNLOP
TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Have Lustrous, *Clean* Hair with

Lemon Rinse

THE mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curd formed by soap and wate assuring you of that absolute *cleanliness* that means truly beautiful hair. That's why thousands of women today are using this natural aid to complete hair beauty. They know it means that shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

Try this shampoo accessory next time. See for yourself the new beauty that your hair contains. Note its silky lustre, its soft, fluffy texture, the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results first wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one best way to insure the full beauty of your hair—to make all its loveliness apparent—whether you wear it bobbed or long.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 909, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

A Message to HAIR-ETICS

By EILEEN BOURNE

IT may be true, as the doctors say, that hair is dead tissue. But it is never a dead issue. How to keep it at its best is always a topic of absorbing interest and conflicting opinion. Not only do doctors disagree, but so do beauty specialists, and both together must contend with feminine laziness.

If we weren't lazy we'd do the one thing which, as all parties agree, is essential to loveliness of hair texture. Brushing! Oh, I don't mean those fifty strokes which nobody ever took. I mean just enough at night to get the hair clean.

Nor am I wasting ink on the person who has just had a marcel. Of course, she's too set in her waves.

But you others, with naturally curly or deliberately straight hair, and you who have permanent waves which after brushing can be set with combs and a net in fifteen minutes— you must take brush in hand.

And how? Don't bang the brush down on the scalp and then slick the hair downward. Instead, grasp the handle close up to the back of the brush, lay it on the scalp, and brush with a vigorous stroke upward and out.

This motion lifts and removes the dirt and dust. Moreover, like massage, it stimulates the circulation, and you certainly know by this time that on free circulation of healthy blood through the fatty tissue of the scalp depends the vigor of hair which receives nourishment through the blood vessels only.

One chief reason for insisting on this method of cleansing the hair daily is to obviate shampooing it too much. It can't be shampooed too much, you say?

Oh, I know this is one of the moot points and you have medical authority back of you. But one of the best dermatologists in New York City declares washing the hair can be overdone, and personal experience proves it. Shampooing the hair every few days makes oily hair more oily, and dry hair drier.

And yet this is the most serious temptation confronting every woman with short hair. Isn't it much easier to turn on the shower than to wield a conscientious brush or take pains with tonic and massage? Of course.

And thus it is that natural luster is running right down the drain and women are beginning to look discontentedly into the mirror and to say, "I wonder what I can get to make my hair look brighter?"

You can get something. An astringent tonic applied twice a week will help prevent the oily condition and obviate the need of such frequent washings.

Part the hair and dab the tonic on with a bit of cotton until every bit of the scalp has been reached. Then press the palms of the hands tightly to the scalp and push upward with a circular motion. This is far more stimulating to the scalp than to rub with the finger-ends—a practise which may be too vigorous and irritating to new hair.

BE sure the tonic hasn't too high a percentage of alcohol. Fifty per cent is too strong and may affect the color of your hair. If you wish to make your own tonic add to 1½ ounces of water and the same amount of wich-hazel and alcohol 40 grains of resorcin.

Moreover, when you shampoo, it will probably help you, especially if your hair is blond, to add the juice of half a lemon to your final rinsing water.

For dry hair, the tonic should be somewhat oily. Olive oil is excellent for a dry scalp. But do give it a chance to soak into the roots by rubbing in the oil at night before your shampoo.

Camomile flower tea is an excellent tonic for any type of hair. White henna of the pure Egyptian variety is another.

Indeed, there is now quite a fashion of treating the hair with herbs, and a general belief that they help the hair to hold its color.

Those with very fine hair can give it vitality by faithful brushing, and coarse hair may be softened by herb rinsings and massage.

It makes a great difference what brush you use. The bristles should be graduated so as to reach the curving surface of the head, and they should be resilient and firm, but not stiff.

Such a brush costs money and then repays you in a decade of excellent service.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

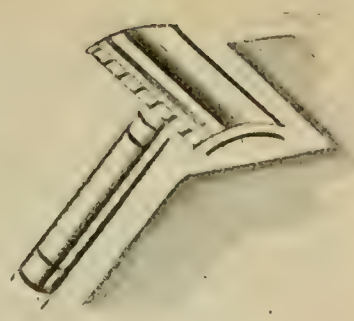
LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City..... State..... 53



Infections begin in

UNSEEN SHAVING NICKS

Most of the cuts your razor gives to your face are invisible.

These unseen nicks invite germs and dust to start annoying infections. Your whole face needs antiseptic protection to keep it clear.

Pinaud's Lilac is a healing antiseptic for use after the shave. A dash of this cool, tingling liquid and your skin is safe! Each invisible break is protected.

BUY Pinaud's Lilac at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S LILAC

⟦ *Lilas de France* ⟧

Take along a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts. Wholesome and zestful as a game of golf. Slip a bag in your pocket for that outdoor hunger. Big, whole, salted. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

ÆNEAS AMERICANUS

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

The Tale of a Man Who Loved Too Much and a Girl Who Loved Too Many

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

(Reading time: 18 minutes.)

JIM THOMSON came into the train and sat down beside me.

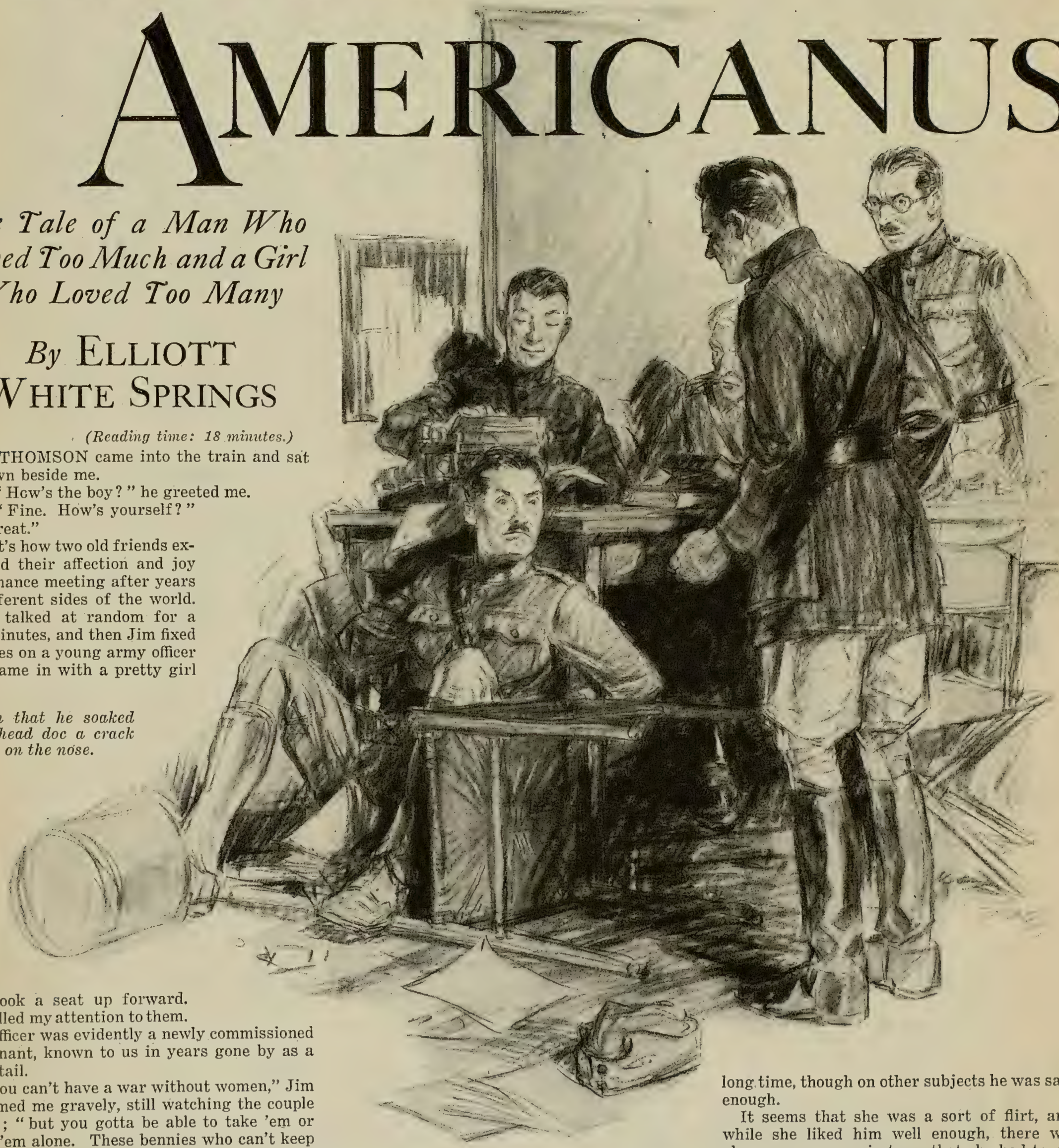
"How's the boy?" he greeted me.

"Fine. How's yourself?"

"Great."

That's how two old friends expressed their affection and joy at a chance meeting after years on different sides of the world.

We talked at random for a few minutes, and then Jim fixed his eyes on a young army officer who came in with a pretty girl and took a seat up forward.



With that he soaked the head doc a crack on the nose.

He called my attention to them.

The officer was evidently a newly commissioned lieutenant, known to us in years gone by as a shavetail.

"You can't have a war without women," Jim informed me gravely, still watching the couple ahead; "but you gotta be able to take 'em or leave 'em alone. These bennies who can't keep their minds off the skirts ought to be exempted for physical disability or pathological incapacity, depending on what light you view the matter in."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Old man Mars is a very particular boss. He won't stand for any divided allegiance. Take Sam Wise, for instance. Remember him?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"Well, I'll tell you about him." And this is the story Jim told:

SAM and I roomed together for a while in England when we were in training. He told me all about his trouble then and I kept seeing signs of it all the time after that. We spent most of the war together, off and on, you know.

Sam had a girl at home. And he wasn't satisfied about leaving her there. He was sure something was going to happen to her before he got back. He'd been crazy over her for a long time, though on other subjects he was sane enough.

It seems that she was a sort of flirt, and, while she liked him well enough, there was always a new man in town that she had to put over the jumps and tie to her chariot. When he enlisted she got sort of kind-hearted and gave him some encouragement and ruined the whole war for him.

A lot of men are like that—some rag-and-bone high-tones them and they never recover their equilibrium. Talk about the evil eye! It's not half so dangerous as the glad eye! And it seems like the worse these stricken gentle-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For cushioned comfort the whole day long

TO the man who is on his feet all day, "U.S." Spring-Step Heels are a real boon. They take the hardness out of the floors, the pound out of the pavement. And the resiliency lasts. ¶ If real foot comfort means anything to your daily life, tell your repairman to put on "U.S." Spring-Step Heels—then notice the difference.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

"U.S." SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

By the creators of the famous USKIDE soles
"The wonder sole for wear"

[ÆNEAS AMERICANUS
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

men get treated, the more they clamor for another dose. It must be a sort of aberration, like the fellows have who can't love a girl with knock-knees or her ears showing.

Well, whatever it is, Sam had a bad case of it. There wasn't but one girl in the world for him, and he had arrived at that conclusion without any help from her. He was one of those fellows who leave such set-ups around for the boys with finesse. No wonder the poor dears turn a receptive ear to an imported line!

SAM didn't enjoy Europe at all. He'd get the home papers and read about all the parties she went to and run around gnashing his teeth for days. He'd try to figure out who she went with and why.

He was as jealous as Julius Cæsar, and when she didn't write to him regularly, he'd have a bad attack of the blues and hover on the brink of hell for days. And that boy had an imagination that could always give him something to worry over.

The pity of it was that he was missing so much fun. He said he was expecting her to be true to him, so he'd have to be true to her. That was just bunk, because the real reason was—as I told you before—he had one of these complexes. He just wasn't tempted.

He didn't believe that any other girl in the world had such soft hands or warm lips. Besides that, he wasn't interested in finding out whether they did or not.

All the gang at the squadron used to go down to London every week on wash-out day for a party, but he wouldn't come along. He'd stay at the squadron and read nice books or write her long, tender epistles.

Wherever he'd go, he'd take her picture and spend a respectful amount of time every day admiring it. I couldn't work up any enthusiasm over her—just an average-looking little blonde.

That sort of thing was all right for a while, but after we got on the service machines they were killing us off at the rate of about ten per cent a month, and he got to brooding over it.

Anybody who stayed sober got to brooding over it sooner or later. Watching your friends get bumped off every day is sure to make you stop and think, and if you sit around and let your brain work, it's bound to prey on your mind.

Now, remember, he wasn't even engaged to this *Beatrice* of his. She had let him kiss her a few times, and she sure must have had hot lips, because those kisses everlastingly scorched his soul. I don't think he minded getting killed except for losing her.

Finally, we just dragged him along with us a few times and poured likker down his face until he got human again. After that, he was all right until he'd get a talking jag and try to tell me all about it again. But the boy sure was in a bad way for a while.

I think he'd have given up flying right then if he hadn't wanted to do something worth while so he could cinch the matter and go home as a hero to claim her.

It was the same out at the front. He'd go up and scrap ten Huns single-handed, and get licked, and come flopping back to the airdrome all full of holes, and not give a damn about it.

Then he'd get a paper from home and read where she'd gone off for a visit at some camp, and he'd rage and tear around the place as if he'd been personally insulted by the Kaiser himself. And the girl sure gave him plenty to worry about. She wasn't letting any grass grow under her.

I remember once that he was out on patrol and got separated from the rest of them after a dog fight. He was lost and came back toward the lines at an angle. He was bucking a head wind and dodging Archie when he saw six Fokkers dive on a two-seater that was out doing an artillery shoot.

He came down on the Fokkers and managed to hit one of them, and he and the two-seater managed to fight them off until some S. Es. came up and chased the Fokkers home.

The boys in the two-seater were very grateful and duly confirmed the Fokker for him and made a long report to the brigade about it. It was such a good show that he almost got a decoration out of it, but as he hadn't got five Huns yet, all he got was a nice citation in *Comic Cuts* and a dozen pats on the back and drinks for the rest of his life on the boys in the two-seater.

But was he all set up about it? I should say not! He read in the home paper that his girl had joined the Motor Corps, and he nearly went crazy worrying about her driving a bunch of officers around at night with no mother to guide her.

THE only reason he wanted the war to end was so he could dash home and claim her before some one else eloped with her. Nothing but an acquired taste for strong likker kept his mind on the war at all.

But the boy was good in the air. He picked off two Huns one day in a dog fight, and the home papers began to take notice when his name started to appear in dispatches. He took up the sport of diving on two-seaters, and when they didn't get him first, he'd get them.

He got decorated, and the home papers couldn't find room for anything else on the front page for weeks. And his girl began to warm up like a fur suit in a dog fight.

That was more than he could stand. He had a chance to go home as an instructor and he almost took it. But he wanted to go home looking like a barber pole, and he stuck to it.

Then he was in a couple of bad crashes when the new Fokkers came out, and, between Miss Nemesis at home, Lieutenant-General Hennessey with his three

stars, and little Kismet hiding behind the clouds over in Hunland, the poor devil nearly gave up the ghost and put his face on the barroom floor. But so did we all.

Those Fokkers gave many a good man eternal insomnia. I remember seeing you in Boulogne one day when you couldn't get a glass to your mouth with both hands until after the third one.

When the justly famous Armistice was signed, Sam and I were up at Toul, waiting for some American planes to arrive so we could go up and darken the skies like all the newspapers prophesied and glorified back in '17.

The plane that had been doing all the darkening was in the shop for repairs right then, and the sun was just blinding, it was so bright.

Bim Oliver and Larry Callahan and Reed Landis went up about an hour before the Armistice in some S. Es. to make sure the war was actually going to stop. It must have stopped, because they all got back. Ever since then they've been known as the men who stopped the war.

After we made sure that the hostilities had at least been postponed for a generation, the next problem before the board was ways and means to get home before we got tried for our crimes. Sam was just wild. He worried himself sick for the next two months for fear he was going to miss the next boat.

We shot craps, played bridge and blackjack, took some amateur French lessons, and dodged A. P. Ms. for a month around Toul and Nancy, and then orders came through for us to go down to Issoudun. We thought we were on the way home at last.

ALL roads went through Paris. Some of the boys got to Issoudun and some fell by the wayside and went to Egypt and Constantinople instead. When we hit the metropolis, I was all for lingering a few days to upset some of those big fleshpots they serve there, but Sam was in a hurry and dragged me on through.

We arrived at Issoudun without the usual M. P. escort and inquired casually when we were going to sail. We were greeted with a long, loud laugh. Sail? There were 2,000,000 doughboys in France, and they could take home only 267 a week.

Figure it out for yourself! And the wounded went first! After that, the divisions that couldn't behave themselves would be shipped home to save as much French property as possible.

We spent New Year's at Issoudun. Don't ask me what we did to kill time. It's too painful. But we finally found out why we were sent to Issoudun instead of to a port.

Somebody wanted to find out what effect high altitudes, cheap cognac, and wind-up had on pilots. So we became a lot of biological experiments and walking laboratories. I've never seen the conclusions they drew from the valuable data, but I'll bet my discharge and bonus they were interesting.

You remember there was a theory rumored around that only perfect men could ever qualify as pilots, and some ingenious plumbers had built a lot of elaborate devices that were supposed to weed out the unfit.

They would turn you upside down and whirl you about and tickle your feet and fire pistols behind you and tell you ghost stories, and if you didn't have a sense of humor about the thing, they would turn you down and make a bugler out of you.

WELL, down at Issoudun, all the best pilots back from the front got sick when they were whirled around in the torture chair, and one fellow jumped through the window when the pistol went off behind him.

They found one pilot who was practically blind, he was so nearsighted, and they were about to recommend him for a disability discharge when they found out that he had seven Huns to his credit and was the guy who used to lead all the reconnoissance patrols.

They say that one doctor wept for weeks after he found out that Mannock had a glass eye, Cairns a wooden leg, and Guynemer was an invalid. The only decent score that was made in the tests was credited to a pilot that had crashed every machine he had ever flown and who later died of heart failure.

In the middle of this came a call from Paris for volunteers. They wanted ten officers to act as couriers for the Peace Commission. Sam put his name on the list.

"How come?" I asked him. "I thought you wanted to go home."

"I do," he told me. "And this is where I start. Some of the couriers will be sent back home. I'll get the job and, when I get there, I'll resign. That's simple."

SO he packed up and left. About a month later I glanced up from my glass and there he was again, looking as sweet as a green lime.

"How are all the folks on Broadway?" I asked him.

"Shut up," he told me, taking my cognac. "They sent me down to Liberia the first trip, and when I got back from there they had me scheduled to take a valentine to the Shah of Persia.

"I decided that I had better go home with you, after all; but they wouldn't take my resignation at first. So I had to insult a Congressman and let him have my job taken away from me. Then I had to apologize to him to keep from being court-martialed as well. When do we move from here?"

"Never," I told him. "I've reserved my table for next New Year's Eve."

After Washington's Birthday we were sent down to Bordeaux to the concentration camp. We thought sure we were going to sail this time; but we found out that there were 952 officers ahead of us and they took only fifteen a week and didn't want them.

Sam was a wreck by that time. He wanted his girl to see him again while he still had his teeth. He'd weep about her into his glass until his cognac was too weak to kick. All he could think about or talk about was how to get home.

We had an epidemic of flu down there, and I got it. I was in bed with a bottle of cognac and a can of quinine when in comes Sam with a broad grin on his face.

"I'm going home," he tells me. "I sail this afternoon."

"Fine," say I. "Did my orders come through too?"

"Orders? Orders? I haven't got any orders," he informs me; "but I'm going home, just the same. They've asked some of us to help take the wounded down to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT'S usually what the spectator can't see that spells victory or defeat in a lightning-fast football battle.

A crisis comes—the team that's prepared takes advantage of it—and runs, kicks, or passes to triumph.

America's most famous gridiron critic begins a series next week revealing the inside strategy that decided many famous contests. It's called

The Break of the Game

By

Walter Eckersall

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Most Men Shave *the Wrong Way*

They use a blade a few times, throw it away and use a new one. That's wrong! They don't get nearly as good a shave with the new blade as they would if they stropped it before the first shave. Then they put up with a second, third and fourth rate shave on the second, third and fourth days. And finally they throw away a perfectly good blade with a lot of good shaves in it.

A Twinplex Stropper would completely change the shaving ideas of these men. (Maybe you are one of them.) A few turns and Twinplex puts an edge on a new blade that is a dream for smooth shaving. And ten seconds stropping each day before shaving will make that one new blade shave marvelously for weeks and weeks.

You'll find Twinplex will make shaving easier, quicker, cleaner and vastly more comfortable. You can now buy a Twinplex for as little as $2.50—less than a year's saving on blade purchases. Other Twinplex models $3.50 and $5.00.

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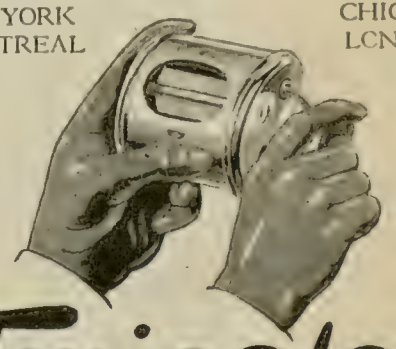

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If you cannot locate your nearest dealer, write Dept. 76 for his name and literature.

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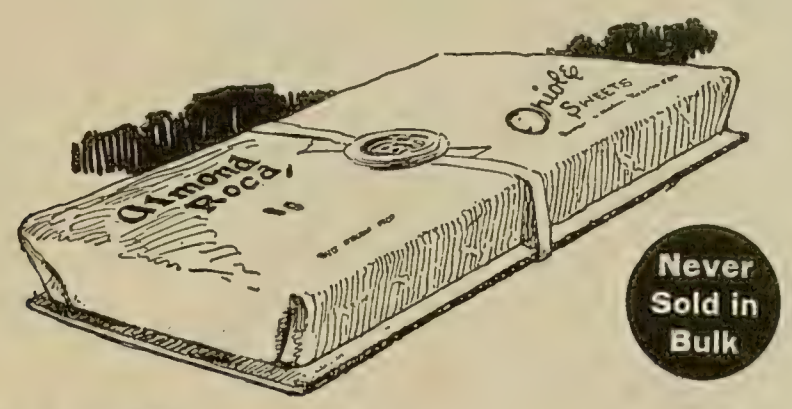

NOW!—*there are* *Almond Roca Fans!*

YOU'VE heard of Movie Fans—Baseball Fans—Radio Fans—this kind, that kind of Fan. Well, here is a new one—Almond Roca Fans! The letters flow in in flocks. We had no idea that folks could become so enthused over a mere box of candy—but they are doing it. A package, perhaps, will "let you in" on the secret. There is no risk—you get your money back if you are not satisfied. The purchase price is a dollar and a half.

*If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct—prepaid. * * * BROWN & HALEY, Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*
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Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

[ÆNEAS AMERICANUS Continued from Page Sixty-one]

the boat from the hospital. Three of us are going to forget to get off.

"It's an English boat and we can bribe a steward to get us a cabin somewhere. If they catch us, they can't do anything but kick us out of the army. And that wouldn't make me mad. We'll have a whole week to think up an alibi.

"Too bad you can't come along now, but try to make it on the next boat. I hate to leave you, but I'm in an awful hurry. Bring my trunk, will you, when you come? All we can take now is a musette bag. Cheerio!"

I heard later that they got away with it, and I was sort of sorry I hadn't tried to go back with them. But in less than a month they were all three back in camp. They got a cabin all right, and nobody asked for their tickets, and everything was very pleasant.

They had gained a few pounds and were feeling quite cheerful when they got to Hoboken. Then a kind-hearted quartermaster colonel nearly killed himself laughing when he found out they didn't have any orders.

He looked up the regulations and found that if an officer went A. W. O. L. he was supposed to be sent back to the last place he left. So he sent them back on the next boat, after keeping them in jail in Hoboken through the week.

WE gave them a great welcome and called them the international commuters.

Every Monday they'd get court-martialed. And each time for a different crime. The only thing that saved them from having to make little rocks out of big ones was that the judges couldn't agree on just what Article of War it was they had violated, and why.

The court compromised finally by finding them guilty of being absent without leave, and fined them their pay for thirty days and confined them to the camp for three months and put their names at the foot of the list for passage home.

Sam didn't mind anything but that last part. That made him desperate. That concentration camp certainly was one bed of roses. When the mud would thaw out we'd need a set of pontoons and an air-jacket. A lot of men who were reported missing and unaccounted for, lost their lives trying to cross the camp street.

One boy got so disheartened waiting around in the mud that he contracted melancholia from the French and had to be taken to hospital. The next week all the hospital patients were sent home. That gave Sam a brilliant idea.

He told the camp doctor confidentially that he was Leonardo da Vinci and began playing an idiotic solitaire with his monthly report blanks, which he said were Pullman tickets to Berlin.

He'd been behaving so nutty all the time that it didn't take much acting on his part to convince the doc that he was mentally underpowered and full of bubbles in his think-tank. So the doc sent him over to hospital for observation and care.

I went over to see him later, and he was so pleased with himself that I thought he really was crazy.

"I'll tell your folks you're aging gracefully," he informs me. "We're going home next week. All I've got to do is to stay nutty until we get on board, and then what-ho for the old hog and hominy!"

"It won't be any trouble for you to stay nutty until you get on board," I told him.

BUT he didn't sail the next week. Two nervous patients jumped overboard from a ship at sea and were drowned. Then the Surgeon-General issued orders that no more neurasthenics were to be sent home until they were cured.

Just how they were to be cured, he didn't say; but at any rate they weren't to be drowned. I've seen a lot of them around lately and I can't see that they are cured.

Sam heard this cheering bit of news and went right down to see the doc about it. The doc confirmed the rumor, and then Sam tried to laugh it off. The doc couldn't see the joke. Sam told him that it was all a mistake and that he really wasn't crazy at all. He offered to recite the dates of all the Presidents to prove it.

The doc laughed with him and told him that was the way all the brain-stormers felt about the matter when approached confidentially. He said it was all right by him—he could claim he was Napoleon if he wanted to, but he'd better go right back to bed again or he'd become the Man in the Iron Mask.

HE nearly went crazy thinking of his girl driving officers around.

Sam tried to prove his point and insisted on his sanity so violently that they had to put him in a strait-jacket for a few days.

They let up on him a little, and one day he sneaked out and came over to the camp and begged us to help him to get out. We decided to take him over to see the doc who

had put him in, to see if we couldn't explain the thing to him.

He was a good sort, and we felt sure he would appreciate a joke on himself as well as one on Sam. But that doc had gone home a week before, and Sam's last hope was likewise missing.

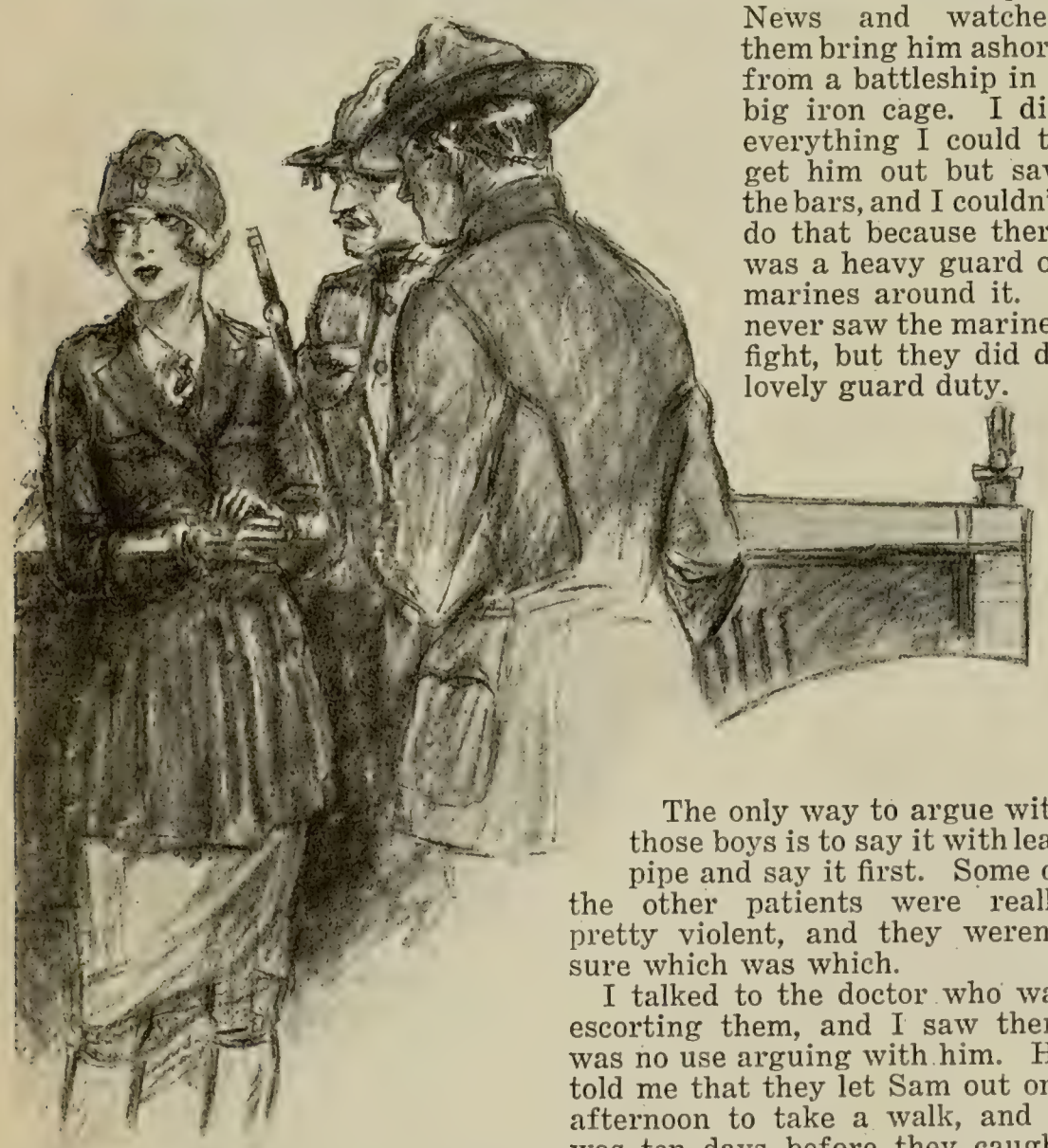
We stopped in at an *estaminet* to discuss the matter over a little cognac and rum. Naturally, Sam got himself plastered to the third vertebra, and a good time was had by all. Sam got it into his head that the barmaid was his long-lost blonde, and we had a time getting him out of the place. But not until after he had cut off all his buttons and given them to her.

WHEN we got back to camp, there was an ambulance and three husky guards waiting for him. We gave 'em a good battle, but Sam had to go back with 'em just the same.

A medical board examined him and declared that he was suffering from a disease with a long Greek name, but which meant "nutty" in plain English. They made him a trusty and gave him the job of amusing the real simple-minded.

He had to go through the baggage of those that had gone West and take out anything that he could give his squad to play with to keep them out of trouble.

He ran across Mac's kit, which we had packed up when he was killed, and that started him off on a real attack that there wasn't any fake about. He went before another board just after that, and they diagnosed him all over again.



They said he had another disease with a Greek name, but it still meant "cuckoo" in English.

Sam asked if he might speak to the board after he heard their verdict. He was granted that boon.

"Are you all sure that I am crazy?" he asked them.

They told him they were.

"Are you all sure that I am unfit to be sent home and am not responsible for any of my acts?" he asked them again.

"We are," they told him.

"Then you can't court-martial me for this!" he shouted. And with that he soaked the head doc a terrific crack on the nose and blacked both the adjutant's eyes before they could fit him into another strait-jacket.

I saw him just before I sailed, and he begged me not to tell anybody about him, as he was afraid that he was really crazy now. I got home all right and kept quiet about him. There was nothing anybody could do for him, anyway, then. I ran into a fellow from Sam's home town and inquired quite casually about his girl.

This bird expressed surprise that Sam considered her his girl. He said there were several hundred others suffering under the same delusion. He said she'd been mascot to six divisions and two battleships.

I was sort of sorry to hear that, because it looked to me like Sam was going to get something that was pretty shopworn. And he was too good a fellow to have to take what everybody else had passed up. But I knew he'd do it, because she'd put the curse on him once. But it made me mad to think how good he'd been on account of her.

I GOT a cable from him in June, asking me please to be sure to meet the boat he was sailing on. I went down to Newport News and watched them bring him ashore from a battleship in a big iron cage. I did everything I could to get him out but saw the bars, and I couldn't do that because there was a heavy guard of marines around it. I never saw the marines fight, but they did do lovely guard duty.

The only way to argue with those boys is to say it with lead pipe and say it first. Some of the other patients were really pretty violent, and they weren't sure which was which.

I talked to the doctor who was escorting them, and I saw there was no use arguing with him. He told me that they let Sam out one afternoon to take a walk, and it was ten days before they caught him down in Marseilles, trying to get passage to Spain. On the way back he poured a plate of hot soup on his guard, and they had to tie him up to make him quit pulling the emergency cord and stopping the train.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CANDY

Take Home Candy for Sunday

Sunday gives you leisure to enjoy glad hours at home, surrounded by family and friends.

Enjoy the Sunday candy custom. Take candy to your family. They all like it—young and old. Make them happy by your thoughtfulness.

Eating candy is a wholesome family pleasure. Candy is food in its finest form—nuts, milk, sugar, butter, molasses, eggs, gelatine, honey, corn syrup, malted milk, fruits, chocolate and other health-building foods eaten every day under different names, are used to make candy.

Eat candy for energy and to relieve your fatigue. Candy nourishes and you know how good it tastes.

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[ÆNEAS AMERICANUS
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

In spite of all my pleas, they shipped him on up to Plattsburg, to the government nut farm, and said he couldn't be examined by another board for three months. I went down to Washington and started a battle with the red-tape kings.

It didn't take me long to find out that it would take longer than three months to get him before a board in Washington. I tried a habeas corpus, but since the government had taken over the railroads and telegraph lines and cables, they had taken over the habeas corpus too. You can't play tag around Washington unless you belong to the union.

I finally got the right idea. All the army was worried about was whether or not he was going to claim anything from them. They didn't want him, but they wanted to make sure he wasn't going to be on the pay-roll forever. So I went to work to get that part waived.

It took two Senators, four Representatives, two cases of Scotch, and a Cabinet officer's niece to get the Surgeon-General to turn Sam loose in my care.

I took the papers myself and went up to Plattsburg to make sure about the thing. When I got there, I found that he was threatened with diphtheria and was quarantined for three weeks. It seems that you can have the germs in your throat without having diphtheria, but they isolate you for three weeks just the same, to make sure.

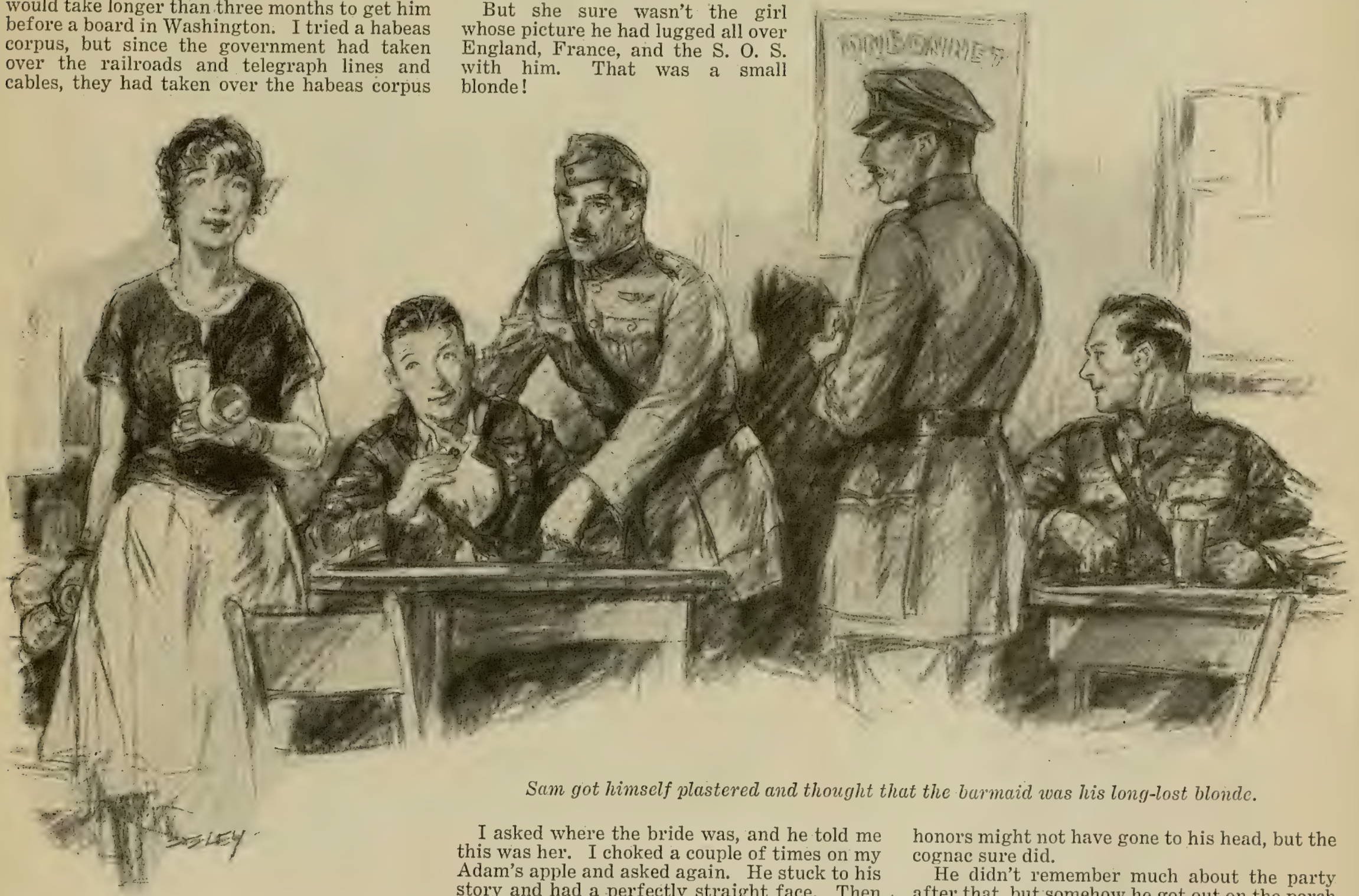
I talked to him from a respectful distance, and it's a good thing I wasn't on a medical board examining him.

I gave it up and left the papers with a friendly doc and went on back home. I got a post-card from him, stating that he was out; and then, a little later, I got a wire in which he informed me that he was getting married in August and would I, please, act as best man.

I accepted and wired him how happy I was to know that everything had turned out so well. But I certainly didn't think so. With her proclivities for gathering all the loose men about her and his charming spirit of generosity about her society, I could foresee another world war coming.

I went out there for the festivities about three days before the wedding was to take place. He met me at the train, and with him was a snappy brunette that would knock your eye out. Boy, she was the original *vis medicatrix naturae!* One look from her and I felt better myself.

But she sure wasn't the girl whose picture he had lugged all over England, France, and the S. O. S. with him. That was a small blonde!



Sam got himself plastered and thought that the barmaid was his long-lost blonde.

I asked where the bride was, and he told me this was her. I choked a couple of times on my Adam's apple and asked again. He stuck to his story and had a perfectly straight face. Then I thought he was crazy, sure enough.

When I got him off to one side, I asked him pointblank if he was fully equipped mentally. He assured me that he was.

"Do you know what you're doing?" I asked him.

"Certainly," he told me.

"Then, where's your old girl, your *fides in mortuis?*"

"Oh, she's all right," he informs me sheepishly.

"Married?"

"Nope."

"Engaged?"

"Nope."

"Turn you down?"

"Nope."

"Then how come?" I insisted. I was real curious.

BUT it took me the next three days to get the story out of him. The home folks had been reading about his heroic deeds in the papers for so long that he was sort of a legend.

The last they had heard of him was when he joined the Peace Conference, and they naturally supposed that he'd been detained over there as a sort of threat to the unruly nations to be good, or as guardian of the Fourteen Points.

As soon as he got back, the Chamber of Commerce arranged a big banquet in his honor at the country club. Everybody turned out to do him honor and get a free meal.

It was a great day, and he was escorted through the city by the mayor and the board of aldermen, presented with a big gilded key, and had his picture taken placing a wreath on the Lewis and Clark monument.

When they finally got to the dinner, some admirer gave him a bottle of cognac to prove his appreciation and high esteem. So, just to show the home folks that he wasn't stuck-up over his honors, he drank the cognac. His honors might not have gone to his head, but the cognac sure did.

He didn't remember much about the party after that, but somehow he got out on the porch with a girl that he thought was his *Penelope.* He proposed and was accepted, and didn't know it was the wrong girl until he read the announcement in the papers the next day.

I asked him why he didn't straighten it out, and he told me he didn't want to. He said he found out he had more sense when he was drunk than when he was sober.

He wouldn't supply me with any footnotes or glossary, but I gathered from his conversation that it was something more than the cognac that gave him the big idea out there on the porch. These slow-thinking boys learn fast when they finally get started.

And I'm saying that the boy got over his aberration just in time, because me and his old girl went to the mat after the reception when the punch had given out and there was nothing else to do until traintime. Boy, he was lucky!

That girl got her technique from Anna Held and her line from Gene Stratton Porter. She certainly made my heart bleed for Paris and London. Folks out there say he married the girl for her money, but that's a lie. He didn't know she had any, until her old man gave him the street railway and an interurban line for a wedding present.

The Lord takes care of fools and drunks, you know, so he came in for a double dose of divine grace, that's all. And he'll still need it if that blonde complex ever comes back on him. He'll wish the marines had charge of him again.

Well, here we are. I go uptown. See you again some day.

THE END

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Such dealers can be distinguished by their showroom floors. When they display Balcranks, instead of ordinary bumpers, it is because they want you to have the best protection.

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Painted for The General Tire and Rubber Company by Paul Gerding after W. A. Byrnes' "The Flight of Lindbergh," which appeared in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

If the Business Man Only KEPT HOUSE!

A "Better Half" Claims She Gets the Worst of It

An Article by
HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

Pictures by
GARRETT PRICE

Just watch him for a week until I take him to the asylum.

(Reading time: 7 minutes.)

I'M sitting here all weak and wabbly because, when I came in from my last business trip, I found my husband walking about with a temperature of 101 and a nice case of grippe; and before he recovered, my twelve-year-old daughter came down with double mumps.

Net results for me, racing up and down stairs with meals, hot-water bottles, ice-packs, lemonade, milk, thumping up pillows, reading, and amusing the sick. Whew!

I feel as if I had written a dozen articles—but what price? Nothing; just part of housekeeping. If you ask me, this housekeeping is a tough job, tougher than any business.

I ought to know what I am talking about. My mother brought me up to keep house properly, and I was sent to modern schools of sewing, cooking, and housekeeping. I've run homes from New York City to the southern shore of Alabama and across to Los Angeles.

I've had one establishment that consisted of a two-room shack with a pitch-pine stove and a faucet; another of a farm of eighty acres, with a rambling homestead with six wood stoves, kerosene lamps, and no baths; and I've lived in modern suburban homes and in city apartments, with all conveniences except space to breathe and put away your clothes.

I've cared for a family that varied from two to six. I've run a business for many years. I've been an editor, the secretary of a company, a saleswoman, a farmer, and a writer.

I ought to be able to see both sides. And I affirm that housekeeping is the toughest and best-managed business I have ever known.

I can see some business man curl his lip. I ask him how he would like to start out on a job that demanded the entire physical care of two to five people on limited means, and a part of their intellectual and spiritual welfare as well, with no help, or with assistance on the level of day labor.

The average homekeeper is running a one-man business; she has to do everything. If the usual one-man business succeeds, it at once employs assistants whose mental caliber is somewhat akin to the job on hand. In a home (except for the few that can afford an intelligent housekeeper) the situation never changes.

The home may succeed; that is, it may be doing its best for its inmates—but there are no cash dividends. It is a business without money compensation and so can not alter its status on the basis of achievement.

Efficiency in a home can be measured in but one way. Are all the family in the path of progress, physically, mentally, morally, and are they reasonably harmonious?

Imagine this test applied to business! In this day the majority of employed men are parts of some big organization that sweeps the parts of it along with it like a mob. If a man gets to head a department, there is still a higher power to guide him, plus an established custom. He is carried on by a momentum not his own.

To help him there is a host of trained people. If he does his little part well, he gets on. He feels no acute responsibility for his associates. If they sicken, they sicken; if they fail and have to leave, it is too bad, but there are plenty more.

THE mechanics of his job are all ready for him. He finds his offices lighted, heated, dusted, and comfortable. When he comes home he expects to experience the same comfort with no worry upon his part. He can't understand why so much fuss is made over running a home. He provides the money; any one ought to be able to spend it.

Right here comes the first rub! Statisticians tell me that in working and middle-class families, from 75 to 85 per cent of all money is spent by the wives.

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]

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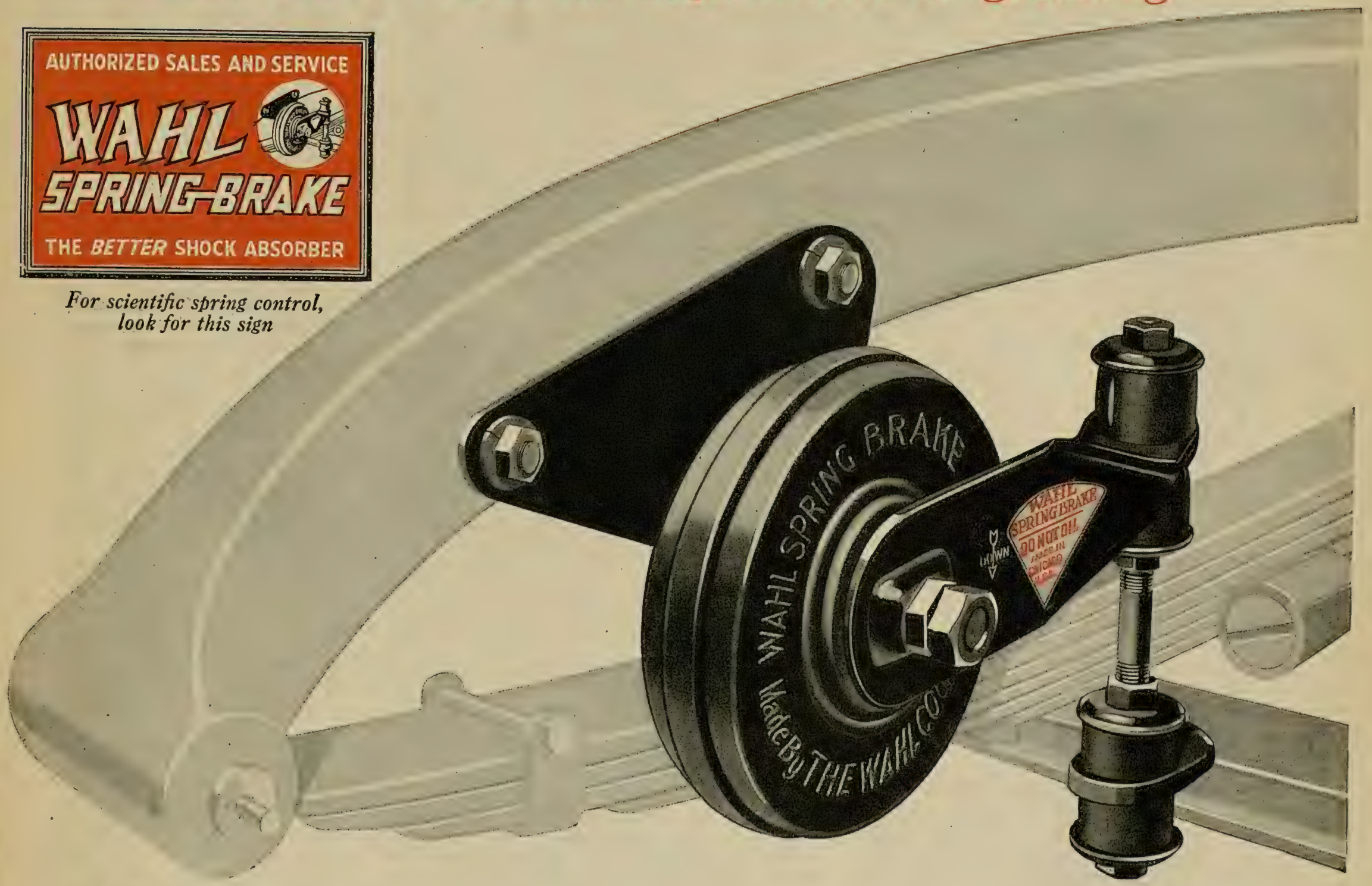

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No straps or cables to stretch or break. It is positively connected to the axle and therefore follows every movement of the car springs.

Its braking effect or resistance increases as needed; the bigger the bump the greater the resistance.

A perfect "free center" of live rubber cushions insures free spring action over small bumps.

It has no metal-to-metal bearing surface; therefore is silent and needs no lubrication.

It is dirt proof, water proof, trouble proof.

It is self adjusting and needs no servicing.

Put Wahl Spring Brakes on your car today. If your dealer is not yet supplied, write for full information.

Full set of four Wahl Spring Brakes, $34.00. Set of two for Ford cars, $17.00
Inter-Mountain and Pacific Coast prices, $36.00 and $18.00. In Canada, $39.00 and $19.50

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[Continued from Second Page Preceding]

Man *thinks* he supervises the buying because he makes out the checks for bills, but actually he knows little or nothing about those bills. He thinks his wife is no financier because she makes mistakes in adding a column of figures. He forgets that real financiers never trust themselves, but use adding machines. He forgets that the financiering comes in the planning of how the income is to be spent to achieve certain ends and avoid bankruptcy.

THAT the majority of homes are solvent redounds to the credit of the women within them. Without training in administration of affairs, they steadily resist the salesmen who call on them in ever increasing numbers, the seductions of advertisements designed especially to induce the coin from their purses, and the lure of shops that employ minds expert in enticements to coax them to buy and buy and buy.

Ask any ad man for whom he writes. Ask him why auto ads feature nickel trimmings and shiny paint and deep cushions with a little dash of speed thrown in. All of these selling forces are directed mainly to housewives.

And still the vast majority of our homes keep their heads above water, financially. It's a miracle.

Elijah W. Sells, one of the foremost accountants in this country, told me that 95 per cent of new businesses fail. The home, then, stands out in vivid contrast.

The yarn that all self-made men owe their success to their wives may have a sounder foundation than the cynics dream.

But the efficient housekeeper has to be more than a financier. She has to understand something of chemistry these days, or her family sickens for lack of vitamins. We used to hold God responsible for illness; now the homekeeper has to look out.

She must understand more of physics as she employs more and more complicated machinery, and she must also be a practical cook, a seamstress, know the value and wearing qualities of textiles, furniture, utensils, and floor-coverings. She must understand first aid and be a fair practical nurse. The school has taken her children, but she joins the Parent-Teachers Association and proceeds to keep watch over the school.

The highly specialized knowledge she needs for all these things is on tap. It comes in books, magazines, and lectures. It takes time, but she has more time than she used to have, thanks to labor-saving devices, prepared foods, and ready-made clothes. The only difficulty is that the knowledge of a few months ago is obsolete and she has forever to keep up with new codes.

However, she is helped. Never a day passes without some one telling her how to run her job. From pulpit and theater, and daily newspapers, come somewhat conflicting words of wisdom. Listening, she has decided upon one thing—she must have more time. So she has established some kind of order in her home.

Every day begins with mother on the job of waking the family. More women's hearts have ached over this beastly job than over all the unhappy love affairs. Nobody ever wants to get up. Mother, who gets herself up, has to turn into an alarm-clock, coaxing, warning, begging, until the lord of the manor and his progeny are up, fed, and off.

Do they respond with warm gratitude for her kind care? They do not. I can imagine no more thankless task than the rousing of a sleepy husband who acts as if *you* were responsible for its being 7 o'clock.

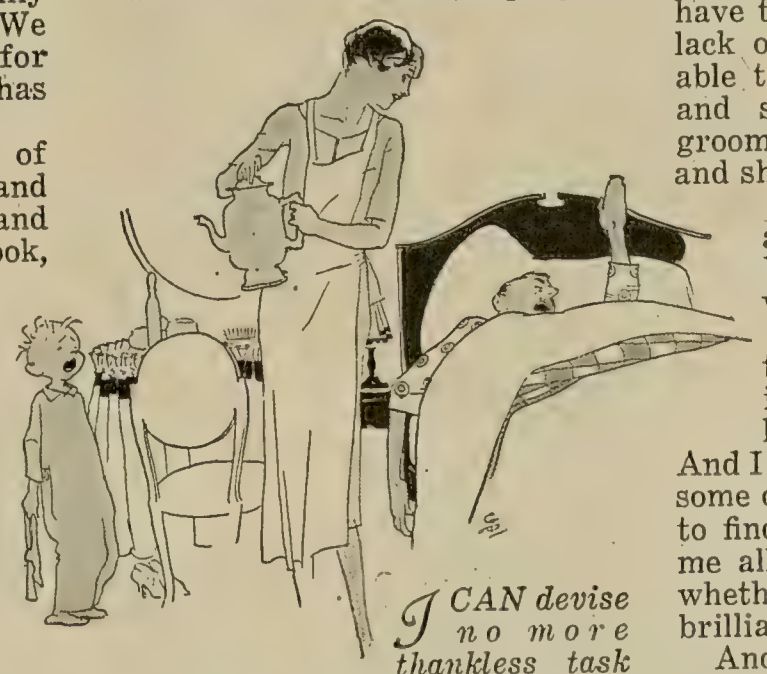
Nobody wants to eat on time. The dinner-bell rings and the family hears, and goes on with what it happens to be doing. After a time it condescends to go to the dining-room. Likewise nobody wants to go to bed.

Mother again makes herself unpopular by driving them to rest. As for herself, she needs no driving. She is quite ready.

Of course, if she happens not to be on time, that is quite another matter. An angry, excited family demands to know why it was not waked, why breakfast is not ready, why dinner should keep them waiting, and if anybody intends staying up all night and keeping other people awake. But usually she is on time.

She has to be. A lot of people have helped her there, too. Nobody helps a business man to keep on time. If he doesn't he loses his job. But a number of business efficiency men knew the housekeeper needed assistance. One of them put his wife to work under his direction and got her to write a book about it.

I hadn't been housekeeping so long when this book came out, and I took to it like an aviator to a New York-Paris hop. I determined to be efficient. I wanted to mix biscuits.



I CAN devise no more thankless task than the rousing of a sleepy husband.

Now, by the lady's book, mixing biscuits took exactly six minutes. O. K. I started in.

I got out the flour and baking-powder, and the phone rang—a neighbor wanted to know how to can beans. That took three minutes. I got my pan and shortening, when there came a wild cry from the front of the house. I ran out. The baby that walked had pushed the coach of the baby that slept down the slope of the lawn. A friendly bush averted catastrophe.

I rescued the wailing infant. The clock recorded a delay of ten minutes. Three minutes of furious work, and the phone rang again. I let it ring and patted out the dough. Then the bell rang, and through the window I saw the iceman coming up the porch.

I then and there stopped looking at the clock. When I make biscuits, I make them and let time take care of itself, and I wonder if that efficiency expert, male, ever did the things he planned for the females.

I THINK, however, that the greatest aggravation in homekeeping, when compared with business, is that the housekeeper is denied the wonderful privilege of passing the buck.

My neighbor, Mr. T., runs a mercantile business. When everything goes wrong and business is dull, he touches buttons and in come the buyer, the ad man, the sales heads. He blows them up individually, and then has the whole sales force meet and blows them up collectively.

He then feels much better. He knows every one is going to put on more steam, and he relaxes and smokes a cigar. But the housekeeper whose steak is tough and whose pastry is heavy, has no one to blow up. The steak may be from an antique steer, but she can't prove it; the pastry flour may have been on the store shelf a year, and be musty, but she can't know for sure.

If she has a maid of all work, she is equally defenseless; if she lights on the maid, the maid will walk out.

I think that without exception every single captain of industry I have talked with has bewailed the lack of able workers. But he is able to lean back, push a button, and summon a tall, slim, well groomed young thing of either sex, and shoot at it:

"Where is that letter from a man named, maybe it was Wellington? I don't know when it came."

And the tall, slim young thing invariably exits smiling and comes back a little later with all the information. And I sit there and wonder if I had some one to remember for me, and to find things for me, and to get me all the information I wanted, whether I wouldn't be much more brilliant than I've ever seemed.

And I want to take that captain of industry and put him in my home on my income, with no buttons to push and no slim young things to come in. And then just watch him for a week before I take him to the asylum. But this joy has been denied me.

Instead, I listen to the men's indulgent strictures on my homemaking; but I listen with my tongue in my cheek—for I remember the buttons. All I have to look forward to—forever and ever is—

"No'm, no'm, I never seen it! No'm, I don' know a thing about it. No'm, you never tole me to do that. No'm!"

THE END

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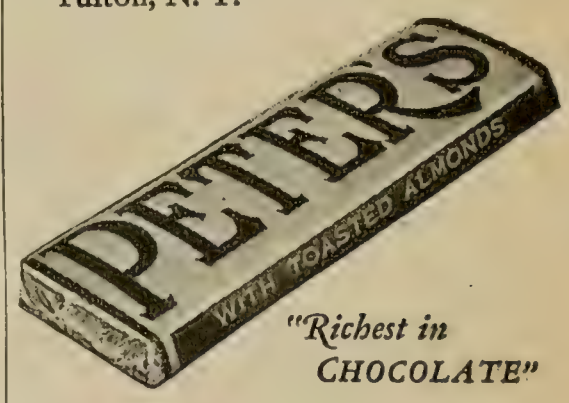
DANIEL PETER invented the first milk chocolate in Switzerland over fifty years ago.

Of all the varieties of cocoa beans only six of the choicest go into Peter's. These are blended and mixed by secret processes developed by the Swiss. Today in America Peter's is made just as Peter himself used to make it.

And then these expert chocolate craftsmen perfected a second blend — Nestlé's — with a wonderful velvety creaminess never before achieved.

Gallons of fresh milk with all its cream give Nestlé's its mild mellow taste. It's the choice of those who prefer a smooth creamy flavor in milk chocolate.

You can get Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars—plain and almond — or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y.



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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What two seas in Asia have no outlets?

2—What is absolute zero in science?

3—Why is a silver spoon tarnished by egg?

4—What three countries, in South America, does the equator cross?

5—Name the five oceans of the earth.

6—In how many States is the Negro population greater than the white?

7—In what lake is it almost impossible to drown?

8—When was Thanksgiving first celebrated in America?

9—What is the harvest moon?

10—Where was "Mrs. Grundy" first heard of?

11—What is meant by "gage" in a shotgun?

12—How many Presidents have been elected to Congress after completing their terms?

13—Where did the expression "red tape" originate?

14—What is the deepest oil-well?

15—What is brown sugar?

16—How was American football developed?

17—What is the largest tree in the United States?

18—Where did the term "pasteurized milk" originate?

19—How much does the pulse rate of a new-born infant differ from that of an old person?

20—What reptile can stick out its tongue the length of its body?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What was the fate of the assassin who is credited with starting the World War?
A.—Gavrilo Princep, who shot and killed Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo, Serbia, July 28, 1914, was tried with twenty-four others implicated in the plot. Three were executed, but Princep, being under twenty, was sent to prison. He died of consumption before the end of the war.

2—What South American countries are bounded by both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans?
A.—Colombia and Chile. The former lies on both sides of the narrow Isthmus of Panama, and has a considerable frontage on both oceans. Chile touches the Atlantic on the extreme southern tip of the continent.

3—What is concrete?
A.—It is a mixture of cement, sand, gravel, and water. It is harder and more durable than most native stone, is easily worked, and comparatively inexpensive.

4—Who coined the term "highbrow"?
A.—Will Irwin, newspaper man and writer.

5—What two Presidents of the United States were tailors by profession?
A.—Presidents Millard Fillmore and Andrew Johnson.

6—Why can a bird stand on a charged trolley wire without getting a shock?
A.—Because the bird is touching only one wire. No electric circuit is made.

7—Which travels faster, light or electricity?
A.—Light. Electricity never reaches the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles a second.

8—What world capital was built on a swamp?
A.—Leningrad, Russia. Peter the Great caused an army of serfs to drive great logs into a swamp for the foundation of the city, which was formerly known as St. Petersburg.

9—What is the origin of the term Fourth Estate?
A.—Edmund Burke, in alluding to the three estates of Great Britain—lords, clergy, and commons—termed the public press the Fourth Estate because journalism exerts so enormous an influence on public opinion.

10—How did foolscap paper get its name?
A.—A device of a fool's cap and bells was originally used as a water-mark for paper of that size.

11—Which was the first American city to use gas for illuminating purposes?
A.—Baltimore. It installed the new system in 1821.

12—What makes a bee buzz?
A.—The sound is due to the rapid vibration of the bee's wings.

13—Which State has the lowest average elevation?
A.—Delaware. Its surface if leveled would be only sixty feet above the sea.

14—What three American statesmen have won the Nobel Peace Prize?
A.—Theodore Roosevelt in 1906; Elihu Root, 1912; and Woodrow Wilson, 1918.

15—What horse holds the record for the fastest time over the present distance of the Kentucky Derby?
A.—Old Rosebud, in 1914; time: 2:03 2/5.

16—What is the approximate number of automobiles now in use throughout the world?
A.—About 27,000,000.

17—Who was the first woman Governor in the United States?
A.—Mrs. N. T. Ross, who was sworn in at Cheyenne, Wyoming, January 5, 1925.

18—Up to what age does a human's skull continue to grow?
A.—It ceases to grow when the person is about twenty years old.

19—Which is wider and deeper, the Suez or the Panama Canal?
A.—The Panama Canal is 300 feet wide and 45 feet deep. The Suez Canal is 108 feet wide and 31 feet deep.

20—Which is the largest women's college in the United States?
A.—Hunter College, of the City of New York. Its 1927 enrolment was 3,500. Smith College is second with 2,158.

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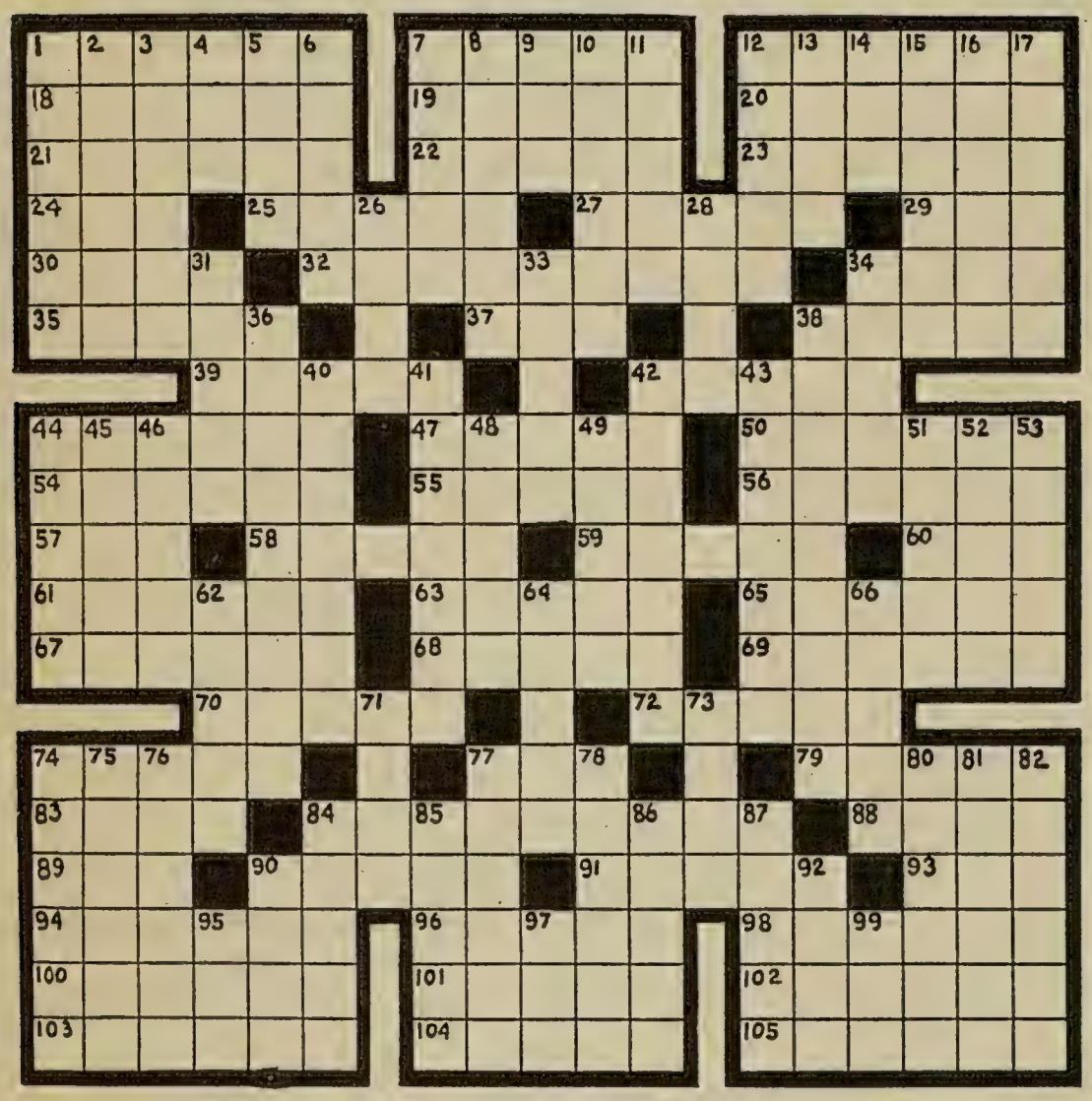


Prize Puzzle No. 55

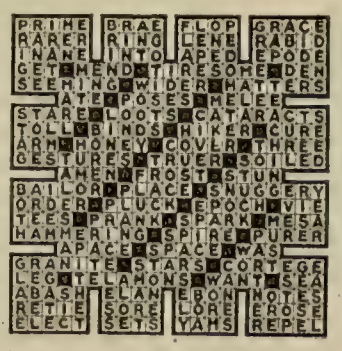
By CAPTAIN F. F. STEWART, Cristobal, Canal Zone

HORIZONTAL

1 A vial or cruet
7 Employers
12 Prances
18 Sloping
19 Having a fresh taste
20 An imitation pearl
21 Forms
22 An ax handle
23 City in Saskatchewan, Canada
24 Unit of weight
25 River in Africa
27 A decree of a sultan
29 A small horse
30 Latin word for therefore
32 Devoid of courage
34 The culmination
35 Ceases from motion
37 Sooner than
38 Liberated
39 Old yarn measure (plural)
42 Beasts of burden
44 To the rear
47 Game played on a checkered board
50 Takes as one's own
54 Performed odd jobs
55 Hell
56 Fame
57 An electrified particle
58 Edible seaweed of Japan (plural)
59 Pertaining to the soft palate
60 A Portuguese coin
61 An early Scottish poet
63 Young animal of the ox kind
65 Spent without valuable result
67 Horses
68 Intended
69 One of the greater Olympian deities
70 Tall grasses
72 A falcon
74 Masts or booms
77 Furthermore
79 Fops
83 Small
84 Restored confidence to
88 Diminutive of a man's name
89 A malt liquor
90 Preserves with salt
91 Fruit beverage
93 Because that
94 Fish of the cod family
96 Jewish priestly blessing
98 Compound of boron
100 A bird
101 Gives forth
102 Makes reparation
103 A famous bridge of Venice
104 Import
105 An intermission

VERTICAL

1 Small wheel on furniture
2 On land
3 Language corruption (plural)
4 Pinnacle
5 Disclose to view
6 A gum
7 To escort
8 To turn aside
9 A fish
10 Reproach abusively
11 Cubic meter
12 Ropes
13 Opposed to aweather
14 Swine
15 To make evident
16 Redesignate
17 Displayed publicly
26 Implements
28 Vipers
31 One or ones remaining
33 Mistook
34 Malicious burning
36 Serenatas
38 United in a league
40 To sanction
41 Dissensions
42 States positively
43 A part of Borneo
44 Salts of hydrogen
45 Yell
46 A metric ton
48 Hurry
49 A cardinal number
51 Former government of Turkey
52 Betwixt (contraction)
53 Spurious
62 Any small pulpy fruit
64 Merits
66 Woody-stemmed perennial plant
71 A ruminant
73 Old
74 Case enclosing a turbine wheel
75 A Cuban rodent
76 A deficiency of blood
77 To take for granted
78 Ancient Venetian coins
80 Fix the meaning of
81 Eats away
82 Strain
84 A round-up
85 South American mountain range
86 To wash
87 To preclude
90 Young horse
92 Mechanical repetition
95 The Centennial State (abbreviation)
97 Kinsfolk
99 Fabulous bird



Answer to Puzzle No. 54

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NOW everyone can enjoy delicious, creamy waffles, cooked to a golden-brown without grease or smoke, and served piping hot from the griddle right on the breakfast table! The latest triumph of WHITE-CROSS—a full-size, pure aluminum Waffle Iron that cooks both sides without turning, and costs only $9.00! The WHITE-CROSS Waffle Iron heats clear through in a jiffy—waffles are ready for butter and syrup in no time. A meal for the whole family costs only a fraction of a cent to cook, for current consumption is extremely low. More than 20,000 of the country's most progressive and substantial dealers are displaying WHITE-CROSS products. WHITE-CROSS prices are always lowest—WHITE-CROSS quality never disappoints. See your favorite department store, hardware or electrical dealer today.

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Entirely new in beauty and design. WHITE-CROSS special genuine Nichrome heating elements, guaranteed for a year. Separate Three-stage switches on each burner. High or low heat. Sturdiest construction throughout. Twenty inches long, finished all over in highly polished, mirror-like nickel. So clean and comfortable to use! So convenient for all kinds of cooking. A real bargain at only $9.00.

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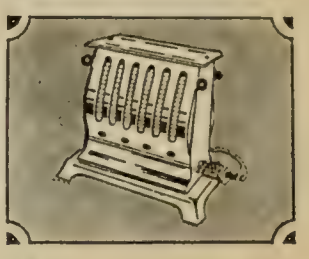
No. 230 TOASTER
Economical, thoroughly dependable. Toasts two full slices at once, evenly and quickly. Price $4.00



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Four-cup size, made of heavy, pure aluminum. Ideal for the small family, and an astonishing value at..... $4.40

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Write today for FREE Rotogravure Booklet "A," showing complete WHITE-CROSS line of electrical appliances.

Always look for this Blue and Yellow Tag—it is on every genuine WHITE-CROSS Product. Prices slightly higher in the Far West.

VOX POP

Some Dangerous Conclusions

NEW YORK, N. Y.—This pill J. S. Collins, who says in your Vox Pop that Southern ladies do not swear or smoke, gives me a pain in the neck.

I am a woman—born, raised, and lived in the South up to ten years ago. I know Southern girls well, they having been my intimates, and I'll say they are sneaks. They smoke (in wash-rooms), drink (then chew gum), and neck (in dark places).

The Northern girls do these things openly and aboveboard. They are frank and wholesome, and I like and admire them.—*Sue Dana.*

Saw 'Em Smoke; Heard 'Em Cuss

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In reply to the J. S. Collins letter in your Vox Pop I would like to say that some people

in the South do not seem to know that the Civil War is over.

I, too, have traveled below the Mason-Dixon line, and am convinced that the writer, when he toured Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee without seeing women smoking and hearing them cuss, must surely have had cotton in his ears and been in a covered wagon.—*P. B. B.*

Mr. Shaw's Ego

BOONTON, N. J.—Your George Bernard Shaw article was the greatest case of exaggerated ego on record, as far as I know.

If it were possible to concentrate all human knowledge in the mind of one man and that man were asked what he knew, he would say that, compared with the unknown, very little. Yet George Bernard Shaw, with his limited and lopsided knowledge, professes to know about all that is worth knowing.—*Edward J. Cobill.*

You Should Worry

LAKEWOOD, OHIO—I notice in your Vox Pop page that a twelve-year-old says LIBERTY suits him. Your silly magazine can not possibly appeal to any one who is older than that mentally—that's why I've been worried about myself.—*K. K.*

What Does He Mean?

HOUSTON, TEX.—Would suggest you drop the first "h" out of Leslie Thrasher's last name.—*C. M. R.*

Likes LIBERTY Cooking

CHICAGO, ILL.—Allow me to commend your splendid, practical articles on food. I consider my LIBERTY cookbooks and special articles by Ethel Somers, that appear from week to week, most valuable.

Your fashion pages are also good, but not nearly as practical as they were before your excellent pattern service was discontinued.

Long life to LIBERTY. It is certainly a magazine for the entire family.—*Lucy E. Long.*

The Man of Mystery

LANSING, MICH.—Just a few words to tell you that I love your covers and wish to say that if I had not noticed them, I would never have discovered your magazine.

Leslie Thrasher certainly understands action and light and shadow. My greatest wish is to see you publish a picture of him some day so his followers can see the man who makes LIBERTY popular.—*I. L.*

Ladies Prefer Love

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Some weeks I enjoy your book immensely, but other weeks I just hate it. Why don't you put some good love-stories in it, instead of Sane Hands, for instance, which was in a recent issue?

I don't think there are many girls who enjoy The Red Knight of Germany. This is more of a boy's story. Give us the love-stories.—*M. F.*

Speed!

HOPKINTON, IA.—George Kibbe Turner's serial, A Ride in the Country, is by far the most entertaining thing you're running. Hope he keeps up the same thrilling speed throughout, for that is what we crave. Speed.—*D. B. Smith.*

A Lure or a Warning?

HARTFORD, CONN.—That new serial, A Ride in the Country, is terrible. Kids reading it will be influenced to try the same stunt.—*H. C. Hartwell.*

Those Monday Riots

BROOKVILLE, IND.—I am fifteen years old, but I read LIBERTY every week. There are seven (Mother, Daddy, and five children) in our fam-

ily, and when LIBERTY arrives, there is a rush and bumped heads, to see who gets it. This morning *I* was the lucky one. Then one will say, "Me after you, Margaret"—and so on down the line. If LIBERTY hurts us, which it *doesn't*, I know that Mother and Daddy wouldn't get it and then allow us to read it.

Tell those knockers to keep their hats on, for woodpeckers are flying around.—*M. M. C.*

First with the Latest

CHICAGO, ILL.—Leave it to little old LIBERTY to be first with new ideas. That time rate at the head of each article and story is a clever idea. If one's time for reading the magazine is limited, he can judge easily what he has time to read.—*Elsa Lichtenstein.*

We're Sending Him a Bill

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your innovation of printing the "reading time" of a story directly over the first line of that story is very thoughtful. Over your story, The Eye of God, you printed: *(Reading time: 19 minutes.)*

I looked at my watch before commencing to read, and when I finished the tale my watch showed 18 minutes had sped.

Hence, Meigs O. Frost, the author, owes me one more minute of pleasure, and you can tell him to stick another minute's worth of words on his next tale, which I pray will be soon.—*Edgar O. Nelson.*

Bloodthirsty!

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—Please kill the Hun, Richthofen, as quickly as possible; and don't spare your pen. Make it bloody and long-drawn-out. —*A. L. Giddings.*

It Must Be Right If—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Red Knight of Germany! It smacks of German propaganda and love of *der Vaterland.*—*Jane Teazel.*

—Both Sides Say It's Wrong

BALTIMORE, MD.—I know very well that Richthofen is being misrepresented by Mr. Gibbons. This opinion is founded on quite a few sections of his story. The frequent use of the word "Hun," which was born by war hate, seems typical enough.

Richthofen fought for his country, not for the love of killing. Though I have been at the front line for two and a half years during the war, I still have to find a man who loves to kill. There may be some criminals who do. But one thing is sure, and that is the fact that Richthofen was none of these. There are numerous people liking hunting. But so far Richthofen is the first man I know of who has been decried a "killer" for this reason.—*A "Hun."*

The Business of Killing

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations on the Richthofen articles! Why shouldn't we know something of Germany's greatest pilot?

It seems that some of your dear (?) readers would prefer to have him called the "Red Killer," and characterize the story as "ghastly." How about Guynemer, Fonck, Rickenbacker, Bishop, and others? Were they "Red Killers"? Oh, no! That's different! What would these readers have had Richthofen do? Dash by the enemy plane and shower him with scented wreaths and honeyed words?

I was a pilot in the American Air Service. We were taught to kill. Was there a pilot in the Allied Air Service who would not have cheerfully sprayed the Baron with lead?

I could never speak ill of a man who has made the supreme sacrifice for his country—be that country right or wrong.—*S. D. T.*

Those Uncertain "Sure Things"

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.—It would be well worth while for every lover of the turf to read the article, How "Sure Things" Go Wrong, by W. O. McGeehan. I have witnessed racing at many tracks in over a half-dozen States, and I have seen that the 150 legitimate excuses listed, besides many others, can cause the defeat of a "sure thing." If more of the racing public would realize this, then there would be less squawking about "fixed" races, and crooked owners, trainers, and jockeys.—*Thomas S. Bohne.*

Pessimism Costs Less

DORCHESTER, MASS.—I have just read your article entitled How "Sure Things" Go Wrong, and although Mr. McGeehan has penned in it some very interesting reading matter about race-horses, it seems to me that he either is averse to favorites, or is quite pessimistic.

Why not have something optimistic when speaking of God's most intelligent creatures?—*H. D. Gallagher.*

And What a Kick!

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I have invented a new drink and I have named it Vox Pop. It sure vox-pops, too.—*P. Sadler.*

Sign Here, Bert!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I hope you have Bert Green signed up for ten years, because, if you have, you can be assured of my taking LIBERTY for that length of time.—*Thos. A. Palmer.*

Challenging That "Longest Term"

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Here's one you don't know: Your Twenty Questions —How Much Do You Know? for August 6, had, as question No. 1: "What national President has the longest term of office?" Your answer, in the issue of August 13, was: "The President of Czechoslovakia, whose term is for life."

I happened to be in Czechoslovakia last May, and they had a general election. President Masaryk was re-elected for a term of *seven* years.—*E. A. Nebel.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Our reader, E. A. Nebel, is right. The confusion arose from the fact that, in 1918, the Czechoslovakian Revolutionary National Assembly offered President Masaryk a life term. But he refused, and in 1920 it was written into the new Constitution that the Presidential term should be seven years. The President, however, may be re-elected any number of times.]

TO *Spenders of* HEALTH

Pyorrhea grips 4 out of 5

You may know him. One by one, his contemporaries have sacrificed health, happiness and success at the altar of neglect while he is endowed with driving force and tireless energy that have never diminished. Of his treasures the most priceless is health. And he protects it from foes that seek its destruction.

* * * *

A ruthless enemy, that strikes unwary victims with sinister force, is Pyorrhea. If let alone, its poison spreads through the system, ravaging health and energy, often causing rheumatism, stomach trouble, anemia and facial disfigurement.

It takes heavy toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

These Odds Can Be Bettered

A little care and you safeguard health against this grim foe. Just have your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice annually. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly. It is protection.

Prepared from the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, and containing Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere, this dentifrice is made to thwart Pyorrhea or to check its vicious course.

It keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay. It firms gums and keeps them healthy.

Provide Safeguards—Now

Don't wait for warning signs, for gums to bleed, for teeth to loosen in their sockets, perhaps fall out. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, today. Teach your children this good habit. They'll like the taste of Forhan's.

Different from ordinary tooth pastes, Forhan's for the Gums is protection against Pyorrhea. It is health insurance. At all druggists'—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

You can be sure of this

Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a telltale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

"Coffee affords a good restoring draught;
By her you gain, when you the table quit,
A calm more courteous and a brighter wit."

—DELILLE

THOUGH our elders may look back wistfully to times a little more mellow, perhaps,—to manners a little more courtly—they still can enjoy the same good White House Coffee of 40 years ago. Its fragrant aroma, its *roasted-in flavor,* its rich, real-coffee taste—these still are the soul of a satisfying dinner. Mother's doubts of her coffee end when she pours this delicious drink, for the old and new generations agree on every steaming, heart-warming cup.

The Flavor is Roasted In!

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WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY BOSTON, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL. PORTSMOUTH, VA.

LETTUCE
15 Cal.

Weight-Reducing MENUS

TOMATO 25 Cal.
LETTUCE 5 Cal.

By
ETHEL SOMERS

NOT all who think they are fat really need to lose weight. Authorities on dietetics agree with insurance statisticians that up to the age of thirty it is better to be over, rather than under, weight. More than 10 per cent over normal weight is unhealthful at any time, and so it is always important to heed those extra pounds.

It is much easier, furthermore, to keep from excessive pounds than to reduce once they are acquired. The ideal time to adjust the diet is when the fat begins to appear.

Keeping up the old eating habits and letting down on one's activities are sure to make one fatter and fatter. With many the tendency to take on extra flesh is natural and for these especial care is needed.

Losing the extra pounds of body weight calls for a rigid and persevering program. It takes considerable self-denial to win. Remember that a fat person needs less fuel in proportion to body weight than thinner people, and, therefore, he must be even more abstemious in his eating than they.

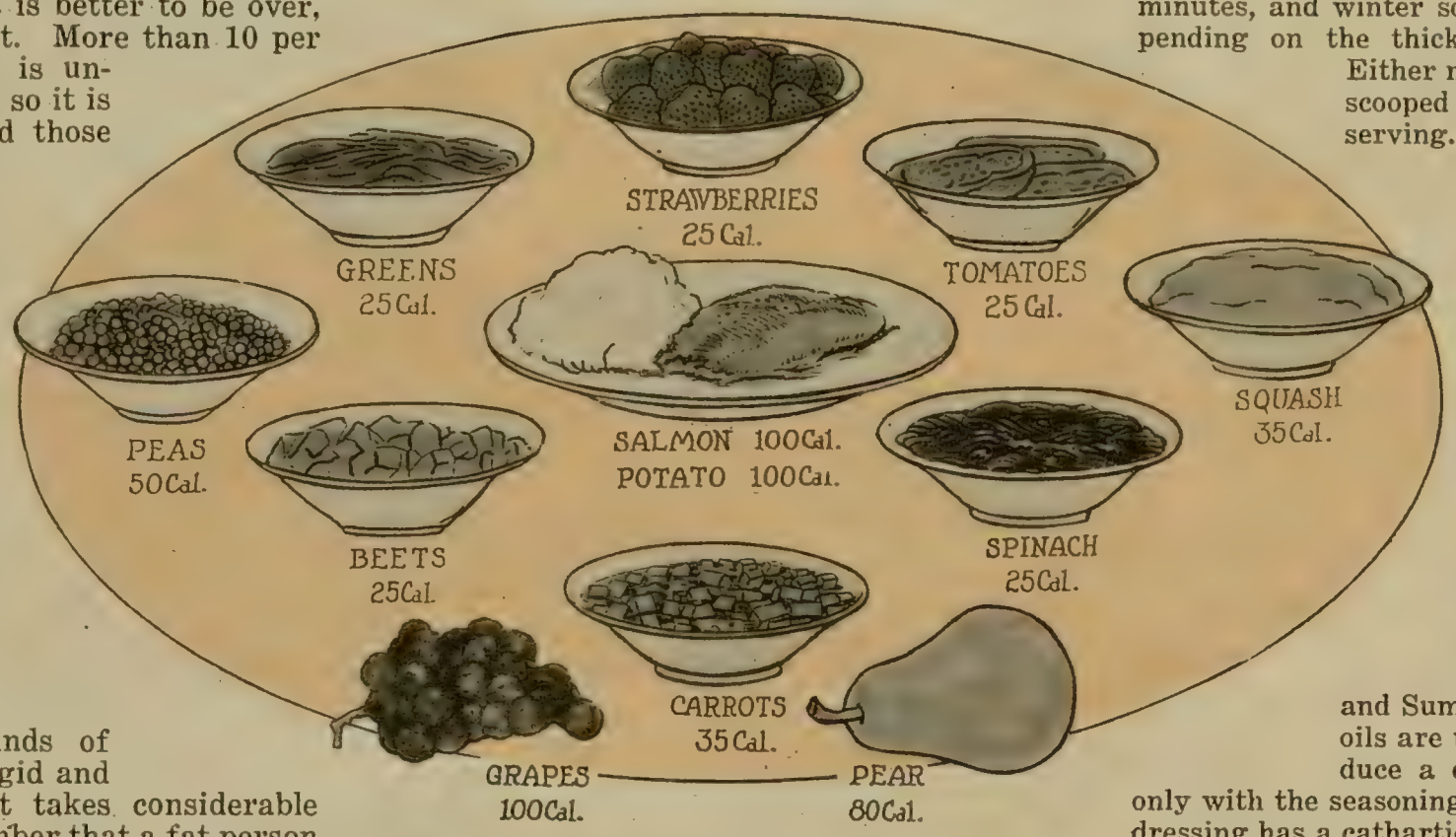
Eating less of the concentrated foods than is needed to carry on each day's activities will result in a gradual, healthful loss of weight. This need not involve counting calories if one is careful to eat predominantly from the low-caloried food group (see picture for example). *Extensive* reducing should be carried on only under competent medical supervision.

Healthful methods of reducing lower the food intake gradually but constantly. At the start, one should avoid rich foods and fats by eating fresh fruit for dessert instead of cake, pudding, or pie. Eat all you may desire of the fruits, non-starchy vegetables, and especially green vegetables. Cabbage, for example, is a filling, mineral-rich reducer. Lightly dressed salads will be both gratifying and satisfying.

Fill up with clear soup well freed of fat and enlivened with colorful, flavorful vegetables. Eat fish and the leaner cuts of meat simply cooked. Pork, choice fatty beef, lamb chops, goose, and duck should be avoided. Broiled meats are less fatty than when sautéd, fried, or roasted. Eat sparingly of the starchy foods, omitting bread before omitting potatoes. Give preference to the whole-grain cereals, as less concentrated units of fuel than cereals made from the heart of the grain.

Exercise more and eat less of the concentrated foods, satisfying the appetite with the low-caloried variety of foods. A good reducing diet, though filling at the time of eating, may provoke early hunger for the next meal. A mid-morning and midafternoon refreshment, consisting of unsweetened fruit juice, broth, or raw fruit in any quantity desired, will serve healthfully to allay immediate hunger without resulting in damaging additions in weight.

However drastic is the need for reducing, one should proceed slowly, but with unflagging vigilance. Reducing by skipping meals or other starvation methods is neither healthful nor is it lasting. A scientific, scheduled reduction of food consumption as suggested herein will actually lower the basal metabolism and at the same time form new and better eating habits. The results are a permanent reduction, even while the body is being well nourished with plenty of fruit, vegetables, and milk.



*FOODS for people who are overweight. Beware of the starchy foods and sugars. Omit bread before omitting potatoes. Eat fruits and vegetables, with milk and small quantities of protein.**

Menus for the Day

(Served from same family dinner as suggested last week, the individual service being modified to suit those who wish to lose weight.)

BREAKFAST
Melon — Flakes (bran or puffed cereal) served with Milk
Scrambled Egg — 1 Slice of Plain Toast
Orange Juice (preferably without sugar)

LUNCHEON
Beef Broth (served without noodles)
Creamed Fish on one half Boiled Potato
Generous serving of Salad
Raw Apple or lightly sweetened Baked Apple with Milk

DINNER
Vegetable Soup
Small serving of Round Steak without stuffing
Generous quantity of Kale or Turnip Greens
(seasoned with lemon juice rather than butter)
Plain or lightly Creamed Carrots
1 Slice Bread with but little Butter
A generous serving of Salad
Iced Cantaloup

Carrots

7 or 8 carrots
2 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper, if desired

WASH the carrots thoroughly, but do not scrape off the skins unless they are old and tough. Place in the boiling salt water, cover tightly, and boil tender (15 to 25 minutes for young carrots and 30 to 50 minutes for old ones). Blanch in cold water and squeeze off the skins. For those who wish to get thin, serve plain after skinning or roll in chopped parsley. Butter is a pleasant addition for serving those not interested in calories.

Squash

2-pound squash
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Butter, if desired

SCRUB the squash well with a brush before cutting. Cut into individual portions and, if winter squash is to be cooked, bake for 1 to 1½ hours, depending on the thickness of the meaty layer, at 400° F. Or the squash may be steamed by cooking over boiling water—summer squash for 20 to 30 minutes, and winter squash 30 to 40 minutes, depending on the thickness of the meaty layer.

Either may be served in the shell or scooped out and mashed before serving. Some cooks prefer squash reheated, as they do sweet potatoes, as the product is juicier and sweeter for the second baking.

Non-Fattening Salad Dressing may be made from fruit juices. See recipes given on page 12 of LIBERTY'S Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks.

Non-Fattening French Dressing may be made by using mineral or tasteless castor oil in making the standard dressing recipe given on page 14 of LIBERTY'S Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks. Both of these oils are tasteless and therefore produce a desirable dressing flavored only with the seasonings. Of course, such a salad dressing has a cathartic effect and must not be too generously served.

Non-Fattening Mayonnaise may be made by using the mineral or tasteless castor oil as the base. The results are very satisfactory and palatable; in fact, they can not be told from some of the vegetable-oil varieties. Less of such dressing should be served.

Brussels Sprouts

1 quart sprouts
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper, if desired
1 teaspoon vinegar or lemon juice to taste

PICK over the sprouts carefully, removing all wilted leaves. Wash thoroughly in cold water. As there is danger of insects under the leaves, they should be soaked head down in salted water (1 teaspoon to a quart) for 20 minutes. Longer soaking is not necessary and needlessly draws out valuable food materials. Steam over boiling water until tender, about 20 to 35 minutes. Especial care should be taken not to overcook sprouts, for, like all other vegetables, they then become soft and tasteless.

* Food graphs drawn to scale by University of Chicago Press. Arranged for photograph in LIBERTY'S Experimental Kitchen.

TASTY, tempting menus are given in LIBERTY'S three recipe books—*100 Standard Recipes* (standard meals for every occasion)—*Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks* (valuable for teas and parties)—*A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes* (a host of suggestions for light meals). Each book is 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Send coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK BOOKS,
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Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I enclose.....cents in payment.

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9-24-27

A RIDE *in the* Country

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

A Serial by

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

YOUNG Speed Thatcher was a thief—made, not born. When he stole a neighbor's car to take Pats Schuyler to a dance, he had every intention of returning the family bus. But the police were quick, for once. The rumor went buzzing through the ballroom that they were looking for a car thief, and Speed, in the stolen car, fled the town.

He had almost reached Bridgeton when he got a terrible shock. Pats, he found, was with him! She had managed to reach the car before him and lie hidden under the rug in the back. She hadn't dubbed herself his "child wife" for nothing.

Now, with a stolen car and a girl on his hands, he could see but one way out: an appeal to Beaut Thibaut, in Bridgeton. Beaut was a so-called "Lounger," or head thief in an auto-stealing syndicate.

When found, that smooth young man agreed quickly—too quickly—to take Speed on as a driver, and to help him get Pats home. He directed him first to change the number plates on the stolen car, then to lose it.

In a more powerful car, also stolen, the Lounger proposed that he, his girl Neyda, Speed, and Pats make a dash southward. The reason soon grew clear. The Carnelli brothers, bloodthirsty Italians, were after him. He had got one of them jailed and taken Neyda from him. Beaut must fly or die.

He provided the funds for the trip by pulling off a neat hold-up. Then the four were off, well in advance of the pursuing Carnellis. Once the Italians came within range, Beaut fired. The driver slid down and the car lurched into a telegraph pole. But Neyda was right when she said nothing could halt that gang.

Her terrified warning got on the Lounger's nerves. This, and a growing taste for Pats, moved him to action. In a Philadelphia park he coolly dumped the one-time love of Angelo Carnelli.

PART EIGHT

SHE stood there in her leopard-skin coat and her short-cut hair—the new Helen of Troy, abandoned on a hostile shore. Flocks of leaves—greener here than they had been farther north up the line—scuttled by her where she stood in her lonely island of light in the dark, empty park—marooned, with her suitcase beside her. She raised her hand, with the stolen bills, and laughed shrilly after them into the general darkness.

"Go on. Have a wonderful murder—damn you!"

Her laughter died behind them. The Lounger settled back, with a curse.

Speed Thatcher spoke at last—getting the other man's attention finally—to tell about that man's warning at the gyp garage.

The man behind was in no frame of mind to listen to suggestions.

"What, another yowl from you!" he exclaimed.

Young Thatcher made no reply. The Lounger drew out his big automatic once more. He displayed it humorously, over the back of the seat.

"Do you want to shut up—or get out? Take your choice. One more yip from you and you're out of the party also—right here and now!"

"But—"

"No buts. Drive on, or stop!"

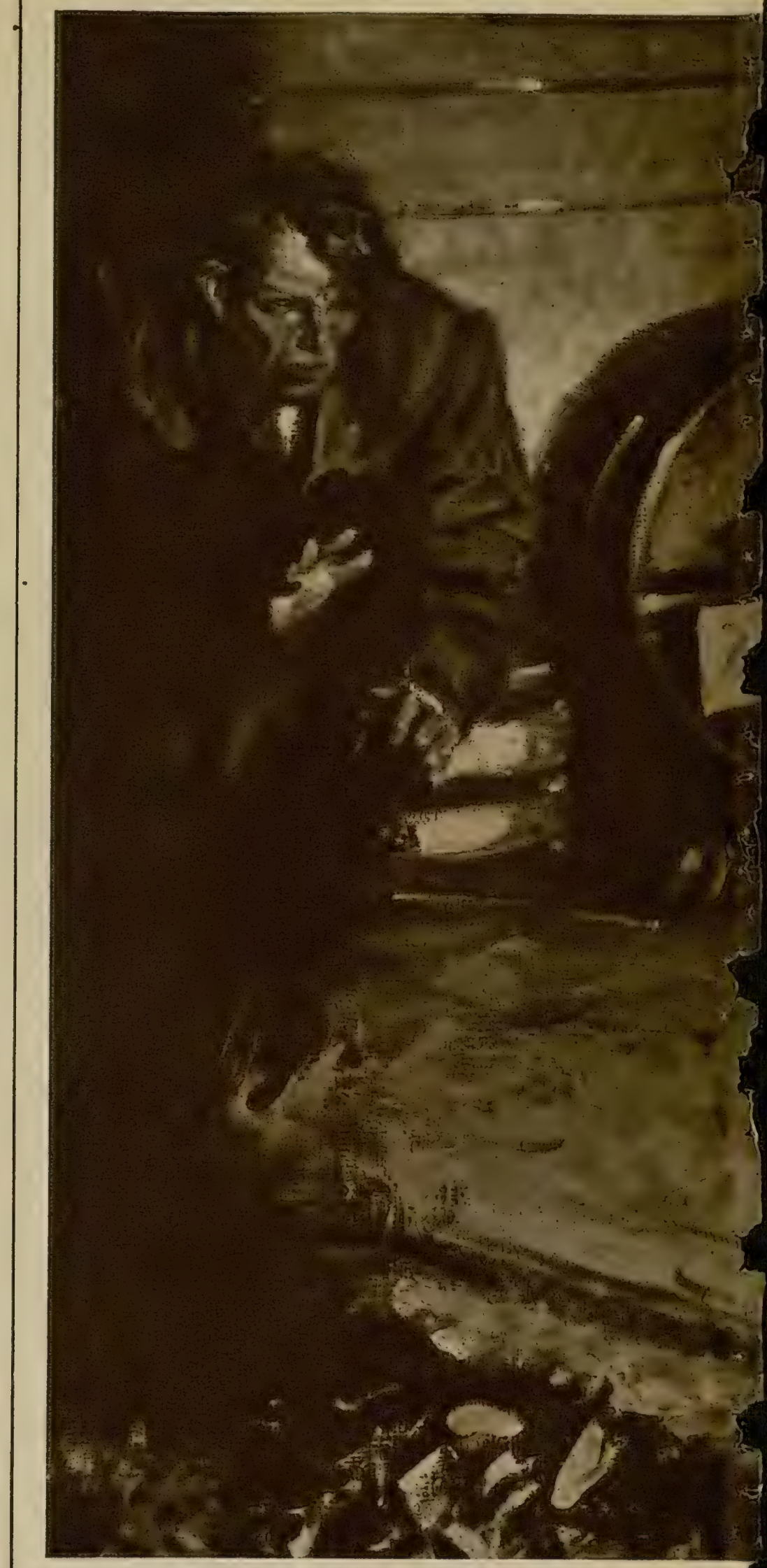
Young Thatcher drove along.

"A little more gas," the voice of the armed murderer directed from the rear. Young Thatcher set the speedometer on fifty.

They were south of Philadelphia now. Whatever it was to be, the end of the perfect joy-ride was quite clearly at hand.

Thatcher looked above him in the driver's mirror. There were no headlights following him—yet. In the back seat he saw dimly the drunken sheik-murderer, sitting, waiting for the time of fulfilment of his next masterful impulse—amorous or deadly, whichever it was to be.

Beside Thatcher, still in the wrap and ornaments of her kids' party, sat the woman of his choice, the eternal pledge of his fraternity pin upon her bosom—all oblivious still to the latest news of the nearness of the hurrying murderers behind them—whatever she might be wondering by now about the one on the back seat.



Young Thatcher looked at Pats running

SHE sat alert but silent, handling her bracelets and vanity bag, demonstrating lightness and freedom from care with now slightly fussy fingers—but still demonstrating them!

Suddenly young Thatcher stiffened up. The Lounger in the back seat was in action again. Leaning forward, he pulled the back bob of the girl before him, in the manner of a call-bell.

"Listen, kid," he said.

His voice was slow, but under control. He

straight toward the approaching car, not having realized what passengers it contained.

Pictures by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

was drunk, no doubt—but in a peculiar and unpleasant way. His thoughts and purposes were warped and abnormal, but they were perfectly clear-cut and definite—and his control of his body even more so.

Pats Schuyler turned half around. "What is it?"

"Those Florida real-estate boys have got it right."

"Which is that?"

"Opportunity knocks. The sands of Florida call."

His remarks might be cryptic, but his tone and manner needed no translation. The girl marooned back in the park had his formula exactly right, evidently. He let nothing interfere with his love-making—not even death.

"Why the puzzles? What's the great idea?" asked the girl finally. She sensed that she was advancing into more and more dangerous ground.

"Why not kick that thing beside you off the front seat?"

THE hands of young Thatcher stiffened on the wheel. The climax of the evening was evidently at hand: the threat of worse than murder.

He himself was out of the picture, as if he didn't exist. The master of the situation and the firearms behind had passed him by, addressing his remarks confidently to the girl.

She was answering him now, holding him off, for the moment, with a woman's first line of defense—ridicule and evasion.

"Whence the lively sense of humor all at once? Do you want us all to step out on you?"

"No. Only one. One from three leaves two."

He stopped with that suggestive remark, for the time being. The lights of a smaller town were approaching.

"Go on," he directed the driver. "Keep going"—and poked him humorously in the neck once more with his big gun.

Young Thatcher drove along through the vacant, sharp-cut lights and shadows of the town's main street. There was absolutely nothing to be seen there—not even one policeman.

He drove on, under the urge of the murderer's gun, trying to think. He was a murderer himself, now, in all but fact. He stared ahead down the road, a desperate boy with his back against the wall.

Murder, yes. But how? What could he do against that more experienced murderer behind, with the only firearms—and his own hands fastened on the driving wheel?

"Kick her up; you're slowing down," said his master harshly from behind.

That was it, exactly. The moment he let down his speed—to say nothing of taking his hands from the wheel—the man behind him knew it. It was like wearing a speedometer on your mind.

"Listen. Should we shoot him first—or just drop him off in the bushes by the roadside?" the master of the situation asked the girl pleasantly, still taking it for granted that she was permanently headed his way.

The thrill of this pleasant allusion to the practises of the so-called country rides had scarcely mounted to the young driver's dulled brain before the girl beside him was answering the speaker—shifting to his own ground now—keeping up his pretty joke to the best of her ability.

"Don't hurry. Wait. Let me pick out a nice, soft bunch of bushes for him myself."

He appreciated her arch acceptance of his proposal—as he understood it.

"All right," he told her. "In the meanwhile, what about another drink?"

"Not now. Later. Afterwards," she said—still working for time.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

The driver pushed on—dumb, waiting, lying low, for his chance to come—the time when he could get his hands from that wheel, slow down, get, some way, to the handsome, humorous, dressy murderer in back—commit, if possible, his own first murder.

The sky was clear now—swept absolutely clear; but there was no moon. The dark was filled with the monstrous restlessness of a great wind. To the east, just enough to make the general darkness deeper, appeared the first faint suggestion of another day.

"Pass me that gun—out of his right pocket!" directed the voice of the man behind—as if he were a mind-reader.

The fighting bristles that rose when the human male wore more hair upon his back than today started on young Thatcher now, at this next move toward his entire helplessness.

"Let me take it!"

Pats Schuyler was whispering in his ear, and kicked sharply at his leg again.

He let her take it. She held it in her hand.

"Why don't I have this one?" she asked the man behind—holding it up playfully. "You've got all you need now."

SHE started to confiscate it—but with poor success. Before she had lowered her hand, he had reached out and taken it away, humorously but firmly.

"You might hurt yourself. I wouldn't take a chance like that.

"Hit her up. You're slacking down again," he directed young Thatcher once more.

The latter shot the speedometer back to sixty miles and charged forward into the dark.

They had come now into a country of woods—high woods, with little underbrush and an occasional dull blue patch of water.

A now familiar sensation—the round hardness of metal—all at once made itself felt again in the driver's neck.

"Here's the place where we lay you aside," called the voice of the master murderer from behind. "Slow down."

The thing had come—the end of his joy-ride. The fighting bristles rose again upon the back of Speed Thatcher.

Would this man behind actually shoot him—carry through the program of the so-called ride in the country?

Thatcher heard his child wife talking to the man behind in a spirit of jest—not entirely sure of her voice, but still steadily assuming that the whole thing was a joke.

"Don't be silly. You aren't going to put him out—not till I say so," she said, starting on her childish arts and crafts again.

She even had her new plaything out—the new-style vanity case—motioning toward him now, more or less nervously, in one last cute appeal.

"Don't—don't. I won't let you! We can't drop him off—away out here."

The voice of the sheik-murderer answered her unfeelingly.

"We can't, huh?" he said briefly—and pushed the gun deeper into young Thatcher's neck.

"Slow down."

Thatcher did not do so.

"Slow down!"

The blood rushed into Speed Thatcher's brain. He shoved his foot against the gas. He heard his own voice speaking—from a long way off.

"No—no. Never!"

The muzzle of the automatic bored in deeper. "Come on, now. Lively! Or—"

Thatcher refused hysterically—still crowding on the gas. "No—no—no!"

And now he saw, or hoped he saw, that what he had done—without thought, on the instinct of the moment—was to make the one single move that might save him. They were going sixty miles an hour. If the man behind carried out his threat, in thirty seconds they would all be dead.

Would the murderer be too drunk or reckless now to see this?

There was no new action from the back seat.

Thibaut hesitated—and lost the play.

"It may kill us," said young Thatcher to the girl. "But—"

"Speed, you're the king of China!" said her kid's voice beside his ear. "You win. He's scared. He's yellow!"

She poked his tense arm with a forefinger. "Watch out, now." Her fertile mind had evidently produced a new idea.

Thatcher waited—drove on, leaped forward down the road: a thunderbolt in harness—a mad god with the mind of a boy. And power, power, power—over distance, destruction, death.

The man on the back seat had turned now to a new line of action. He wabbled the muzzle of the pistol in the driver's neck.

"Atta boy! Hit her up. Can't you get a little more out of her? More speed. More speed!" he yelled.

Speed Thatcher, striving to fulfil the request, looked down the road. There was a glint on the concrete again, that might be more glass. He swerved, reeled, and almost left the roadway.

The shrill voice of the girl called to the man behind them in the swaying car: "Don't—don't! Don't fool that way. Make him stop. Put that gun down."

The muzzle was removed at last.

"But what good was that?" Thatcher thought—trying to understand the girl's tactics.

The man still sat back there with his weapon just the same. He drove on—full speed ahead.

The voice of Pats Schuyler sounded at his ear:

"Say something. Mumble."

He did the latter.

The girl beside him turned immediately to the back seat:

"Let me take that gun. Please—please! I don't want to get killed. He'll stop if you do that."

The murderer listened, but did not obey.

Their guns were out now—not handled over-carefully.

"You will, won't you?" the girl asked the driver loudly. Her finger poked his arm again.

"Mumble," she whispered.

He nodded—mumbling.

"He says yes—if you will hand both guns to me," she translated—"yours and his."

The Lounger hesitated still. Young Thatcher gave the great car another shot of gas, for luck. It raved and reeled on through the dark. Power, power, power—endless power—all his own. He was mad with it. They had this man going. To the devil with everything—death included.

THE enemy behind still waited—and then gave way very suddenly.

"Sure, kid," he said lightly. "I'll do that for you. Before this wild nut kills us all. I can wait awhile to die, myself."

He handed her one gun—and then another. "Go easy, now. Don't shoot yourself," he told her carelessly.

It was too simple altogether. They would have seen it themselves if they had been a little older and wiser—a little less excited by their victory.

"Stop!" the child wife was saying at young Thatcher's elbow.

He started slowing down.

"Haven't you another gun?" the girl's voice asked again, directed at the back seat now.

The man behind denied it.

"All right. I'll just cover you, to be sure you haven't!" she told him abruptly.

There was no answer from behind—at this sudden move.

Looking to one side, as his car slackened

down, young Thatcher saw the girl was covering her prisoner with his own guns—both of them, for good measure. He smiled triumphantly—almost yelled with joy. The impossible had happened. She had him. What a kid she was—what a wonder! The wonder woman of the world.

His!

She sat twisted about in her seat—her bare kid's arms, with the slave bracelets, extended stiffly—with the two ugly, chunky, deadly automatics at the end.

She smiled confidently at Speed Thatcher.

"Stop the car. It's his turn now—to go. We'll give him his own medicine," she said aloud.

"So that's the idea!" said the bandit on the back seat slowly—apparently waking up at last to the exact situation. "You double-crossed *me*, huh?"

"Stick them up. Stick them up!" came the high, excited voice of the girl facing him—putting into play her recent education in the night school of the rubber tires. "Keep them there! I mean it."

Speed Thatcher brought the car to a standstill—smiling, all but yelling.

He drew up on the emergency brake—with all his own peculiar private cause for joy—which would not be appreciated much by her. His time had come. Home! He was going to take her home now, no matter what she said!

"Quick, Speed!" the sharp, frightened voice of the girl came across his shoulder.

He turned back and saw.

"Shoot him!" he called. "Don't stop. Shoot!"

"I can't. I can't!" she answered, shutting her eyes, pulling—in vain.

"The safety catch!" young Thatcher yelled—understanding now her full ignorance of the thing—as he grabbed to help her.

It was too late. The murderer behind had already wrenched the two guns away.

"Some double-crosser!" he said viciously. They sat still again before him.

II

"ALL out. Step lively," said the sheik-murderer from behind. His eye was glazed; his voice humorous, self-satisfied, almost gay.

Young Thatcher stepped out into the dark before him. His morale, for the time being, was gone — shot to pieces in the sudden fall from high hope to the depths of failure.

Pats Schuyler alighted, stood beside him, now showing to some extent the accumulated strain of the evening, but still staggering gaily on. She smiled at Thatcher.

With a sudden movement of defiance, he drew her to him. They stood there while the murderer looked them over, still-faced, immaculate, eyes glazed with drink and lips twisted with the peculiar sense of humor that seemed to go with murder and revenge in this highway to hell on which they were traveling together.

The wind now was dying down. Dawn rose, a faint, high green, behind the eastern trees.

The young murderer was opening up now. Immaculate, dressy, faintly perfumed, the words that gushed out of him were in violent contrast—the older, cruder, shorter words of the more direct and bestial childhood of mankind; words like the ugly grunts of animals, not found in dictionaries.

THE girl, seared by them, fouled by them, shrank back against young Thatcher. The common speech of the road to hell was a revelation which had not figured in her worst dreams.

Young Thatcher's body tightened to move. She held him back.

"Don't—don't!" she whispered fiercely. "Don't get killed. You can't leave me alone with that!"

The man before them proceeded with her education in an analysis and inventory of herself—the flapper; the mock-devilishness of the wise, wise high-school queens of the night; the alleged wisdom of the supposedly well informed wild younger generation of today, as interpreted in the inner thoughts and language of the real specialist in night life.

The limit was about reached—almost all the education flesh and blood could stand. Young Thatcher's muscles tightened up again—and then relaxed. The man was beginning an inventory and description of him and his kind in more bearable terms: the devils of the old home gas-tank; boobs, speed-crazy he-vamps, stacked in windrows with their childish janes against the telegraph poles down the roadside. He'd trimmed them, made his living from them, sent them to jail for him, beaten them—shot them when they got gay!

"And here's one more that will be picked up tomorrow morning on the roadside," said the expert in the life after dark, now suddenly waving his stubby weapon in his right hand toward young Thatcher.

The dawn was strengthening. The cold light fell, a wan gray-green, upon their faces.

Pats Schuyler had suddenly drawn away and stepped between young Thatcher and the humorist with the gun.

"Don't! Put that down!"

SHE stood there between them—in her kid clothes and kid's ornaments, with her slim kid's body—as capable of defending Thatcher as an infant butterfly.

The sleek-haired young murderer and expert on women looked her over.

"What would you do for me—if I didn't croak him?" he asked, with a sudden humorous leer.

She waited before answering—staring him in the face.

"Anything—almost!"

Her face was still, with the blankness of youth in danger—but very white.

"Anything?" he asked, with a growing twist on his lips.

Instead of answering now, she had recourse once more to her weapon of beauty, the new vanity case upon her arm—steadying herself, again demonstrating calm.

The natty murderer drew nearer her, putting the second pistol, in his left hand, into his coat pocket.

"Anything is going to be right!" he announced. "Anything and everything!"

She looked back at him, white, but still able to maintain her customary poise—and as well the treasured vanity case in her right hand.

"For just this little double-crossing act, you're coming with me now," he said, indicating the big car, "for a good, long joy-ride to Florida—with me alone!"

He leaned toward her, leering—a mawkish, mocking leer.

"For just this—what you just tried to hand me, you little, double-crossing cutey—I'm going to teach you a swell lesson!"

A low sound came from the back of young Thatcher's throat, another ancient inheritance—the noise of an animal about to spring.

"A good, long lesson for gay night-riding flappers that you won't forget," the dressy, murderous woman-fancier jested on.

The lessons of a lifetime were crowding into the present busy minutes of this night finishing-school.

The two stood as the first man and woman, awakened from their cave, might have, to face some long extinct gorilla.

Young Thatcher, secretly watching always for a possible time to spring, saw from the corner of his eyes his mate in this crisis, standing, still superficially unmoved, trifling once more with beauty's weapon, her new vanity case; demonstrating calm with it still.

She had moved away from him by now—and he had allowed her to. It left him freer for action. She edged nearer to the gunman, still holding her shiny vanity case in her hand.

"What would you do about him, for me?"

The man with the gun eyed her and her powder-box.

She drew nearer to him.

"Would you let him go safe—if I went on with you alone?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

"None of that! Not if you want to live!" said the one she addressed—suppressing Thatcher's move with both voice and gun, before replying to her question.

"Why should I—when you're coming anyway?" he told her finally, with his watchful, glassy eyes still fixed on Thatcher.

The latter stood now, looking down, waiting for the chance for the final spring. The thing she suggested so calmly was not a price being paid for men's lives—either now or in earlier centuries.

She was stepping nearer their captor, young Thatcher observed—still with her powder-box in her hand.

The other man's attention was diverted from them now. For a fraction of a second his eyes turned down the dim-lighted highway. In that moment the eye of the girl caught young Thatcher's, held it, warned it, and turned away—back to the shiny vanity case.

The thing, at the end of its thin chain, looked like an old-fashioned silver hunting-case watch magnified several times. Inside, he knew, it held the supply of loose powder which was supposed to shake out on the little powder-puff, on the general plan of operation of a saltcellar.

THATCHER watched the girl now, puzzled by the peculiar and novel way she was handling it. Instead of getting ready to shake the powder out in the usual fashion, she was evidently removing the inside works of the thing entirely.

The voice of the Lounger cut across his train of thought. He motioned to them with his gun.

"Jump in there. Behind the car!"

The faint sound of a motor, to which he had been listening, grew louder, burst suddenly out from around the turn—a motor running at great speed.

The murderer backed them close beside the big car. His voice was hoarse.

"Stand still. One peep and I'll croak the both of you!"

The unseen motor came on, tearing, raving, already on them! They waited, their faces gray in the colorless dawn.

The car shot nearer—nearer—out into sight! A great open car with a long green snout, a crumpled left mudguard, a windshield without glass. Yes, and men—three men in yellow slickers!

"The apes!" the dressy murderer cried, with a great oath.

And, as he said it, he took the full contents of the girl's powder-box in his eyes!

He cursed, coughed, clawed at them. A look like a frightened clown's spread across his grotesquely whitened features—that look of extreme surprise which pushes fear into the background in times of sudden fatal danger. He spun round, ran staggering, wiping his blinded eyes—still carrying his useless weapon, making like a wounded animal for the shelter of the woods.

And young Thatcher looked away in the other direction, at Pats Schuyler running straight ahead toward the approaching car—not having realized yet, apparently, in her haste and intentness on working out her own designs, what passengers it contained. She ran lightly, her blond hair flying, crying out for help to those new murderers. Young Thatcher followed, calling, caught her—stood still.

Craunch! Wumph! The big mutilated green car had stopped.

"Hands up," young Thatcher told the girl. "Hold up your hands!"

It was too late now to run—without getting shot. The three in the slickers were already jumping from the car.

"Get him. These are mine!" one of them, the slenderest and youngest, cried, and stopped before them with his leveled pistol. The other two yellow figures dashed on after the runner in the woods—the first one calling after them in Italian.

"Keep your hands up, please," he told the two, "and you will be all right." And then went back of them—a young Italian with sharp eyes underneath a light-colored cap, polite as a head waiter.

He stood behind them with his gun, and stared across them at the chase: the two yellow-coated men who ran down the figure with the clown's face in the woods.

Before them, in the open, high-trunked piece of woods, the first scene—and the last for that Lounger—was coming on.

The men in the yellow coats, following, dodging cautiously at first from tree to tree began to think that something was wrong with him.

He was firing crazily, in directions where they were not. It was evident that he could not see enough to hide himself properly behind his tree-trunk. The hunters in the yellow coats—puzzled, cautious, still suspicious of some trick—slipped carefully from trunk to trunk—worked up at last into position on either side of him.

The other three stood watching—dumb, motionless. Suddenly the girl threw herself forward—hid her eyes in Thatcher's shoulder. He brought down his raised arms to protect her.

Crack! Crack! Crack! The sound of pistol shots.

Young Thatcher still stared on—holding the girl, with her closed eyes pressed against his shoulder.

"Please!"

The man behind them was speaking—the director of the murder—touching Pats Schuyler lightly on the arm.

She turned from Thatcher's shoulder and looked at him.

"Thank you.

The car shot nearer—nearer—out into sight!

That is better," his soft voice said to her. "Listen. Before they come—the others—I want to tell you. Whatever happens, remember this: I am your friend. Always. Do not forget!"

HE still held her elbow, humbly bowing, smiling that false waiter's smile—which looked falser than ever above that crazy yellow coat.

If there had been doubt in Thatcher's mind before, it was gone. This was that Angelo—the polite murderer friend—whom Neyda had conversed about.

Pats Schuyler looked around into his face—in full self-control again.

"I won't," she answered.

"The others," the head Carnelli said. "Here they come."

The two had been prodding something with their feet, and bending over—looking through pockets, apparently.

Now they came back in their glistening rubber coats, evidently in the best of spirits, chattering in Italian—the first one brandishing a pistol, the second holding up a handful of yellow bills.

When they came nearer, their voices changed. They gestured, pointing at the two prisoners, surprised, apparently, to see them still alive.

The third one, Angelo, stepped in before them. They chattered, argued—the polite one against the other two—not so polite, apparently with them! Their guns were out now—all three of them—not handled over-carefully.

The two newcomers in the yellow coats were different from the third: older, duller-faced, more apelike. The argument grew higher, fiercer. The taller of the two—he had a broken nose—attempted to pass the guardian of the prisoners, who held him back with his gun.

Young Thatcher, with the girl beneath his right arm, stood watching, listening, trying his best to catch a word from the chatter.

THEIR defender, Angelo, pointed to the girl and talked for several minutes. He pointed down the road and up, apparently urging haste to be gone. And then, still pointing, spoke sharply and distinctly three words:

"*No qua. La!*"

"'Not here. There!'" young Thatcher thought, a sharp anxiety striking him. All the memories of the girl Neyda's reminiscences of Angelo's pleasant and ingenious ways of dragging out the agonies of his victims in previous rides in the country rushed back to him.

"Come. We will go now—please," the leader was saying to them now, bowing and smiling and pointing at the car.

The other two murderers went on ahead; he followed with Thatcher and Pats Schuyler.

"Say," asked young Thatcher, a little hoarsely, all at once, "what's going on here?"

Their captor smiled his too ready smile—toward Pats Schuyler always!

"They say we must kill you," he told them frankly. He waved his hands and smiled again. "But do not lose hope. I am your friend. I will save you."

Young Thatcher must have held back involuntarily.

"Only, you will do what I tell you, absolutely," the man warned him softly. "If you wish to live. Please!" he said in a courteous afterthought—his gaze once more shifting to Pats Schuyler.

He pointed again toward the car. "Come, please," he repeated.

Their new arrangements made, the two older Carnellis were again obedient to their young leader. At his order, they all discarded their yellow coats, making a change of appearance as complete as a disguise.

"Get in—quick, please," said the leader, bowing to his two prisoners at the back door of the car.

Young Thatcher, at his direction, got in first; Pats Schuyler in the middle; and the man himself on the other side.

"Will you take this, please?" he said, smiling and humbly handing her a robe. "The windshield is broken; you must not take cold from it," he added, wrapping the robe around her.

The words of his one-time friend, Neyda, shot back into the mind of young Thatcher, watching him:

"Angelo, the cat. He plays with them!"

The gentle-mannered Angelo now has the problem before him of deciding the fate of two young things who have seen the Carnellis kill. Watch him working out his astonishing solution in next week's instalment.

Styles for the Dangerous Age

By Mary Brush Williams

WE made a remark in another letter that many readers appear to feel ought to be amplified. The artist and I saw a French dress which we thought would be good for women not so young and not so slender—and said so. To put it mildly, we have had requests for more of the same kind of information.

In reply to them, we have supplied one garment this week in the form of a combination coat and dress, which at the same time can be worn by others not so stout.

As we are going to be on the situation of those who are robust for at least a paragraph, one might perhaps better begin with a generalization, which is that there are even more individual ways of being fat than of being thin, and each case furnishes a personal, unique problem which must be puzzled out alone.

Since it is usually over the stomach that fat loves to settle, one might as well choose this silhouette to consider, and mention that the outline nearly always selected to envelop it is the worst. This is the one that has the straight back and the front rounding out in exactly the figure of the woman wearing it, which is one indicating middle age. As we all know, both the figure and the age are things to conceal.

In general, we can say, therefore, go against this natural silhouette and break it up. Many times one can do it by drawing the waistline higher in front than in the back, as in the model, thereby making it go counter to the torso instead of following and outlining it.

Again this middle-aged maturity of outline can be concealed sometimes by a bodice that blouses along a waistline fixed at the narrowest point on the small of the back, thus counterbalancing the curve in front instead of emphasizing it by a line running along parallel with it at the rear, to show by contrast how far the front departs from being straight. The back of the accompanying coat-dress blouses, you will see.

With the waistline low in the back—or perhaps with no waistline, but only a series of wrinkles that indicate something like blousing—the gathers can sometimes well be drawn forward.

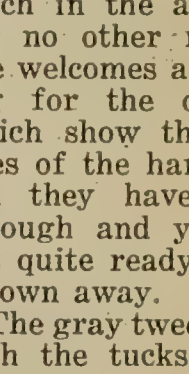
Many women with large stomachs are slender below the waist, and, if so, the gathers will tend to keep the contrast from being too pronounced. At any rate, the line of the third model on this page, which is fan-shaped in the skirt, cuts up areas either too wide or too narrow and conceals their defect.

This leads one to a last final generalization, which is that panels are excellent for concealing and breaking up surfaces that one does not wish to display too freely, either because they are too stout or too slim.

You see, this coat opens up as one walks, and cuts the figure in breadth, at the same time adding to its effect of length.

It is worn over a long slip or tunic of white crepe, or whatever color you should prefer. The waistline is interesting, too, as a study in the art of the French couturier, who is trying hard to lift the belt.

BROWN French wool, belted and edged with suède of a darker brown, was the foundation of this graceful autumn coat.



Frequently he uses this measure with his American clients of establishing one point low while he elevates his girdle at another point to where he really wishes it to be.

The original model is in navy blue crepe satin, with the dull side of the material used for trimming. It is good also in wool. Very shiny satin is coming in rapidly, by the way.

One naturally thinks of coats by this time, even if the warmth of summer is still very much in the air. If for no other reason, one welcomes a covering for the dresses which show the ravages of the hard season they have been through and yet are not quite ready to be thrown away.

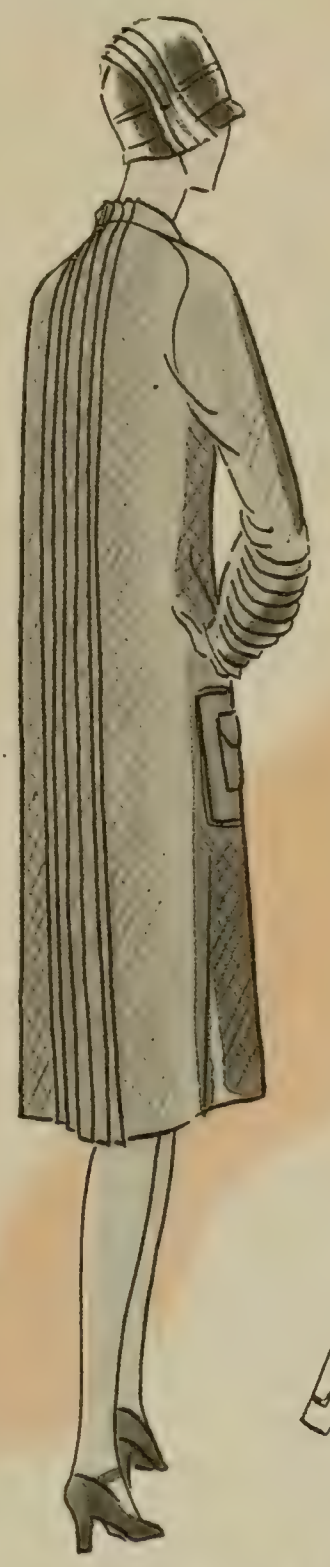
The gray tweed coat with the tucks down the back of it is different from the style of the day in that it hangs from the shoulders and is not one of the tight, wrap-around things to which we have become more than accustomed. It is described by its French designer as a gray tweed top-coat, with a slight pattern of double herringbone in its material, which is so soft and pliable that it can be tucked.

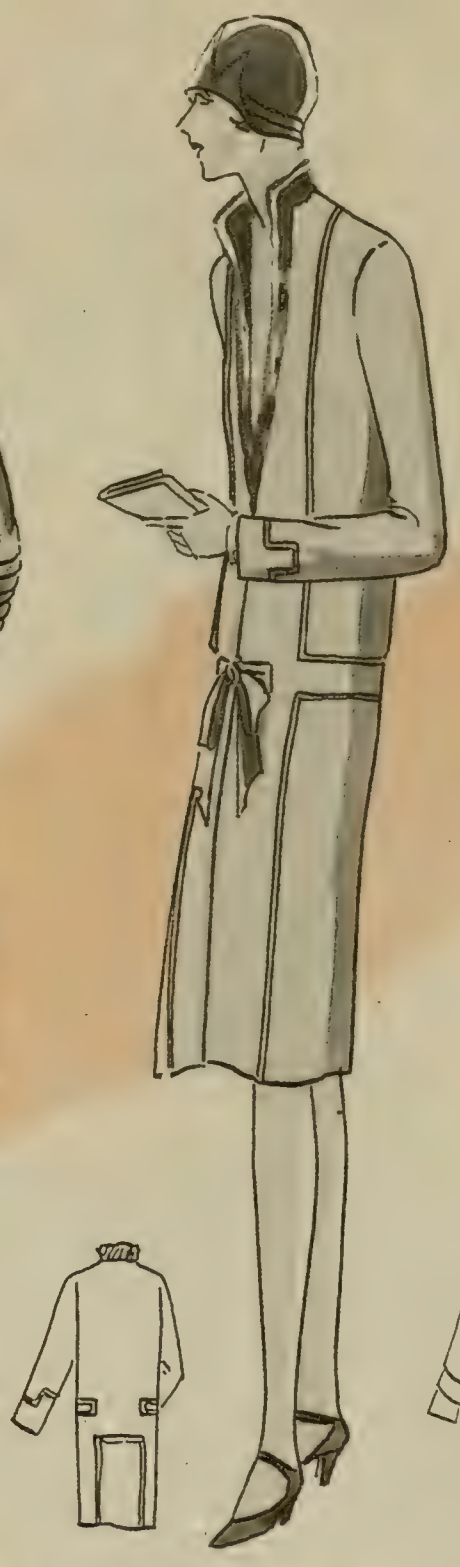
THIS, indeed, is unusual with even the most heralded of the English tweeds. There isn't any doubt that the French are about to beat them at their own game of making this stuff for which the Anglo-Saxons are world famous. The coat of the illustration was made on French soil, material and all. It has big pockets that are corded round the edges, and these have an envelop design corded in the middle of them. The tucks round the sleeves match the flat tucks that run down the loosely hanging back. This is a ready-to-snatch-up-and-put-on wrap.

The one beside it is a little more formal in character and is of beige wool velours with a tiny stand-up collar of chestnut seal. It has cording on it to give the wrap long lines and because cording is an exceedingly fashionable decoration. The coat just ties in the front, and that is about all there is to it—one of those sophisticated things that looks simple, you know, and isn't.

If one were going to generalize about the fourth offering, undoubtedly one would mention the suède belt, matching the suède edging to front, cuffs, and collar. The wrap is of brown French flannel, and the suède is of a darker shade.

THIS gray tweed top-coat is tucked down the back and on the sleeves.





MADE of beige wool velours, trimmed with cording of the material and chestnut seal.

ACCOMBINATION coat-dress of navy crepe satin with dull side used for trimming.

OPULENCE ENTERS

Poverty Exits--Simplicity Stays

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, August 28.

THERE are great changes in the new Paris fashions. These are confined within the no-great-change slim silhouette. This means that those professionals whose appetites crave startling novelties of line are crying, "Starvation!" in the midst of this banquet of new styles.

Fashion is like *Cinderella* after the magic wand had touched her. Still the same girl, but, oh, what a difference! Paris couturiers have guided styles from rags to riches on a rapid-transit route. The "poor" sports dress and ensemble which flourished only a month ago, made of plain, sturdy jersey, with stark, simple lines and no trimmings, has been alchemized and emerges into genuine elegance.

If it were not for the real sports spirit of these new models from the Paris autumn openings you would say that they were for afternoon. But when analyzed they stand out as practical, in spite of their opulent appearance. Sturdy woolens are woven in dazzling patterns, and satins that look luxurious and still stand the gaff without losing their freshness, are two materials which help to make opulent the autumn mode.

The sports dress is still the two-piece jumper-and-skirt frock you know so well. A subtle difference in line is in the blouse, which doesn't blouse, but is molded ever so slightly to the contours of the body. Our first sketch will explain it better than words.

It is smart to combine a dazzling, small-figured woolen with a plain satin or satin-surfaced silk, as is done in the Jane Regny sports model. This Regny dress has a blouse of velvet-surfaced English woolen in irregular brown and cream checks, and a slightly circular plaited skirt of Rembrandt-brown satin. Yes, brown, in its richest, darkest tone, is the surprise color of the fall fashion shows.

The jumper of this model is belted and banded in brown satin, the band down the center front having three triangles jutting out halfway down. The sleeves are slim, but not fitted, and their long cuffs have an upper side of brown satin, with triangular edges, and an under side of cream satin. The belt has a very long and narrow buckle of silver. Simple? Yes, but rich, too.

Opulence in fall styles is not expensiveness, necessarily. The whole idea is to *look* lavish. For instance, *the* material of Paris fashions now is rayon velvet. This, as you know, is made entirely of cotton and artificial silk, but it has a brilliant surface and a supple elegance that no pure silk velvet can be made to achieve.

One of the new sports ensembles shown here is made of rayon velvet. Lucien Lelong, who created it, chose printed rayon velvet because tiny patterns distinguish the smartest of new velvets for winter. The colors of this material are grays, ranging from pearl to taupe, favorites of the mode. The slim-line suit of such glorious material is the thing for many daytime occasions this fall.

The jacket is a collarless cardigan, fastened with two cut-steel buttons; and the skirt is very straight, with one deep inverted box plait on the right hip. The blouse, of lustrous gray crepe with its revers of self-material, gives a collar to the jacket. The belt is of gray crepe, with a big round steel buckle.

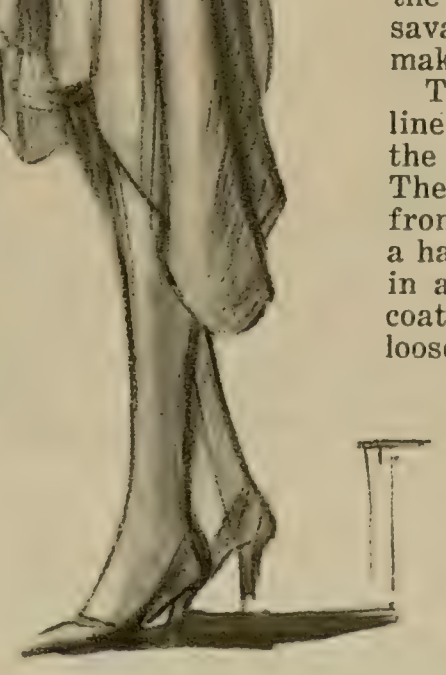
Scanty, if you don't want to say poverty-stricken, simplicity has shackled the naturally opulent tastes of women these many seasons, creating a snobbish chic based on an utter lack of any sort of richness for daytime clothes. Everywhere smart women looked the same in their exquisitely cut but barren little frocks and coats and felt hats.

Then, a very short time ago, the electricity of the elegance idea filled the air of Paris, and these plain clothes began to look like policemen keeping woman from taking what she really wanted from the riches offered. The natural thing has happened: Women of supreme chic and assured standing have begun to wear more elegant clothes.

JANE REGNY blouse of velvet-surfaced wool; the skirt of satin.

THIS caramel wool-velvet and mink coat is from Vionnet.

SUIT of gray rayon velvet, with blouse of lustrous gray crepe. From Lelong.



EVENING dress of gray velours diaphane, the new material that is as light as georgette.

I selected our coat model because it is one of these woman-made luxury modes that appeared a few weeks before the openings. Baronne Edouard de Rothschild is wearing this Vionnet, specially designed, model of wool velvet in a caramel color. To the richness of the fabric is added the savant cut and the mink fur trimmings to make this an individual design.

The coat is slim in line, but with a hemline that rises at the closing and droops on the right side from a slightly flared front. There is a curved seam on the left side from shoulder to waist in front, suggesting a half-gilet. The cravat collar of fur, tied in a bow at the neck, is the outstanding coat collar for the sports coat of fall. The loose sleeves are also banded in fur.

ELEGANCE in evening dresses this fall does not mean the jeweled frock, but rather the simple frock of extremely rich material very much draped and flared. The gray velours diaphane frock from Lucien Lelong shown here will tell you about this better than words can. Velours diaphane is a Bianchine rayon velvet that gleams like silver and isn't any heavier or less transparent than georgette.

The distinguished features of line in this frock are the wide supple girdle that goes twice around the hips and fastens in a big bow on the right side, the straight skirt, which is flared by godets set rather low on the right side and in front, and the flaring panel at the left side.

Internationalism in the FILMS

Why That Inveterate Globe-Trotter, the American Movie, Must Watch Its Step

An Article by

ROSALIND SHAFFER

(Reading time: 14 minutes 5 seconds.)

WHEN the moving picture Old Ironsides was presented to the expectant American public, many went away disappointed. What they had expected to see, in this picturization of one of our national treasures, was a story of the old frigate's all-conquering career against great odds—the Constitution's successes against the first-line ships of Great Britain.

Every schoolboy knows of the Constitution and the Guerrière, and of Old Ironsides' other famous sea battles in our second war to shake off English dictation.

The moving picture showed none of these. Battles with the Barbary pirates formed the only historic basis of the picture.

There is an interesting reason to account for this sort of thing, and it is a cogent reason. It explains why the movie-goer is finding it more and more difficult to satisfy a craving for a dash of virile American nationalism on the screen.

The truth is that our films have become an international affair. It is necessary to turn out moving pictures that will offend no nationality—and some nationalities are supersensitive—and that can be marketed profitably in every corner of the world.

Uncle Sam is in the situation of the proprietor whose hen has hatched a swan. The hen is the moving-picture industry, and the swan of internationalism is sailing the seven seas, somewhat to the bewilderment of its sponsors.

The Paramount Company, which turned out Old Ironsides, markets its films in seventy countries and translates its titles into thirty-seven tongues. In many places, interpreters stand on the stage or in the orchestra pit when films are shown, and translate the captions into the local dialect.

THIS internationalism of films has reached its present extent since the World War. True, there were film exchanges in the great cities of foreign countries before the war, but it was General Mars who really popularized the flickering drama with the masses in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The showing of films in war encampments and in far localities where American soldiers, American health workers, American educators,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A CHINESE family going to the movies in China, where American films are as popular as they are in this country. A scene from The Covered Wagon (above) and the type of poster that has become common in the Orient (left).

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WORLD'S LARGEST PORTABLE MAKERS

[INTERNATIONALISM IN THE FILMS]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

or American business had established depots, converted the whole world into movie fans.

The United States produces 90 per cent of the world's film entertainment. This loads a responsibility upon the producers.

A realization of the international complications of film-making began to settle down on the moving-picture industry about five years ago, when the Association of Motion Picture Producers formed the Will Hays organization and launched out on the consideration of measures to meet unprecedented problems.

From a cheap novelty that originated thirty years ago, the movie industry now ranks fourth in the United States.

The present bad economic situation of Europe makes us disliked as well as envied. The powers in the movies know this well. With half the world carrying a chip on its shoulder, the American film must interest everybody and offend nobody.

The Hays organization is not setting up a censorship to effect this—that is, not in the way that censorship is generally defined; but it is earnestly seeking a path of clear sailing. No disputes or national resentments, is the motto.

THE screen is in a unique position.

It is perhaps the forerunner of an era when national and racial feuds will gradually wither and the idea of world fraternity will sprout. To date, films are the only thing that has gone forth to all nations with malice toward none and with a universal appeal to high and low.

The drama does not move on the same plane of mass appeal as do the movies. Neither do books. Therefore things that may be written or spoken may not be put in motion pictures.

In the stage play The Dove, written by Willard Mack and laid in Mexico, which was a success in many American cities last season, there were many lines that did not please those of Mexican and other Latin citizenship.

Some of these lines had the leading character boasting that he could buy off the governor or the mayor with so many barrels of oil; in fact, that he could "close the whole damned town" if he wished.

Other portions of the same play would be impossible to transfer to the screen. On the stage it was not essential to take advance account of wounded sensibilities below the Rio Grande, because the play never was intended to go into a Mexican theater, and the bulk of the citizens of our southern republic probably never will know of it.

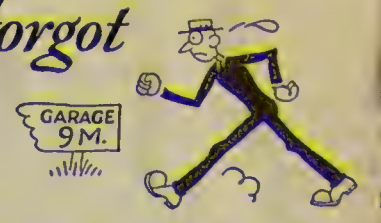
But the moving pictures do play in Mexico and other Spanish-American countries. And when it comes to making a moving picture, problems become acute.

This is what happened when Norma Talmadge decided to picturize The Dove: protests began to come in from Mexico and other Latin-American nations.

Mexico has a law that when an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He *forgot*



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

offensive moving picture is made, all pictures made by the offending producing company will be blacklisted for one year. And all pictures thereafter turned out by the director of the film originally blacklisted will be banned from Mexico forever. Mexico's consuls and subconsuls in the United States watch for anything offensive in American pictures.

Four years ago Harold Lloyd made a picture for Hal Roach entitled Why Worry? in which a Mexican bad man was the butt of humor. The titles and scenes considered objectionable were deleted at the request of the Mexican government. Another picture, The Bad Man, furnished a cause for representations because of another Mexican villain.

ACCORDINGLY, when Norma Talmadge began to screen The Dove, her organization, the United Artists, sent out much literature explaining that, in the film version, the locale is not to be Mexico or any particular country, but Costa Roja, not known to any atlas.

The United Artists did not wish to tempt the fate that overtook three other Hollywood producing concerns within the past year. In the cases of these three companies—Universal, Fox, and Educational—each shelved a finished picture rather than have Mexico's national black list invoked. The Universal film which was withdrawn cost $100,000, and was a production built around one of the big stars. The picture which Fox wrote off to profit and loss was, it is said, a Tom Mix production.

It can readily be seen why one of the primary considerations in international film-making is that of not offending another country's national feelings. Mexico suffered for some time with picturizations of the Mexican as the skulking bad man of the Western range. Our neighbor's objections to this sort of thing were twofold and loudly voiced:

1. Mexico does not like to see its people represented in a derogatory manner; and

2. Mexico does not wish to have her ignorant peon population become overimpressed with the potency of weapons in the hands of one of their number on the screen.

This is not sentimental. There are 15,000,000 peons throughout the provinces, but the highly educated governing class is counted by hundreds of thousands, with most of these gathered in Mexico City.

A Mexican brand of Russian bolshevism is not an impossibility in such circumstances, and the Mexican government has recorded a desire to take no chances of touching off the peon's inflammable and childish mind by showing pictures with Mexicans doing havoc as villains.

Those who have come from China report the same conditions. Mrs. Cecilia Krisel, wife of the United Artists' Far East representative, who left Shanghai with other American refugees, reported to the film authorities that extreme caution must be taken regarding the kind of films shown in China.

"The coolies are very susceptible to our films," Mrs. Krisel said. "For instance, wild Western pictures are dangerous, because the coolie is apt to obtain the idea that it is a proper thing to ride up on a horse and shoot three or four bystanders. They're like little boys: you've got to be careful what you show them, or they'll follow your example."

IN this scene from Peter Pan the British flag replaced the American when the picture was shown in Canada and Great Britain.

MEXICO and China are striking examples, but elements that may inflame the people of any nation against existing peaceful rule must be carefully watched. In the supervision of films, the color problem also must be avoided.

Great Britain feels strongly that her sway in India must be considered. The limited number of white persons in Calcutta and Bombay have recorded the belief that a world restlessness has communicated itself to teeming dark-skinned millions.

When Pola Negri appeared in Bella Donna, the picture originally ended with Pola, the villainess, being taken off into the desert by a dark-skinned sheik. This was changed before the picture was released. Pola met her doom walking out into the sand-dunes, where the leopards slunk. The dark man was not even allowed to personify an instrument of fate against a white woman, even a white villainess.

The color problem also is a domestic one in America, as is shown by the injunctions that had to be fought in many cities when The Birth of a Nation was shown. It was the colored citizens who protested.

A Texas society not long ago protested against Farina, the little colored child appearing with white children in Hal Roach's Our Gang comedies.

Interesting is the feeling with which our flag, flown at the masthead of any vessel used in a story, is greeted in England and Canada; in fact, in any country. Old Glory is promptly cut, unless it is vital to the story. Witness the flag on the ship in Peter Pan.

Any flag-waving or arrant Americanism is promptly frowned down. We must keep our glories to ourselves, as a nation.

THE lowly bathtub is a better film propagandist for us than our flag. This humble detail is called subconscious propaganda by Lajos Biro, Hungarian playwright under contract to Paramount.

The coolie in China, the African savage, the caste-ridden Hindu, the peasants of Russia, see for the first time the comforts of baths, sanitary living quarters, and other signs of well-being enjoyed by American workmen, and realize what life may hold for them under a similar social order and government.

This is producing to a large extent the "divine discontent" so marked over the world today.

The reports of recent American refugees from China add emphasis. At forty coppers a week a coolie can rarely afford to spend five coppers for film entertainment. If there is a large family to demand food, and film amusement besides, the coolie's problem becomes almost impossible.

As a result, returning Americans say, "They couldn't see enough American films to satisfy them. So they tried to raise their wages, so as to see more movies and to buy some of the things the movies show them.

"Following the things they saw in some films, and after they failed in the effort to change things abruptly, the coolies took to seizing weapons and lending a ready ear to plausible agitators."

In many parts of Europe, strong feeling is felt for royalty, its decorum and etiquette. Pictures must treat such subjects with deference and tact—also remembering not to err on the other side, for fear of offending radicals too greatly in sections where reverence for kingship lately died a bloody death.

Court etiquette is something which always must be pictured accurately, or it will affront the knowledge and feelings of masses of people like nothing else. Eric von Stroheim, in The Wedding March, has striven to give a detailed, exact picture of the court of Emperor Franz Josef I of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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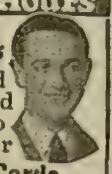

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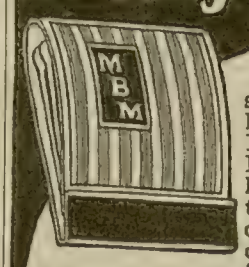

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[INTERNATIONALISM IN THE FILMS
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

Austria before the war; this Von Stroheim knew from personal experience.

The same fidelity to detail is required in any picture where a glimpse of a flag, an epaulet, a salute, or a war medal becomes of any importance in the unrolling of a plot. All must be correct.

Russian royalists were incensed over De Mille's The Volga Boatman. They called it "bolshevist propaganda." This was denied by Theodore Kosloff, who was under contract at the studio, and who made many suggestions during the filming of the picture, besides playing one of the major rôles himself.

The Volga Boatman enjoyed an enormous success in Europe and in America, in spite of the propaganda challenge. It is quite possible that criticism of this picture was not more effective because Russian royalists and their sentiment are scattered and disorganized.

THEN there are the pictures of the popular Graustark type. These must be carefully done. Europeans clinging to centuries of royal traditions do not like to see an American collar-ad man striding past all rules and class distinctions to gain the hand of the lovely princess.

Done deftly, these stories are immensely popular, as are the tales of the king and the beggar maid; but certain definite limitations are laid down which must not be passed.

Prince Danilo of the former Montenegrin royal house recently issued an impassioned protest against a fanciful princeling named *Danilo* in the movie version of The Merry Widow.

There were many pictures, made from the time of our entry into the World War until demobilization, that ranked as propaganda pictures, and, as such, lent an enormous influence in rallying sentiment in a time of crisis. Among such war-time propaganda pictures were The Four Horsemen, The Beast of Berlin, Yankee Doodle in Berlin, Shoulder Arms, The Battle Cry of Peace, and Mare Nostrum.

The last was written in war-time, but produced comparatively recently. Recent re-issues of these war-time pictures show interesting changes.

A re-issue of The Four Horsemen cuts out an orgy that caricatured the Crown Prince and Von Kluck with German officers in a French château. It also cuts out the seizure of a French girl.

Shoulder Arms, people complain, is not nearly so funny as they remember it. That is because a whole sequence showing the capture of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince is omitted, with a wealth of fun poked at German officers.

In Mare Nostrum, gruesome submarine war sequences, showing destruction of non-combatants, have been deleted. All this was done at the request of Germany, and in the interest of better national feeling.

NATIONAL feeling turns up odd things. Great Britain has lately agreed on a law that 7½ per cent of all films shown in England must be British made.

This becomes effective in 1928, and increases at the rate of 2½ per cent a year until 25 per cent is reached, meaning that, in 1935, one-fourth of all moving pictures shown in British theaters must be British films.

This law was not made to give bread to the starving English actor, for Heaven knows that an abundance of English actors are living in luxury in Hollywood, but for a far more important and pocket-touching reason.

"Trade follows the films," and American-made film for years has carried mute advertising of our shoes, our clothes, our haircuts, our typewriters, our automobiles, and our ways of living, to the detriment of British trade.

In Manchester, England, the whole machinery of extensive shoe factories was taken out in order to install new machinery that would manufacture American shoes such as the people demanded after seeing the footwear of actors and actresses in the American cinema.

Typewriters and many other American products were ordered from firms by localities in England that had no agencies, and where they had not been advertised. The answer as to how this demand was created is, the movies.

This commercial angle is what underlies the recent English Cabinet pronouncements on American films, although the 7½-per-cent rule was couched in words of British patriotism.

Ideals as well as national feelings demand guarded treatment. A film may unreel incidents which vary from the facts, but if these are interesting and not harmful to any sensibilities, the digressions will go unchallenged.

A GERMAN officers' party in The Four Horsemen which was deleted in deference to German feelings when the picture recently was revived.

When The Covered Wagon was made, Kit Carson was prominent in the story as a swashbuckler, fond of "licker," and claimed by two wives.

That was all very well for the story, and it was done interestingly; but Dan Beard, veteran Boy

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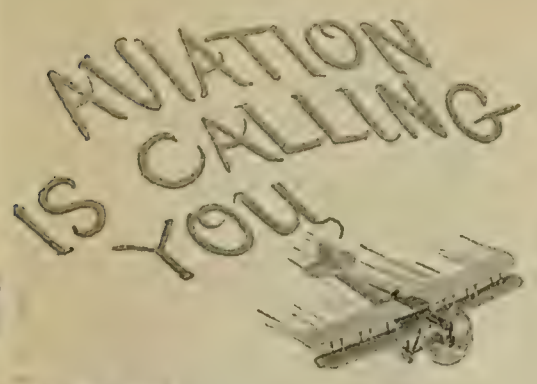

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MARMOLA
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The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SIX]

Scout, appealed to Jesse Lasky to change it before it was released.

Kit Carson is the patron saint of the Boy Scouts, and the Boy Scouts' ideal is something that any moving-picture producer will take the utmost pains to avoid tarnishing.

The Kit Carson sequence was promptly changed, even before the heavy guns of historical research brought forth the proof that Kit Carson was a teetotaler and never had two wives. The famous plainsman finally was omitted entirely from The Covered Wagon.

In the same picture, the character of old *Jim Bridger* was given some of the traits originally ascribed to Carson. Relatives and descendants of Bridger sued the company, but lost the suit.

THE Mexican villain, as played by Holbrook Blinn with Enid Bennett in The Bad Man, has lost his job since the Mexican government passed strict laws against such pictures.

These incidents concern American characters. Imagine the storm that would greet a film which our large Italian populations thought maligned Mussolini. Any national hero represents a potential international difficulty.

Even when the presentation is based on research, and seeks merely to present an authentic reflection of a hero or of an ideal—if the screen version runs counter to the accepted and general opinion or belief, its abandonment is advisable.

A true picturization which affronts deep-rooted beliefs, even though the beliefs are erroneous, is likely to prove as costly to its producer as an actual misrepresentation.

RELIGION is one chord which must be touched with the utmost caution. Cecil De Mille, in The King of Kings, worked with an advisory body which included a representative of almost every sect, denomination, and creed that founds its belief on Christianity or Judaism.

Ceremonials of all sorts are done in pictures only under expert advice. Roman Catholic ritual is watched painstakingly. Von Stroheim, in making The Wedding March, introduced several scenes in St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna. All " shots " awaited the counsel of a local Roman Catholic priest.

In Hotel Imperial, with Pola Negri, a scene showing the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in a street benediction was accurately done, but some criticism was made of the appropriateness of filming a mock Host in a scene.

The Rev. Neal Dodd, Episcopal minister, who is known in Hollywood as " chaplain of the movies," is much sought by picture companies seeking to portray Protestant church scenes faithfully.

Chaplin's The Pilgrim brought a protest, on account of his using the clerical garb in a comedy. Twice, before Lillian Gish recently turned The Scarlet Letter into pictures the Hays organization demurred at requests by companies desiring to produce Hawthorne's story.

Until recently, it was figured that the time was not here when the public would, without resentment, accept the picturization of a story based on the sin of a woman and a clergyman.

Finally, two years ago, a council was assembled, with twenty-eight ministers from different denominations representative of feeling over the country. The principal actors, Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson, and the director, Benjamin Christianson, were chosen for their ability to convey Hawthorne's classic from words into pictures in a not too fleshly manner.

American-made motion-pictures are international in every sense of the word. They will stay that way. Our films have the capital and are a going concern. When a star or director achieves notice abroad, American capital at once recruits him.

This custom is considered by some Americans as a menace, as threatening Anglo-Saxon ideals with a deluge of Continental morality and outlook; but the very directors and stars who have been brought here from Europe because they offered something new in technique, acting, camera angles, or personality, have lost that different something with alarming quickness.

Pola Negri and Ernest Lubitsch, who were pioneers in the foreign invasion of Hollywood, are the best examples. Both did better work in Europe than they have in America.

THE broad public of the films now demands much in the way of accuracy that would not have been necessary a few years ago. Word came from Alaskan and Yukon theaters that the Eskimos laughed off a year's accumulation of gumdrops when they saw southern California fir-trees rising through drifts of snow in what purported to be Alaskan scenery.

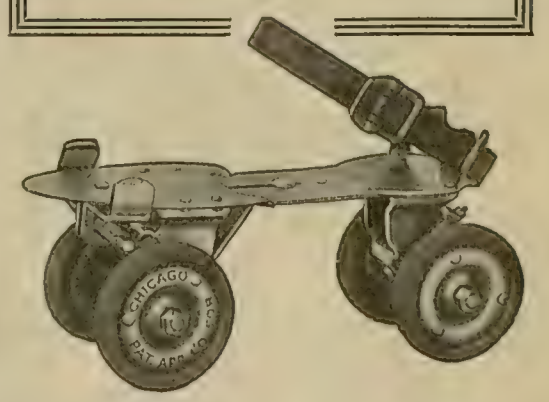
When Rocking Moon was made a year ago, with Lilyan Tashman, Metropolitan Pictures sent the whole company to Alaska to get the thing right, with arctic fir-trees.

When John Gilbert completed his picture, The Show, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Hollywood Hungarians cried aloud at the idea of showing a herd of sheep being driven into Budapest.

The analysis of this business of making pictures for all the world leaves this as its discovery:

Our pictures are made to please

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"ROLL on RUBBER"

Affording Silent, Shock-Absorbing Speed Has Started Everyone to Roller Skating

Around the Universities you see students roller skating to and from their studies, in the towns housewives are skating to market and for pleasure, business men are skating for better health and recreation, on the open road hikers now "Roll on Rubber," and children are roller skating everywhere.

"CHICAGOS" made this roller skate popularity possible. Constructed like a fine piece of machinery, their "high speed" disc wheels spin ten times longer on the ball bearings; the special composition rubber tires absorb shocks and glide in silence, preventing slipping and giving "four-wheel" brake effect in stopping—*and* they outwear steel wheels two to one!

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A Model for Every Age

$4.00 per pair

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Roller skating is one of the easiest, most enjoyable and exhilarating sports for children and grown-ups. This book tells you how to become an expert skater — to start and stop correctly, attain speed, proper position of body, and many other things. Sent absolutely free to all who write for it.

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Write for catalog of complete line of Rink and Racing Skates with shoes attached. We sell 80% of Rinks in the United States.

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Be sure to look for Guarantee Tag and name "Chicago" on the wheels.

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Keeps Hair Neat
—Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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Try our new Shaving Stick.

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Lucky Tiger knocks dandruff and scalp eczema by killing the follicle germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Use Whyte-Fox for Skin eruptions. Barbers or druggists.

LUCKY TIGER

[INTERNATIONALISM IN THE FILMS
Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

every one for two reasons: first, because we do not wish to affront a cash customer in any nation or group of people, through hurting his feelings or insulting his intelligence; second, as Herbert Hoover says, "There is more at stake, however, than property and finance. This delicate situation demands great care." What is at stake is international good feeling.

THE END

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

The Old Oaken Bucket

By SAMUEL WOODWORTH

[Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842), born in Massachusetts, came in 1809 to New York, where he had a long career as editor and author. His patriotic songs were widely popular during the War of 1812.]

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

On a Birthday

Be it mothers,' wives,' sons' or daughters,' *one thing* is certain! *Always* appropriate - *always* in rare good taste - *always* a memento of the giver is the gift of a sparkling bit of Continental jewelry. Few gifts can be more pleasing.

Sold since 1900 in stores where you buy other merchandise.

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Is being made by our salesmen and saleswomen everywhere handling nationally known line of individually monogrammed and signed Personal and Business Xmas Greeting Cards almost universally used by all business, professional and society people.

LARGEST COMMISSIONS
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THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
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GARTSIDE'S IRON RUST SOAP

Removes Ink, Rust, Fruit Stains, etc. from clothing, rugs, marble.
Sold by drug, department and grocery stores for 25¢. Or send 30¢ by mail.
Dept. 7 L, 677 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why Wear Clothes?

As Dictated by TONI, Jr., *to*

Antoinette Donnelly

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

DEAR WORLD:

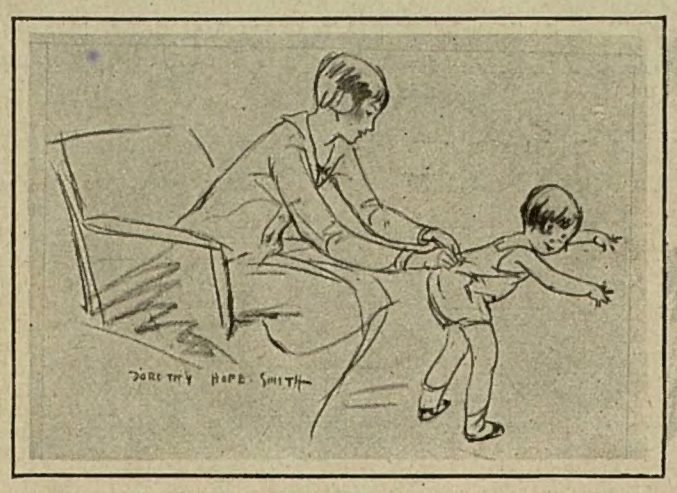
My Mommy asked me if I'd be kind enough to allow her a little space on my page today.

"What for, Mommy?" I asked, being a little afraid she might be wanting to tell things about me that mightn't look well in print.

"For an ad-ver-tise-ment," Mommy replied.

"What is an ad-tise-ent?" I asked, still a bit worried it was something that might reflect on me.

"It's what you put in the paper when you want something and you don't know where else to go to get it," Mom 'splained.



I was surprised to find she wasn't having as good a time as me.

"Oh, zhee!" I said to myself. "Oh, zhee! Suppose the something Mommy wants is another little girl instead of me! One that doesn't say 'zhee'; or spill food all over her dress; or cry when she can not have her own way."

"What is it you want, Mommy?" I braved, believing, as Daddy says, the sooner you know the worst, the quicker it's over.

"Something, sweetheart," Mommy answered. "Something, sweet—"

Oh, how re-liev-ed I was when I heard that "sweetheart"! When they call me that, I know I haven't done anything. I'm not so sure when Mommy says "dear." And she can scold me—"Don't do that again, honey." But when she says "sweetheart" I never have to worry.

I guess you can't say that word with a frown, can you? Even Daddy says when Mom wants him to do some job around the house and calls him "dear," he does it; but when she calls him "sweetheart," he doesn't mind doing it at all.

I must remember to use it often-er myself!

It was the longest time before I could say it. When Daddy would say, "Hello, sweetheart!" I used to answer, "Hello, squeez-er!"

Come-on stuff, Daddy called it.

"Something, sweetheart," Mommy continued, after a long pause of thinking, "that every mother in the country could use to keep her nerves from getting frayed, fringed, and frazzled trying to get her offspring into clothes o' mornings. Here's the ad-tise-ent, as you call it, which I want you to give me space for:

"*WANTED* (large, large capitals, please): An apparatus to hold an *enfant terrible* taut, so shirt, pants, waist, petticoat, shoes, stockings, dress can be put on without strained family relations. It must be a padded machine so it won't hurt. But a special attachment to keep the feet still is imperative. Address Toni's Mama, or any other mama you may find stretched out flat after one of these dressing operations."

Per-son-ally, I don't like the idea of setting anybody to work on such a de-vice. Suppose one were per-fect-ed!

One of the very best times I have during the whole day is climbing up and down and running away while Mom's trying to get my clothes on. But I thought Mommy was en-joy-ing the game, too. I was aw-ful surprised to find she wasn't having as good a time as me.

Oh, how re-liev-ed I was when I heard that "sweetheart"!

Yesterday she laughed as loudly as I did when I escaped from her and ran out into the hall without any clothes on at all. "Catch me!" I called back when I started to run. She tried to, but I can run faster than she can when I have no clothes on to stop me. If she didn't have to wear any, maybe she could have caught me before the man across the hall came out of his door.

It was Bobby's daddy, and when he saw me he started to play Catch Me, too. I nearly beat him, except he has long arms and when I ran behind him to hide he reached back and grabbed me and handed me to my Mommy, who tried to cover me up with her apron. She said, not cross, because she was laughing:

"Toni, I'll have to move out of this neighborhood if you keep on dis-grac-ing me."

What in the world is dis-grac-ing? Just because you have no clothes on? The angels that good little girls are sup-pos-ed to turn into if they're good enough don't have to wear them. Not when they get their pictures taken, anyway. Only wings is all they wear.

"I cer-tain-ly hope somebody invents a hitching post for you, Toni," Mommy in-ter-rupt-ed my thoughts about where angels fly to. "Our old songs don't seem to work any more. Maybe it is that I don't have the breath left to sing them with, since you've got so husky."

"I like the songs better than being tied, Momsy," I coaxed.

"All right," said she. "Let's sing 'em while we're getting you ready to go to Janey's."

Lazarnick photo

The Song of the Shirt-ie

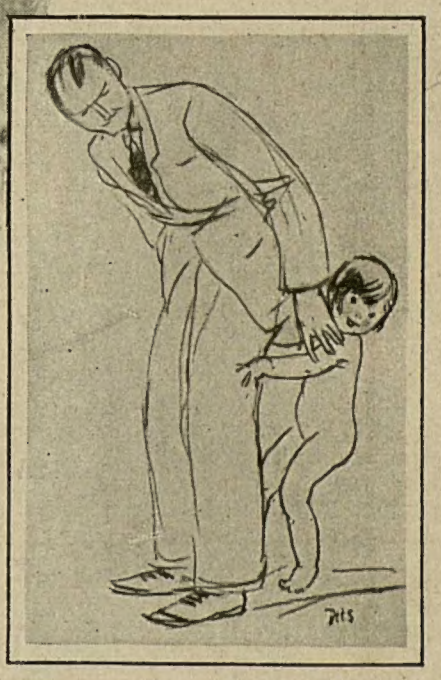
One little head comes smiling through
The top of the shirt-ie, as good heads do.
One little arm goes feeling around
For a place to come out. At last it's found.
The other little arm cries: "Boo-oo-oo,
Don't leave me behind, whatever you do."

The Song of the Pant-ies

And now we put the panties on,
Button side up and leg side down.
One plump foot comes sailing through;
The other gets stuck. What shall we do?
Oh, here it comes and finds its mate,
Always waiting for the one that's late.

The Song of the Toes

Before we put on stocking or shoe,
There's something 'portant we must do.
A-count the toes, from one to ten,
To see there are no missing men.
If one small toe from its family strayed,
'Twould be very, very sad for the toes that stayed.
They couldn't run, they couldn't play,
If any little toe should run away.



When I ran behind him to hide, he grabbed me.

What do you suppose happen-ed when we got through singing and I was all dressed up with some place to go?

Well, Mommy said to Aunt Toni:

"I guess I won't put that ad-ver-tise-ment in. I'm afraid I'd miss a lot of fun myself."

"You'd better keep what you have written out," Aunt Toni cautioned her. "Tomorrow she may take it into her head to go caper-ing up the shower curtain, and you may change your mind again."

I never thought of that before! Oh, zhee! Wouldn't it be the mos' fun of all if I could run along the curtain pole up there, and Mom after me with my stockings in her hand!

Toni's run off with a married man! See next week's LIBERTY.

BEYOND ALL HORIZONS
REACHING FAR INTO ROMANCE-LAND,
THIS SUPERLATIVE RADIO SET
DISCOVERS NEW AREAS OF ADVENTURE.
SENSITIVITY AND RANGE ARE
MADE OUTSTANDINGLY APPARENT
BY AUDITED AMPLIFICATION,
AN EXCLUSIVE ERLA IMPROVEMENT
OF HIGH IMPORT.
PRICED SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND UP.

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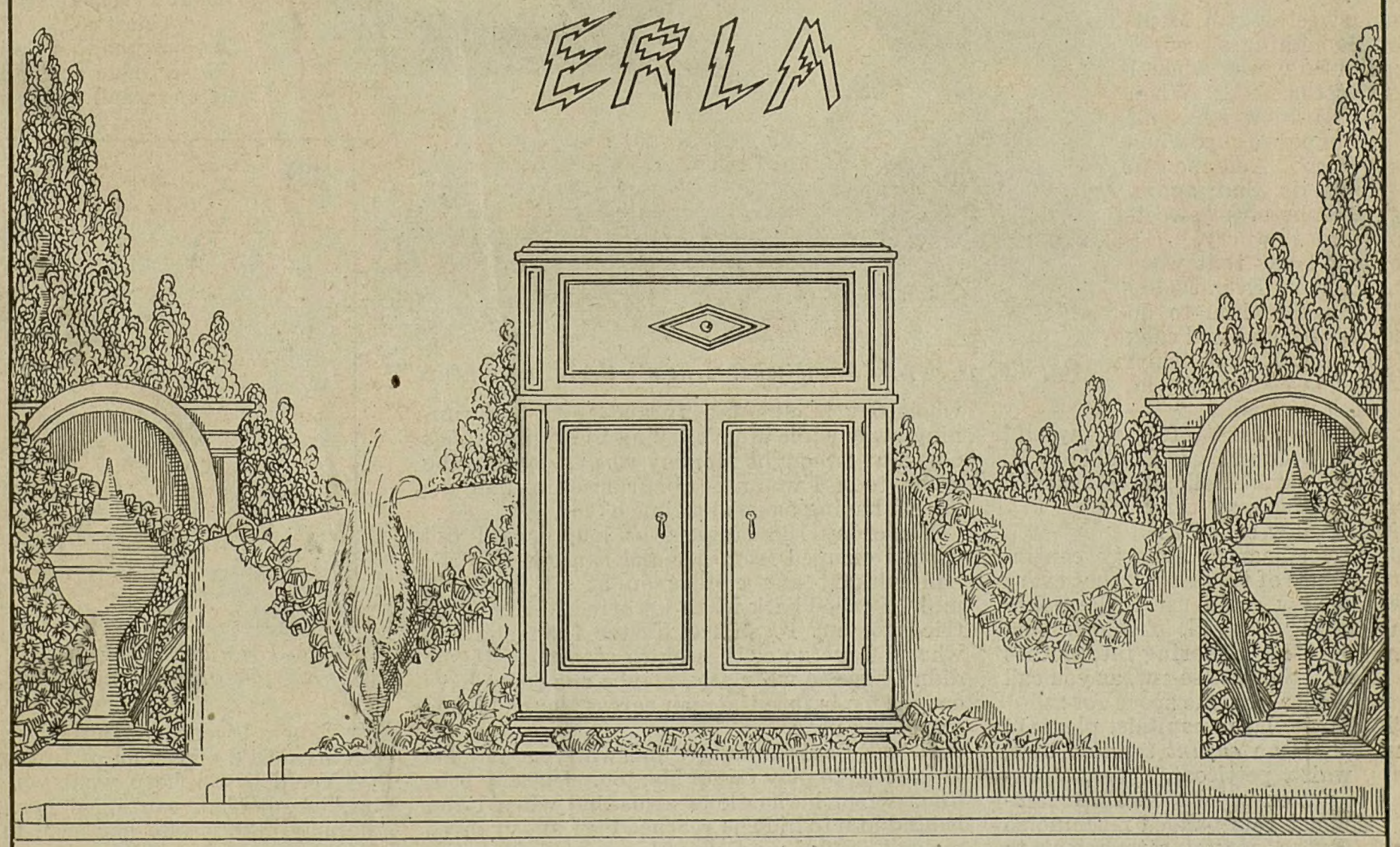

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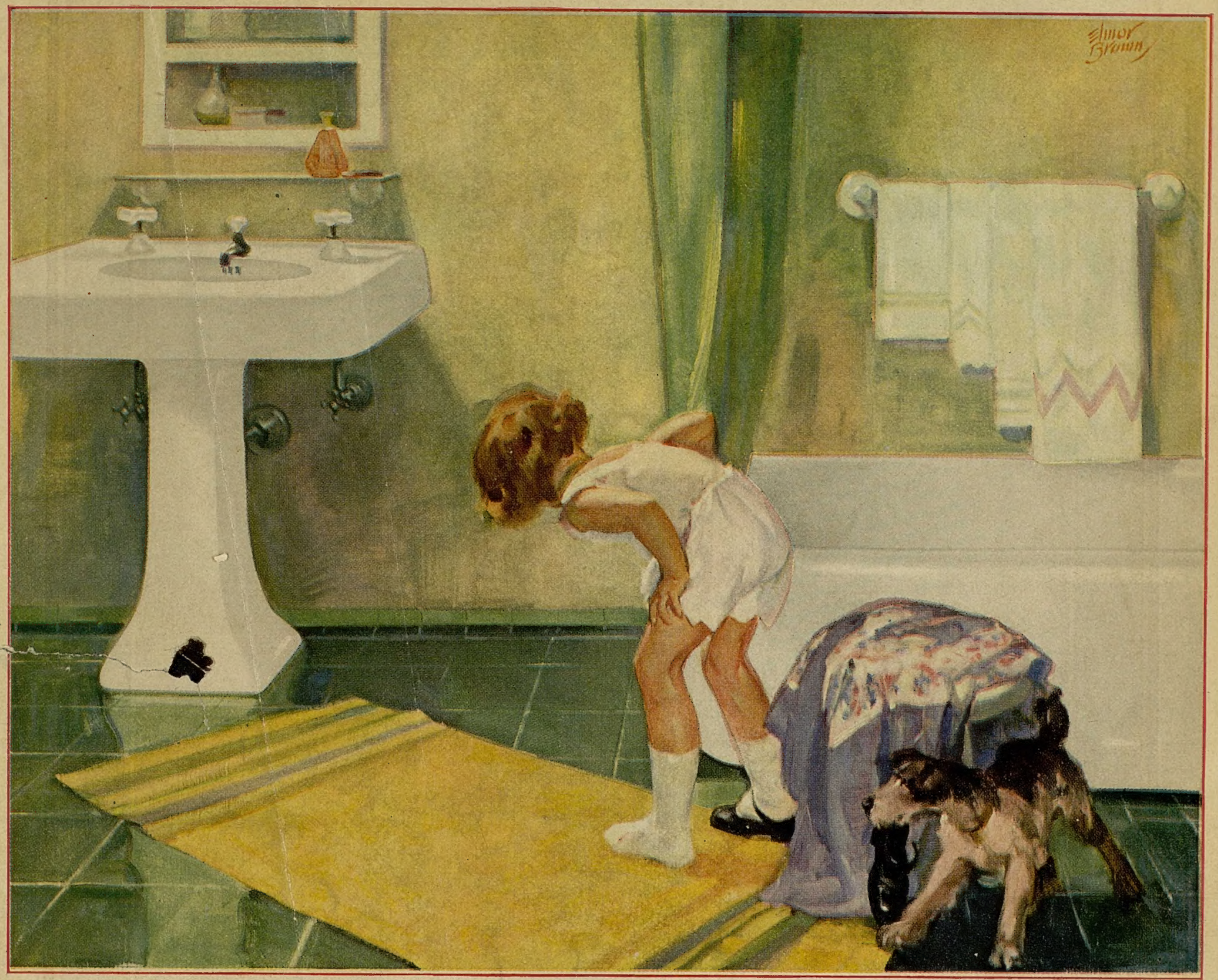

THERE is also the game of "*Steal-the-Bathroom.*" Many families play it every morning. Not enough bathrooms to go round . . . *Most* houses need more bathrooms. Health and pleasant living plead for them. And practical business judgment urges adequate bathroom facilities as an investment which adds permanent, tangible value to property . . . Ask your plumber what that longed-for extra bathroom would cost. And have him show you Kohler Plumbing Fixtures—superlatively fine and beautiful, but not high priced; signed with the name "Kohler" fused in immaculate enamel. May we send a booklet about them?

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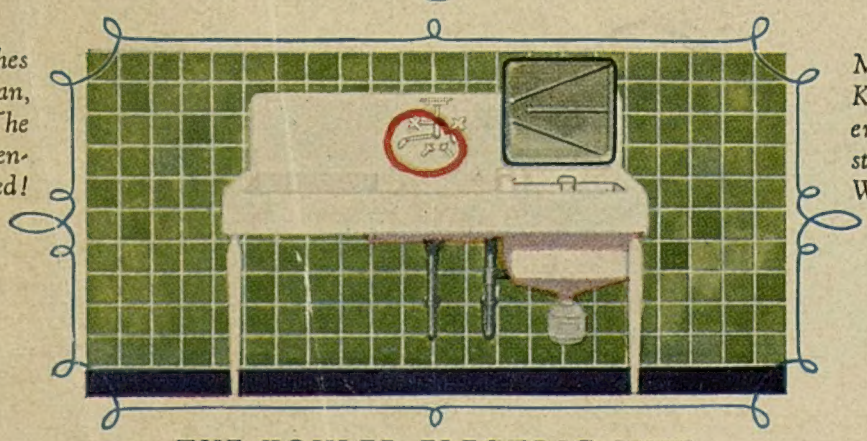

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